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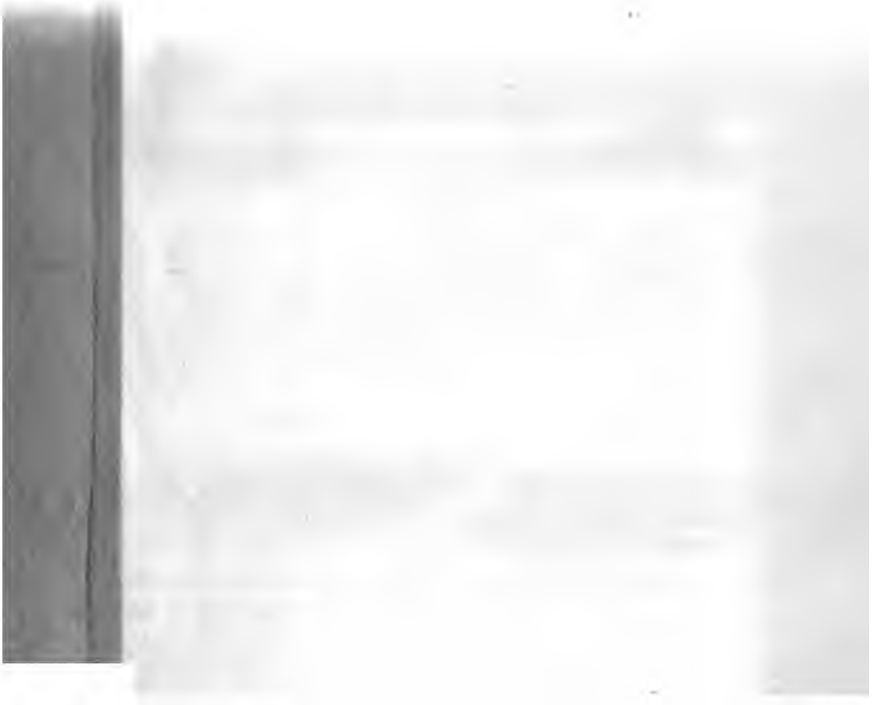

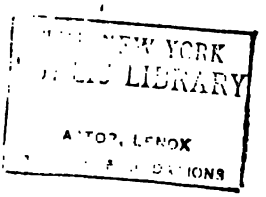
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OLIVER CROMWELL.

FRONTISPIECE—Carlyle, Vol. Seven.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

(*COMPLETE*)

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

ILLUSTRATED

Volume Seven

NEW YORK
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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Chapter		Page
I.	Anti-Dryasdust	3
II.	Of the Biographies of Oliver	13
III.	Of the Cromwell Kindred	20
IV.	Events in Oliver's Biography	34
V.	Of Oliver's Letters and Speeches	74

Part I.

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1639–1642.

Letter I.	To Mr. Storie	83
II.	To Mrs. St. John	91
Two Years		101
Letter III.	To Mr. Willingham	104
In the Long Parliament		107

Part II.

TO THE END OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR, 1642–1646.

Preliminary		113
Letter IV.	To R. Barnard, Esq.	125

CONTENTS.

	Page
Cambridge	127
Com. Cant. ("Cambridgeshire, To Wit")	128
Letter V. To Suffolk Committee	130
Lowestoff	131
Letter VI. To the Mayor of Colchester	136
VII. To Sir J. Burgoyne	138
VIII. To R. Barnard, Esq.	139
IX. To Lincoln Committee	142
X. Unknown: Grantham	144
XI. To the Mayor of Colchester	146
XII. To Cambridge Commissioners	149
XIII. Unknown	153
XIV. To Cambridge Commissioners	155
XV. To the Same	157
XVI. To Suffolk Committee	161
XVII. To O. St. John, Esq.	163
XVIII. To Suffolk Committee	165
Winceby Fight	170
Letter XIX. To Rev. Mr. Hitch	174
XX. To Major-General Crawford	175
XXI. To Col. Walton	181
XXII. To Ely Committee	185
XXIII. To Col. Walton	187
Three Fragments of Speeches, Self-denying Ordinance	188
Letter XXIV. To Sir T. Fairfax	194
XXV. To Committee of Both Kingdoms	197
XXVI. To Governor R. Burgess	1'

CONTENTS.

PAGE

XXVII. To the Same 200

XXVIII. To Sir T. Fairfax 201

By Express 203

Letter XXIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall 205

XXX. To Sir T. Fairfax 211

XXXI. To Hon. W. Lenthall 217

XXXII. To Sir T. Fairfax 224

XXXIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall 225

XXXIV. To Sir T. Fairfax 231

XXXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall 232

Part III.

BETWEEN THE TWO CIVIL WARS. 1646-1648.

Letter XXXVI. To T. Knyvett, Esq. 238

XXXVII. To Sir T. Fairfax 240

XXXVIII. To the Same 241

XXXIX. To J. Rushworth, Esq. 244

XL. To Sir T. Fairfax 245

XLI. To Mrs. Ireton 247

XLII. To Sir T. Fairfax 249

XLIII. To the Same 253

XLIV. To the Same 254

Army Manifesto 256

Letter XLV. To Archbishop of York 273

XLVI. To Col. Jones 276

XLVII. To Sir T. Fairfax 278

XLVIII. To the Same 280

PAGE

XLIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall 282
L. To Col. Whalley 284
LI. To Dr. T. Hill 285
LII. To Col. Hammond 287
LIII. To Col. Norton 290
LIV. To Sir T. Fairfax 294
Free Offer 295
Letter LV. To Col. Norton 296
LVI. To the Same 297
LVII. To Col. Hammond 300
LVIII. To Col. Kenrick 302
Prayer-Meeting 302

Part IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR. 1648.

Letter LIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall 312
LX. To Major T. Saunders 313
LXI. To Lord (late Sir Thomas) Fairfax 316
LXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall 322
Preston Battle 323
Letter LXIII. To Lancashire Committee 327
LXIV. To Hon. W. Lenthall 329
LXV. To York Committee 343
LXVI. To the Same 344
LXVII. To Oliver St. John 347
LXVIII. To Lord Wharton 349
Declaration 352

PAGE

LETTER LXIX. To LORD FAIRFAX 354
LXX. To THE GOVERNOR OF BERWICK 355
LXXI. To LORD MARQUIS OF ARGYLE 356
LXXII. To SCOTS COMMITTEE OF ESTATES 358
LXXIII. To EARL OF LOUDON 360
PROCLAMATION 364
LETTER LXXIV. To SCOTS COMMITTEE OF ESTATES 365
LXXV. To HON. W. LENTHALL 367
LXXVI. To LORD FAIRFAX 370
LXXVII. To SCOTS COMMITTEE OF ESTATES 372
LXXVIII. To HON. W. LENTHALL 375
LXXIX. To THE SAME 376
LXXX. To GOVERNOR MORRIS 379
LXXXI. To DERBY HOUSE COMMITTEE 380
LXXXII. To JENNER AND ASHE 383
LXXXIII. To LORD FAIRFAX 387
LXXXIV. To THOMAS ST. NICHOLAS 389
LXXXV. To COL. ROBERT HAMMOND 390
LXXXVI. To MASTER AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE 399
DEATH WARRANT 400

Part V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND. 1649.

LETTER LXXXVII. To REV. MR. ROBINSON 405
PASS 406
LETTER LXXXVIII. To RICHARD MAYOR 408

CONTENTS.

		Page
ER	. . . . .	409
TER LXXXIX.	To Richard Mayor	411
XC.	To the Same	412
XCI.	To Dr. Love	414
XCII.	To Richard Mayor	416
XCIII.	" " "	420
XCIV.	" " "	422
XCV.	" " "	423
XCVI.	" " "	424
Levellers	. . . . .	426
TER XCVII.	To Sir J. Harrington	436
XCVIII.	To Hon W. Lenthall	438
XCIX.	To Richard Mayor	440
C.	To the Same	442
CI.	To Mrs. Richard Cromwell	444
CII.	To Hon. W. Lenthall	446
LARATION BY THE	Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	448
H War	. . . . .	450
TER CIII.	To the Chief Officer in Dundalk	456
CIV.	To President Bradshaw	457
CV.	To Hon. W. Lenthall	458
CVI.	" " " "	465
CVII.	" " " "	467
CVIII.	To Governor Taaff	479
CIX.	" " "	481
CX	" " "	48

PAGE

CXII. To HON. W. LENTHALL 484

CXIII. To RICHARD MAYOR 486

CXIV. To HON. THOMAS SCOTT 488

CXV. To HON. W. LENTHALL 489

CXVI. " " " " 495

CXVII. " " " " 500

CXVIII. To HON. LORD WHARTON 505

DECLARATION FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE . . 509

LETTER CXIX. To HON. W. LENTHALL 531

CXX. To THE GOVERNOR OF CAHIR CASTLE 536

CXXI. To PRESIDENT BRADSHAW 538

CXXII. To THE GOVERNOR, MAYOR, AND ALDERMEN OF KILKENNEY 538

CXXIII. To THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY 541

CXXIV. To THE SAME 549

CXXV. To THE MAYOR OF KILKENNY 550

CXXVI. To THE SAME 552

CXXVII. To THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY 553

CXXVIII. To THE SAME 554

CXXIX. To THE DUBLIN COMMISSIONERS 555

CXXX. To HON. W. LENTHALL 556

CXXXI. To RICHARD MAYOR . . . . . .

CXXXII. To RICHARD CROMWELL 557

THE SQUIRE PAPERS 566

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME SEVEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL—Frontispiece . . . . . .

CHARLES I . . . . . .

THE TOWER OF LONDON . . . . . .

TRAITOR'S GATE, TOWER OF LONDON . . . . . .

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

ANTI-DRYASDUST.

WHAT and how great are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its History during the Seventeenth Century, need not be insisted on at present; such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that Century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding Centuries, but of which that Century was the ultimate manifestation: we have wandered very far; and must endeavor to return, and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling Dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful Publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formulism — antique "Reign of God," which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil: this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small pr

"Few nobler Heroisms," says a well-known Writer long occupied on this subject, "at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; — yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilettantism, — prurient Stupidity in what shape soever, — is darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlocks, Nalsons, Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited, — edited as you edit wagon-loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of those monstrous old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honorable distinction to him.

"Those dreary old records, they were compiled at first by Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity withal; — but then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent state, and doing its best; which was something: — and, alas, they have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity, in the *idle* state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Print-

ing Societies, and such like, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a *voice*, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake of Eternal Sleep. *Craving* for oblivion, for abolition and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison! —

"This then," continues our impatient friend, "is the Elysium we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge: obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of Death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer; — where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by Phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical Histories.

"To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death! — O Dryasdust, my voluminous friend, had Human Stupidity continued in the diligent state, think you it had ever come to this? Surely [redacted] have made an Index for these hu[redacted] been faithful, was ad[redacted] thousand!

it is you, my voluminous friend, that should have sifted them, many long years ago. Instead of droning out these melancholy scepticisms, constitutional philosophies, torpedo narratives, you should have sifted those old stacks of pamphlet matter for us, and have had the metal grains lying here accessible, and the dross-heaps lying there avoidable; you had done the human memory a service thereby; some human remembrance of this matter had been more possible!"

Certainly this description does not want for emphasis: but all ingenuous inquirers into the Past will say there is too much truth in it. Nay, in addition to the sad state of our Historical Books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that Seventeenth Century. The Christian Doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts, — very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant; — in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us, — not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other "avalanche of Human Stupidity," wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief! — Our impatient friend continues: —

"I have known Nations altogether destitute of prin

types and learned appliances, with nothing better than old songs, monumental stoneheaps and Quipo-thrums to keep record by, who had truer memory of their memorable things than this! Truer memory, I say: for at least the voice of their Past Heroisms, if indistinct, and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melodious to those Nations. The body of it might be dead enough; but the soul of it, partly harmonized, put in real accordance with the 'Eternal Melodies,' was alive to all hearts, and could not die. The memory of their ancient Brave Ones did not rise like a hideous huge leaden vapor, an amorphous emanation of Chaos, like a petrifying Medusa Spectre, on those poor Nations: no, but like a Heaven's Apparition, which it *was*, it still stood radiant beneficent before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it, and the recognition of it was a Psalm and Song. These things will require to be practically meditated by and by. Is human Writing, then, the art of burying Heroisms and highest Facts in Chaos; so that no man shall henceforth contemplate them without horror and aversion, and danger of locked-jaw? What does Dryasdust consider that he was born for; that paper and ink were made for?

"It is very notable, and leads to endless reflections, how the Greeks had their living *Iliad*, where we have such a deadly indescribable *Cromwelliad*. The old *Pantheon*, home of all the gods, has become a *Peerage-Book*, — with black and white surplice-controversies superadded, not unsuitably. The Greeks had their Homers, Hesiods, where we have our Rymers, Rushworths, our Norroys, Garter-Kings, and Bishops Cobweb. Very notable, I say. By the genius, wants and instincts and opportunities of the one People, striving to keep themselves in mind of what was memorable, there had fashioned itself, in the effort of successive centuries, a *Homer's Iliad:* by those of the other People, in successive centuries, a *Collins's Peerage* improved by Sir Egerton Brydges. By their Pantheons ye shall know them! Have not we English a talent for Silence? Our very Speech[illegible] a force of torpor [illegible] Silence. There

danger of locked-jaw! Given a divine Heroism, to smother it well in human Dulness, to touch it with the mace of Death, so that no human soul shall henceforth recognize it for a Heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic Torpor, an Insanity and Horror, — I will back our English genius against the world in such a problem!

"Truly we have done great things in that sort; down from Norman William all the way, and earlier: and to the English mind at this hour, the past History of England is little other than a dull dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind, if candid, will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*), of lovable, or memorable, — next to nothing. As if we had done no brave thing at all in this Earth; — as if not Men but Nightmares had written of our History! The English, one can discern withal, have been perhaps as brave a People as their neighbors; perhaps, for Valor of Action and true hard labor in this Earth, since brave Peoples were first made in it, there has been none braver anywhere or anywhen: — but, also, it must be owned, in Stupidity of Speech they have no fellow! What can poor English Heroisms do in such case, but fall torpid into the domain of the Nightmares? For of a truth, Stupidity is strong, most strong. As the Poet Schiller sings: 'Against Stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.' There is in *it* an opulence of murky stagnancy, an inexhaustibility, a calm infinitude, which will baffle even the gods, — which will say calmly, 'Yes, try all your lightnings here; see whether my dark belly cannot hold them!'

'Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.'"

Has our impatient friend forgotten that it is Destiny withal as well as "Stupidity;" that such is the case more or less with Human History always! By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call Human History; an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of To-day, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic

mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man. Think where our Alphabetic Letters came from, where our Speech itself came from; the Cookeries we live by, the Masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's Occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubal-cain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At bottom, there is no perfect History; there is none such conceivable.

All past Centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that Seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say: — and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent hor us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe under ground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *male*factors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion: it lies all there! Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, there is a "Rushworthian chaos." Let Dryasdust be blamed, beaten with stripes if you will; but let it be with pity, with blame to Fate chiefly. Alas, when sacred Priests are arguing about "black and white surplices;" and sacred Poets have long *professedly* deserted Truth, and gone a wool-gathering after "Ideals" and such like, what can you expect of poor secular Pedants? The labyrinth

of History must grow ever darker, more intricate and dismal; vacant cargoes of "Ideals" will arrive yearly, to be cast into the oven; and noble Heroisms of Fact, given up to Dryasdust, will be buried in a very disastrous manner! —

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbor to them. Alas, and did not the honorable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House: — and no most astonishing Review-Article, or tenth-edition Pamphlet, of our day can have half such "brilliancy," such "spirit," "eloquence," — such *virtue to produce belief*, which is the highest and in reality the only literary success, — as these poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate quartos; spectral; and instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the "Eternal Melodies," and harmonize with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of

Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner, and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: "Who shall rouse him up?"

"For indisputably," exclaims the above-cited Author in his vehement way, "this too was a Heroism; and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things! Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the Earth once more. Who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to heart, That an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side! The essence of all Heroisms and Veracities that have been, or that will be. — Perhaps it was among the nobler and noblest Human Heroisms, this Puritanism of ours: but English Dryasdust could not discern it for a Heroism at all; — as the Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to pestilential Mud-giants, is mere horror and terror to the Pedant species everywhere; which, like the owl in any sudden brightness, has to shut its eyes, — or hastily procure smoked-spectacles on an improved principle. Heaven's brightness would be intolerable otherwise. Only your eagle dares look direct into the fire-radiance; only your Schiller climbs aloft 'to discover whence the lightning is coming.' 'Godlike men love lightning,' says one. Our old Norse fathers called it a God; the sunny blue-eyed Thor, with his all-conquering thunder-hammer, — who again, in calmer season, is beneficent Summer-heat. Godless men love it not; shriek murder when they see it; shutting their eyes, and hastily procuring smoked-spectacles. O Dryasdust, thou art great and thrice-great!" —

"But, alas," exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, "what is it, all this Rushworthian

inarticulate rubbish-continent, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks and pale shadows; what is it, but the common Kingdom of Death? This *is* what we call Death, this mouldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of Formed human things; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness; — ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse, — the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank; *dis*solution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous ever-deepening Dusk of Gods and Men! — Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed Dog? Some Destiny drives him. It is his sins, I suppose: — perhaps it is his love, strong as that of Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue!"

Well, it would seem the resuscitation of a Heroism from the Past Time is no easy enterprise. Our impatient friend seems really getting sad! We can well believe him, there needs pious love in any "Orpheus" that will risk descending to the Gloomy Halls; — descending, it may be, and fronting Cerberus and Dis, to no purpose! For it oftenest proves so; nay, as the Mythologists would teach us, always. Here is another Mythus. Balder the white Sungod, say our Norse Skalds, Balder, beautiful as the summer-dawn, loved of Gods and men, was dead. His Brother Hermoder, urged by his Mother's tears and the tears of the Universe, went forth to seek him. He rode through gloomy winding valleys, of a dismal leaden color, full of howling winds and subterranean torrents; nine days; ever deeper, down towards Hela's Death-realm: at Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the Portress, an ancient woman, called Modgudr, "the Vexer of Minds," keeping watch as usual: Modgudr answered him, "Yes, Balder passed this way; but he is not here; he is down yonder, — far, still far to the North, within Hela's Gates yonder." Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse, named "Swiftness" or "Mane of Gold;"

reached Hela's Gates; leapt sheer over them, mounted as he was; *saw* Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes: — but could not bring him back! The Nornas were inexorable; Balder was never to come back. Balder beckoned him mournfully a still adieu; Nanna, Balder's Wife, sent "a thimble" to her mother as a memorial: Balder never could return! — Is not this an emblem? Old Portress Modgudr, I take it, is Dryas-dust in Norse petticoat and hood; a most unlovely beldame, the "Vexer of Minds"!

We will here take final leave of our impatient friend, occupied in this almost desperate enterprise of his; we will wish him, which it is very easy to do, more *patience*, and better success than he seems to hope. And now to our own small enterprise, and solid despatch of business in plain prose!

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF OLIVER.

OURS is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful, on this same matter: The collecting of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done; and after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing: one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable; readers do not reascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb.

These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself — I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavored to wash them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Work

ing for long years in those unspeakable Historic Provinces, of which the reader has already had account, it becomes more and more apparent to one, That this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an Epoch in the World's History; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words — and still more his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words — will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the Affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of "hypocrisies," &c. &c., which at present passes current as such.

But certainly, on any hypothesis as to that, such a set of Documents may hope to be elucidative in various respects. Oliver's Character, and that of Oliver's Performance in this world: here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was. Even if false, these words, authentically spoken and written by the chief actor in the business, must be of prime moment for understanding of it. These are the words this man found suitablest to represent the Things themselves, around him, and in him, of which we seek a History. The new-born Things and Events, as they bodied themselves forth to Oliver Cromwell from the Whirlwind of the passing Time, — this is the name and definition he saw good to give of them. To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business; were there once light for us in these, the business had begun again at the heart of it to be luminous! — On the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters*

and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers! The *heart* of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight, to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some "History" of it may be a little easier, — for my impatient friend or another.

To dwell on or criticise the particular *Biographies* of Cromwell, after what was so emphatically said above on the general subject, would profit us but little. Criticism of these poor Books cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in "stupidity" all the celebrations any Hero ever had in this world before. They are in fact worthy of oblivion, — of charitable Christian *burial*.

Mark Noble reckons up some half-dozen "Original Biographies of Cromwell;"[1] all of which and some more I have examined; but cannot advise any other man to examine. There are several laudatory, worth nothing; which ceased to be read when Charles II. came back, and the tables were turned. The vituperative are many: but the origin of them all, the chief fountain indeed of all the foolish lies that have circulated about Oliver since, is the mournful brown little Book called *Flagellum, or the Life and Death of O. Cromwell, the late Usurper*, by James Heath; which was got ready so soon as possible on the back of the *Annus Mirabilis* or Glorious Restoration,[2] and is written in such spirit as we may fancy. When restored potentates and high dignitaries had dug up "above a hundred buried corpses, and flung them in a heap in St. Margaret's Churchyard," the corpse of Admiral Blake among them, and Oliver's

[1] Noble's *Cromwell*, i. 294–300. His list is very inaccurate and incomplete, but not worth completing or rectifying.

[2] The First Edition seems to be of 1663.

old Mother's corpse; and were hanging on Tyburn gallows, as some small satisfaction to themselves, the dead clay of Oliver, of Ireton, and Bradshaw; — when high dignitaries and potentates were in such a humor, what could be expected of poor pamphleteers and garreteers? Heath's poor little brown lying *Flagellum* is described by one of the moderns as a "*Flagitium;*" and Heath himself is called "*Carrion* Heath," — as being "an unfortunate blasphemous dullard, and scandal to Humanity; — blasphemous, I say; who when the image of God is shining through a man, reckons it in his sordid soul to be the image of the Devil, and acts accordingly; who in fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity:" which seems hard measure to poor James Heath. "He was the son of the King's Cutler," says Wood, "and wrote pamphlets," the best he was able, poor man. He has become a dreadfully dull individual, in addition to all! — Another wretched old Book of his, called *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, bears a high price in the Dilettante Sale-catalogues; and has, as that *Flagellum* too has, here and there a credible trait not met with elsewhere: but in fact, to the ingenuous inquirer, this too is little other than a tenebrific Book; cannot be read except with sorrow, with torpor and disgust, — and in fine, if you be of healthy memory, with *oblivion*. The latter end of Heath has been worse than the beginning was! From him, and his *Flagellums* and scandalous Human Platitudes, let no rational soul seek knowledge.

Among modern Biographies, the great original is that of Mark Noble above cited;[1] such "original" as there is: a Book, if we must call it a Book, abounding in facts and pretended facts more than any other on this subject. Poor Noble has gone into much research of old leases, marriage-contracts, deeds of sale and such like: he is learned in parish-registers and genealogies, has consulted pedigrees "measuring eight feet by two feet four;" goes much upon heraldry; — in fact, has amassed a large heap of evidences and assertions, worthless and of worth, respecting Cromwell and his Connections; from

[1] *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, by the Rev. Mark Noble. 2 vols. London, 1787.

which the reader, by his own judgment, is to extract what he can. For Noble himself is a man of extreme imbecility; his judgment, for most part, seeming to lie dead asleep; and indeed it is worth little when broadest awake. He falls into manifold mistakes, commits and omits in all ways; plods along contented, in an element of perennial dimness, purblindness; has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting. A man indeed of extreme imbecility; to whom nevertheless let due gratitude be borne.

His Book, in fact, is not properly a Book, but rather an Aggregate of bewildered jottings; a kind of Cromwellian Biographical Dictionary, *wanting* the alphabetical, or any other, arrangement or index: which latter want, much more remediable than the want of judgment, is itself a great sorrow to the reader. Such as it is, this same Dictionary without judgment and without arrangement, "bad Dictionary gone to pie," as we may call it, is the storehouse from which subsequent Biographies have all furnished themselves. The reader, with continual vigilance of suspicion, once knowing what man he has to do with, digs through it, and again through it; covers the margins of it with notes and contradictions, with references, deductions, rectifications, execrations, — in a sorrowful, but not entirely unprofitable manner. Another Book of Noble's, called *Lives of the Regicides*, written some years afterwards, during the French Jacobin time, is of much more stupid character; nearly meaningless indeed; mere water bewitched; which no man need buy or read. And it is said he has a third Book, on some other subject, stupider still; which latter point, however, may be considered questionable.

For the rest, this poor Noble is of very impartial mind respecting Cromwell; open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil: the helpless, incoherent, but placid and favorable notion he has of Cromwell in 1787 contrasts notably with that which Carrion Heath had gathered of him in 1663. For, in spite of the stupor of Histories, it is beautiful, once more, to see how the Memory of Cromwell, in its huge inarticulate significance, not able to *speak* a wise word for itself to any one, has nevertheless been steadily growing clearer and

clearer in the popular English mind; how from the day when high dignitaries and pamphleteers of the Carrion species did their ever-memorable feat at Tyburn, onwards to this day, the progress does not stop.

In 1698,[1] one of the earliest words expressly in favor of Cromwell was written by a Critic of *Ludlow's Memoirs*. The anonymous Critic explains to solid Ludlow that he, in that solid but somewhat wooden head of his, had not perhaps seen entirely into the centre of the Universe, and workshop of the Destinies; that, in fact, Oliver was a questionable uncommon man, and he Ludlow a common handfast, honest, dull and indeed partly wooden man, — in whom it might be wise to form no theory at all of Cromwell. By and by, a certain "Mr. Banks," a kind of Lawyer and Playwright, if I mistake not, produced a still more favorable view of Cromwell, but in a work otherwise of no moment; the exact date, and indeed the whole substance of which is hardly worth remembering.[2]

The *Letter* of "John Maidston to Governor Winthrop" — Winthrop Governor of Connecticut, a Suffolk man, of much American celebrity — is dated 1659; but did not come into print till 1742, along with Thurloe's other Papers.[3] Maidston had been an Officer in Oliver's Household, a Member of his Parliaments, and knew him well. An Essex man he; probably an old acquaintance of Winthrop's; visibly a man of honest affections, of piety, decorum and good sense. Whose loyalty to Oliver is of a genuine and altogether manful nature, — mostly silent, as we can discern. His *Letter* gives some really lucid traits of those dark things and times; especially a short portraiture of the Protector himself, which, the more you know him, you ascertain the more to be a likeness. Another Officer of Oliver's Household, not to be confounded with this Maidston, but a man of similar position and similar moral character to Maidston's; a "Groom of the Bedchamber," whose name one

[1] So dated in *Somers Tracts* (London, 1811), vi. 416, — but liable to correction if needful. Poor Noble (i. 297) gives the same date, and then placidly, in the next line, subjoins a fact inconsistent with it. As his manner is!

[2] *Short Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell*, by a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. London, 1739.

[3] Thurloe, i. 763–768; — and correct Noble, i. 94.

at length dimly discovers to be Harvey,[1] not quite unknown otherwise; is also well worth listening to on this matter. He, in 1659, a few months before Maidston wrote, had published a credible and still interesting little Pamphlet, *Passages concerning his late Highness's last Sickness;* to which, if space permit, we shall elsewhere refer. In these two little off-hand bits of writing, by two persons qualified to write and witness, there is a clear credibility for the reader; and more insight obtainable as to Oliver and his ways than in any of the express Biographies.

That anonymous *Life of Cromwell*, which Noble very ignorantly ascribes to Bishop Gibson, which is written in a neutral spirit, as an impartial statement of facts, but not without a secret decided leaning to Cromwell, came out in 1724. It is the *Life of Cromwell* found commonly in Libraries:[2] it went through several editions in a pure state; and I have seen a "fifth edition" with foreign intermixtures, "printed at Birmingham in 1778," on gray paper, seemingly as a Book for Hawkers. The Author of it was by no means "Bishop Gibson," but one Kimber, a Dissenting Minister of London, known otherwise as a compiler of books. He has diligently gathered from old Newspapers and other such sources; narrates in a dull, steady, concise, but altogether unintelligent manner; can be read without offence, but hardly with any real instruction. Image of Cromwell's self there is none, express or implied, in this Book; for the man himself had none, and did not feel the want of any: nay in regard to external facts also, there are inaccuracies enough, — here too, what is the general rule in these books, you can find as many inaccuracies as you like: dig where you please, water will come! As a crown to all the modern Biographies of Cromwell, let us note Mr. Forster's late one:[3] full of interesting original excerpts, and indications of

[1] The "Cofferer," elsewhere called Steward of the Household, is "Mr. Maidston:" "Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, Mr. Charles Harvey, Mr. Underwood." Prestwick's *Funeral of the Protector* (reprinted in Forster's *British Statesmen*, v. 436, &c.).

[2] *The Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth; impartially collected &c.* London, 1724. Distinguished also by a not intolerable Portrait.

[3] *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, by John Forster (London, 1840), vols. iv. and v.

what is notablest in the old Books; gathered and set forth with real merit, with *energy* in abundance and superabundance; amounting in result, we may say, to a vigorous decisive tearing-up of all the old hypotheses on the subject, and an opening of the general mind for new.

Of Cromwell's actual biography, from these and from all Books and sources, there is extremely little to be known. It is from his own words, as I have ventured to believe, from his own Letters and Speeches well read, that the world may first obtain some dim glimpse of the actual Cromwell, and see him darkly face to face. What little is otherwise ascertainable, cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity, may be stated in brief compass. So much as precedes the earliest still extant Letters, I subjoin here in the form most convenient.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CROMWELL KINDRED.

Oliver Cromwell, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's Parish there, on the 25th of April, 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month; as the old Parish-registers of that Church still legibly testify.[1]

His Father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, Knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the Mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His Mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary Farmer of the Cathedral Tithes and Church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to one "William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire,"

[1] Noble, i. 92.

had lasted but a year: husband and only child are buried in Ely Cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589.[1] The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given; but seems to have been in 1591.[2] Our Oliver was their fifth child; their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all; of whom seven came to maturity, and Oliver was their only son. I may as well print the little Note, smelted long ago out of huge dross-heaps in Noble's Book, that the reader too may have his small benefit of it.[3]

This Elizabeth Steward, who had now become Mrs. Robert Cromwell, was, say the genealogists, "indubitably descended from the Royal Stuart Family of Scotland;" and could still count kindred with them. "From one Walter Steward, who had accompanied Prince James of Scotland," when our inhospitable politic Henry IV. detained the poor Prince, driven in

[1] Noble, ii. 198, and MS. *penes me.* [2] Ibid. i. 88.

[3] OLIVER CROMWELL'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Oliver's Mother had been a widow (Mrs. *Lynne* of Bassingbourne) before marrying Robert Cromwell; neither her age nor his is discoverable here.

1. *First* child (seemingly), *Joan*, baptized 24th September, 1592; she died in 1600 (Noble, i. 88).

2. Elizabeth, 14th October, 1593; died unmarried, thinks Noble, in 1672, at Ely. — See Appendix, No. 23, a Letter in regard to her, which has turned up. (*Note of* 1857.)

3. *Henry*, 31st August, 1595; died young, "before 1617."

4. Catherine, 7th February, 1596–7; married to Whitstone, a Parliamentary Officer; then to Colonel Jones.

5. OLIVER, born 25th April, 1599.

6. Margaret, 22d February, 1600–1; she became Mrs. Wauton, or Walton, Huntingdonshire; her son was killed at Marston Moor, — as we shall see.

7. Anna, 2d January, 1602–3; Mrs. Sewster, Huntingdonshire; died 1st November, 1646: — her Brother Oliver had just ended the "first Civil War" then.

8. Jane, 19th January, 1605–6; Mrs. Desborow, Cambridgeshire; died, *seemingly*, in 1656.

9. *Robert*, 18th January, 1608–9: died same April.

10. Robina, so named for the above Robert: uncertain date: became Mrs. Dr. French; then wife of Bishop Wilkins: her daughter by French, her one child, was married to Archbishop Tillotson.

by stress of weather to him here. Walter did not return with the Prince to Scotland; having "fought tournaments," — having made an advantageous marriage-settlement here. One of his descendants, Robert Steward, happened to be Prior of Ely when Henry VIII. dissolved the Monasteries; and proving pliant on that occasion, Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, became the first Protestant Dean of Ely, and — "was remarkably attentive to his family," says Noble. The profitable Farming of the Tithes at Ely, above mentioned; this, and other settlements, and good dotations of Church lands among his Nephews, were the fruits of Robert Steward's pliancy on that occasion. The genealogists say, there is no doubt of this pedigree; — and explain in intricate tables, how Elizabeth Steward, Mother of Oliver Cromwell, was indubitably either the ninth, or the tenth, or some other fractional part of half a cousin to Charles Stuart, King of England.

Howsoever related to Charles Stuart or to other parties, Robert Cromwell, younger son of the Knight of Hinchinbrook, brought her home, we see, as his Wife, to Huntingdon, about 1591; and settled with her there, on such portion, with such prospects as a cadet of the House of Hinchinbrook might have. Portion consisting of certain lands and messuages round and in that Town of Huntingdon, — where, in the current name "Cromwell's Acre," if not in other names applied to lands and messuages there, some feeble echo of him and his possessions still survives, or seems to survive. These lands he himself farmed: the income in all is guessed or computed to have been about £300 a year; a tolerable fortune in those times; perhaps somewhat like £1000 now. Robert Cromwell's Father, as we said, and then his elder Brother, dwelt successively in good style at Hinchinbrook near by. It was the Father Sir Henry Cromwell, who from his sumptuosity was called the "Golden Knight," that built, or that enlarged, remodelled and as good as built, the Mansion of Hinchinbrook; which had been a Nunnery, while Nunneries still were: it was the son, Sir Oliver, likewise an expensive man, that sold it to the Montagues, since Earls of Sandwich, whose seat it still is. A stately pleasant house, among its shady lawns and expanses,

on the left bank of the Ouse river, a short half-mile west of Huntingdon; — still stands pretty much as Oliver Cromwell's Grandfather left it; rather kept good and defended from the inroads of Time and Accident, than substantially altered. Several Portraits of the Cromwells, and other interesting portraits and memorials of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, are still there. The Cromwell blazonry "on the great bay window," which Noble makes so much of, is now gone, destroyed by fire; has given place to Montague blazonry; and no dull man can bore us with that any more.

Huntingdon itself lies pleasantly along the left bank of the Ouse; sloping pleasantly upwards from Ouse Bridge, which connects it with the old village of Godmanchester; the Town itself consisting mainly of one fair street, which towards the north end of it opens into a kind of irregular market-place, and then contracting again soon terminates. The two churches of All-Saints and St. John's, as you walk up northward from the Bridge, appear successively on your left; the church-yards flanked with shops or other houses. The Ouse, which is of very circular course in this quarter, "winding as if reluctant to enter the Fen-country," says one Topographer, has still a respectable drab-color, gathered from the clays of Bedfordshire; has not yet the Stygian black which in a few miles farther it assumes for good. Huntingdon, as it were, looks over into the Fens; Godmanchester, just across the river, already stands on black bog. The country to the East is all Fen (mostly unreclaimed in Oliver's time, and still of a very dropsical character); to the West it is hard green ground, agreeably broken into little heights, duly fringed with wood, and bearing marks of comfortable long-continued cultivation. Here, on the edge of the firm green land, and looking over into the black marshes with their alder-trees and willow-trees, did Oliver Cromwell pass his young years. Drunken Barnabee, who travelled, and drank, and made Latin rhymes, in that country about 1635, through whose glistening satyr-eyes one can still discern this and the other feature of the Past, represents to us on the height behind Godmanchester, as you approach the scene from Cambridge and the south, a big

Oak-tree, — which has now disappeared, leaving no notable successor.

> "*Veni Godmanchester, ubi*
> *Ut Ixion captus nube,*
> *Sic, &c.*"

And he adds in a Note,

> "*Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat;*
> *Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit;*" —

Or in his own English version,

> "An aged Oak takes of this Town survey,
> Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way."[1]

If Oliver Cromwell climbed that Oak-tree, in quest of bird-nests or boy-adventures, the Tree, or this poor ghost of it, may still have a kind of claim to memory.

The House where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon: but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even Tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the Town, — beyond the Market-place we spoke of; on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled court-yard; occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little Brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse which is not far off, still flows through the court-yard of the place, — offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to Brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that *before* Robert Cromwell's time, it had been employed as a Brewery: but of this or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration and confusion, little or no certainty to be had. Tradition, "the Rev. Dr. Lort's Manuscripts," Carrion Heath, and such testimonies, are extremely insecure as guides! Thomas Harrison, for example, is always called "the son of a Butcher;" which means only

[1] *Barnabæ Itinerarium* (London, 1818), p. 96.

that his Father, as farmer or owner, had grazing-lands, down in Staffordshire, wherefrom naturally enough proceeded cattle, fat cattle as the case might be, — well fatted, I hope. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex in Henry Eighth's time, is in like manner called always "the son of a Blacksmith at Putney;" — and whoever figures to himself a man in black apron with hammer in hand, and tries to rhyme this with the rest of Thomas Cromwell's history, will find that here too he has got into an insolubility. "The splenetic credulity and incredulity, the calumnious opacity, the exaggerative ill-nature, and general flunkyism and stupidity of mankind," says my Author, "are ever to be largely allowed for in such circumstances." We will leave Robert Cromwell's brewing in a very unilluminated state. Uncontradicted Tradition, and old printed Royalist Lampoons, do call him a Brewer: the Brook of Hinchin, running through his premises, offered clear convenience for malting or brewing; — in regard to which, and also to his Wife's assiduous management of the same, one is very willing to believe Tradition. The essential trade of Robert Cromwell was that of managing those lands of his in the vicinity of Huntingdon: the grain of them would have to be duly harvested, thrashed, brought to market; whether it was as corn or as malt that it came to market, can remain indifferent to us.

For the rest, as documents still testify, this Robert Cromwell, did Burgh and Quarter-Session duties; was not slack but moderately active as a country-gentleman; sat once in Parliament in his younger years;[1] is found with his elder or other Brothers on various Public Commissions for Draining the Fens of that region, or more properly for inquiring into the possibility of such an operation; a thing much noised of then; which Robert Cromwell, among others, reported to be very feasible, very promising, but did not live to see accomplished, or even attempted. His social rank is sufficiently indicated; — and much flunkyism, falsity and other carrion ought to be buried! Better than all social rank, he is understood to have been a wise, devout, steadfast and worthy man, and to have lived a modest and manful life in his station there.

[1] "35to Eliz.:" Feb.-April, 1593 (Noble, i. 83; from Willis).

Besides the Knight of Hinchinbrook, he had other Brothers settled prosperously in the Fen regions, where this Cromwell Family had extensive possessions. One Brother Henry was "seated at Upwood," a fenny district near Ramsey Mere; one of his daughters came to be the wife, second wife, of Oliver St. John, the Ship-money Lawyer, the political "dark-lantern," as men used to name him; of whom we shall hear farther. Another Brother "was seated" at Biggin House between Ramsey and Upwood; a moated mansion, with ditch and painted paling round it. A third Brother was seated at — my informant knows not where! In fact I had better, as before, subjoin the little *smelted* Note which has already done its duty, and let the reader make of that what he can.[1] Of

[1] OLIVER'S UNCLES.

1. Sir Oliver of Hinchinbrook: his eldest son John, born in 1589 (ten years older than our Oliver), went into the army, "Colonel of an English regiment in the Dutch service:" this is the Colonel Cromwell who is said, or fabled, to have sought a midnight interview with Oliver, in the end of 1648, for the purpose of buying off Charles I.; to have "laid his hand on his sword," &c. &c. The story is in Noble, i. 51; with no authority but that of Carrion Heath. Other sons of his were soldiers, Royalists these: there are various Cousin Cromwells that confusedly turn up on both sides of the quarrel. — Robert Cromwell, our Oliver's Father, was the next Brother of the Hinchinbrook Knight. The third Brother, second uncle, was

2. Henry Cromwell, of Upwood near Ramsey Mere: adventurer in the Virginia Company: sat in Parliament 1603-1611; one of his daughters Mrs. St. John. Died 1630 (Noble, i. 28).

3. Richard: "buys in 1607" a bit of ground in Huntingdon; died "at Ramsey," 1628; was Member for Huntingdon in Queen Elizabeth's time: — *Lived* in Ramsey? Is buried at Upwood.

4. Sir Philip: Biggin House; knighted at Whitehall, 1604 (Noble, i. 31). His second son, Philip, was in Colonel Ingoldsby's regiment; — wounded at the storm of Bristol, in 1645. Third son, Thomas, was in Ireland with Strafford (signs Montnorris's death-warrant there, in 1630); lived afterwards in London; became Major, and then Colonel, in the *King's* Army. Fourth son, Oliver, was in the Parliamentary Army; had watched the King in the Isle of Wight, — went with his cousin, our Oliver, to Ireland in 1649, and died or was killed there. Fifth son, Robert, "poisoned his Master, an Attorney, and was *hanged at London*," — if there be truth in "Heath's *Flagellum* [Noble, i. 35] and some Pedigrees;" — year not given; say about 1635, when the lad, "born 1617," was in his 18th year? I have found no hint of this affair in any other quarter, not in the wildest Royalist-Birkenhead or Walker's-Independency

our Oliver's Aunts one was Mrs. Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks: an opulent, zealous person, not without ambitions; already a widow and mother of two Boys, one of whom proved very celebrated as JOHN HAMPDEN; — she was Robert Cromwell's Sister. Another Cromwell Aunt of Oliver's was married to "Whalley, heir of the Whalley family in Notts;" another to the "heir of the Dunches of Pusey, in Berkshire;" another to — In short the stories of Oliver's "poverty," if they were otherwise of any moment, are all false; and should be mentioned here, if still here, for the *last* time. The family was of the rank of substantial gentry, and duly connected with such in the counties round, for three generations back. Of the numerous and now mostly forgettable cousinry we specify farther only the Mashams of Otes in Essex, as like to be of some cursory interest to us by and by.

There is no doubt at all but Oliver the Protector's family *was* related to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the

lampoon; and consider it very possible that *a* Robert Cromwell having suffered "for poisoning an Attorney," he may have been *called* the cousin of Cromwell by "Heath and some Pedigrees." But of course anybody *can* "poison an Attorney," and be hanged for it!

Oliver's Aunt Elizabeth was married to William Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks (year not given, Noble, i. 36, nor at p. 68 of vol. ii.; nor in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden*): he died in 1597; she survived him 67 years, continuing a widow (Noble, ii. 69). Buried in Great Hampden Church, 1664, aged 90. She had two sons, John and Richard: John, born 1594, — Richard, an Oliverian too, died in 1659 (Noble, ii. 70).

Aunt Joan (elder than Elizabeth) was "Lady Barrington;" Aunt Frances (younger) was Mrs. Whalley. Richard Whalley of Kerton, Notts; a man of mark; sheriff, &c.; three wives, children only by his second, this "Aunt Fanny." Three children: — Thomas Whalley (no years given, Noble, ii. 141) died in his father's lifetime; left a son who was a kind of Royalist, but yet had a certain acceptance with Oliver too. Edward Whalley, the famed "Colonel," and Henry Whalley, the "Judge-Advocate:" wretched *biographies* of these two are in Noble, pp. 141, 143–156. Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goff, after the Restoration, fled to New England; lived in "caves" there, and had a sore time of it: New England, in a vague manner, still remembers them.

Enough of the Cousinry! —

Putney "Blacksmith's" or Iron-master's son, transiently mentioned above; the *Malleus Monachorum*, or, as old Fuller renders it, "Mauler of Monasteries," in Henry Eighth's time. The same old Fuller, a perfectly veracious and most intelligent person, does indeed report as of "his own knowledge," that Oliver Protector, once upon a time when Bishop Goodman came dedicating to him some unreadable semi-popish jargon about the "mystery of the Holy Trinity," and some adulation about "his Lordship's relationship to the former great Purifier of the Church," and Mauler of Monasteries, — answered impatiently, "My family has no relation to his!" This old Fuller reports, as of his own knowledge. I have consulted the unreadable semi-popish jargon, for the sake of that Dedication; I find that Oliver's relationship to Thomas Cromwell is in any case stated *wrong* there, not right: I reflect farther that Bishop Goodman, oftener called "Bishop Badman" in those times, went over to Popery; had become a miserable impoverished old piece of confusion, and at this time could appear only in the character of begging *bore*, — when, at any rate, for it was in the year 1653, Oliver himself, having just turned out the Long Parliament,[1] was busy enough! I infer therefore that Oliver said to him impatiently, without untruth, "You are quite wrong as to all that: good morning!" — and that old Fuller, likewise without untruth, reports it as above.

But, at any rate, there is other very simple evidence entirely conclusive. Richard or Sir Richard Cromwell, great-

[1] The date of Goodman's Book is 25th June, 1653; here is the correct title of it (King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73, § 1): "The two great Mysteries of Christian Religion; the Ineffable Trinity and Wonderful Incarnation: by G. G. G." (meaning Godfrey Goodman, Glocestrensis). Unfortunate persons who have read Laud's writings are acquainted with this Bishop Goodman, or Badman; he died a declared Papist. Poor man, his speculations, now become jargon to us, were once very serious and eloquent to him. Such is the fate that soon overtakes all men who, quitting the "Eternal Melodies," take up their abode in the outer Temporary Discords, and seek their subsistence there! This is the part of the Dedication that concerns us: —

"To his Excellency my Lord Oliver Cromwell, Lord General. My Lord, — Fifty years since, the name of Socinus," &c. — "Knowing that the Lord Cromwell (your Lordship's great-uncle) was then in great favor," &c. "GODFREY GOODMAN."

grandfather of Oliver Protector, was a man well known in his day; had been very active in the work of suppressing monasteries; a right-hand man to Thomas the Mauler: and indeed it was on Monastic Property, chiefly or wholly, that he had made for himself a sumptuous estate in those Fen regions. Now, of this Richard Cromwell there are two Letters to Thomas Cromwell, "Vicar-General," Earl of Essex, which remain yet visible among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; in both of which he signs himself with his own hand, "your most bounden Nephew," — an evidence sufficient to set the point at rest. Copies of the Letters are in my possession; but I grudge to inflict them on the reader. One of them, the longer of the two, stands printed, with all or more than all its original misspelling and confused obscurity, in Noble:[1] it is dated "Stamford," without day or year; but the context farther dates it as contemporary with the Lincolnshire Rebellion, or Anti-Reformation riot, which was directly followed by the more formidable "Pilgrimage of Grace" in Yorkshire to the like effect, in the autumn of 1536.[2] Richard, in company with other higher official persons, represents himself as straining every nerve to beat down and extinguish this traitorous fanatic flame, kindled against the King's Majesty and his Reform of the Church; has an eye in particular to a certain Sir John Thymbleby in Lincolnshire, whom he would fain capture as a ringleader; suggests that the use of arms should be prohibited to these treasonous populations, except under conditions; — and seems hastening on, with almost furious speed; towards Yorkshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace, we may conjecture. The second Letter, also without date except "Tuesday," shadows to us an official man, again on business of hot haste; journeying from Monastery to Monastery; finding this Superior disposed to comply with the King's Majesty, and that other not disposed, but capable of being made so; intimates farther that he will be at his own House (presumably Hinchinbrook), and then straightway "home," and will report progress to my Lord in person. On the whole, as this is the earliest articulate utterance of the Oliver Family; and

[1] i. 242. [2] Herbert (in Kennet, ii. 204, 205).

casts a faint glimmer of light, as from a single flint-spark, into the dead darkness of the foregone century; and touches withal on an acquaintance of ours, the "Prior of Ely," — Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, first Protestant Dean of Ely, and brother of Mrs. Robert Cromwell's ancestor, which is curious to think of, — we will give the Letter, more especially as it is very short: —

"*To my Lord Cromwell.*

"I have me most humbly commended unto your Lordship. I rode on Sunday to Cambridge to my bed;[1] and the next morning was up betimes, purposing to have found at Ely Mr. Pollard and Mr. Williams. But they were departed before my coming: and so, [they] being at dinner at Somersham with the Bishop of Ely, I overtook them [there].[2] At which time, I opened your pleasure unto them in everything. Your Lordship, I think, shall shortly perceive the Prior of Ely to be of a froward sort, by evident tokens;[3] as, at our coming home, shall be at large related unto you.

"At the writing hereof we have done nothing at Ramsey; saving that one night I communed with the Abbot; whom I found conformable to everything, as shall be at this time put in act.[4] And then, as your Lordship's will is, as soon as we have done at Ramsey, we go to Peterborough. And from thence to my House; and so home.[5] The which, I trust, shall be at the farthest on this day come seven days.

"That the Blessed Trinity preserve your Lordship's health!

"Your Lordship's most bounden Nephew,

"RICHARD CROMWELL.

"From RAMSEY, on Tuesday in the morning."[6]

[1] From London, we suppose.

[2] The words within brackets, [they] and [there], are added for bringing out the sense; a plan we shall follow in all the Original Letters of this Collection.

[3] He proved tamable, Sir Richard, — and made *your* Great-grandson rich, for one consequence of that!

[4] Brought to legal black-on-white. [5] To London.

[6] *MSS. Cotton.* Cleopatra E. IV. p. 205 b. The envelope and address are not here; but this docket of address, given in a sixteenth-century hand, and

The other Letter is still more express as to the consanguinity; it says, among other things, "And longer than I may have heart so, as my most bounden duty is, to serve the King's Grace with body, goods, and all that ever I am able to make; and your Lordship, as Nature and also your manifold kindness bindeth, — I beseech God I no longer live." "As *Nature bindeth.*" Richard Cromwell then thanks him, with a bow to the very ground, for "my poore wyef," who has had some kind remembrance from his Lordship; thinks all "his travail but a pastime;" and remains, "at Stamford this Saturday at eleven of the clock, your humble Nephew most bounden," as in the other case. A vehement, swift-riding man! Nephew, it has been suggested, did not mean in Henry the Eighth's time so strictly as it now does, brother's or sister's son: it meant *nepos* rather, or kinsman of a younger generation: but on all hypotheses of its meaning, the consanguinity of Oliver Protector of England and Thomas Mauler of Monasteries is not henceforth to be doubted.

Another indubitable thing is, That this Richard, your Nephew most bounden, has signed himself in various Lawdeeds and Notarial papers still extant, "Richard Cromwell *alias* Williams;" also that his sons and grandsons continued to sign Cromwell *alias* Williams; and even that our Oliver himself in his youth has been known to sign so. And then a third indubitable thing on this matter is, That Leland, an exact man, sent out by Authority in those years to take cognizance, and make report, of certain points connected with the Church Establishments in England, and whose well-known *Itinerary* is the fruit of that survey, has written in that Work these words; under the head, "Commotes[1] in Glamorganshire:" —

"Kibworth lieth," extendeth, "from the mouth of Remny

otherwise indicated by the text, is not doubtful. The signature alone, and line preceding that, are in Richard's hand. In the Letter printed by Noble the address *remains*, in the hand of Richard's clerk.

[1] Commote is the Welsh word *Cwmwd*, now obsolete as an official division, equivalent to *cantred*, hundred. Kibworth Commote is now Kibbor Hundred.

up to an Hill in the same Commote, called Kevenon, a six miles from the mouth of Remny. This Hill goeth as a wall over-thwart betwixt the Rivers of Thave and Remny. A two miles from this Hill by the south, and a two miles from Cardiff, be vestigia of a Pile or Manor Place decayed, at Egglis Newith in the Parish of Llandaff.[1] On the south side of this Hill was born Richard Williams alias Cromwell, in the Parish of Llanilsen."[2]

That Richard Cromwell, then, was of kindred to Thomas Cromwell; that he, and his family after him, signed "alias Williams;" and that Leland, an accurate man, said and printed, in the official scene where Richard himself was living and conspicuous, He was born in Glamorganshire: these three facts are indubitable; — but to these three we must limit ourselves. For, as to the origin of this same "alias Williams," whether it came from the general "Williamses of Berkshire,"[3] or from "Morgan Williams a Glamorganshire gentleman married to the sister of Thomas Cromwell," or from whom or what it came, we have to profess ourselves little able, and indeed not much concerned to decide. Williamses are many: there is Richard Cromwell, in that old Letter, hoping to breakfast with a Williams at Ely, — but finds both him and Pollard gone! Facts, even trifling facts, when indisputable may have significance; but Welsh Pedigrees, "with seventy shields of arms," "Glothian Lord of Powys" (prior or posterior to the Deluge), though "written on a parchment eight feet by two feet four, bearing date 1602, and belonging to the Miss Cromwells of Hampstead,"[4] are highly unsatisfactory to the

[1] "Egglis Newith" is *Eglwys Newydd*, New Church, as the Welsh peasants still name it, though officially it is now called White Church. River "Thave" means Taff. The description of the wall-like Hill between the two streams, Taff and Remny, is recognizably correct: Kevenon, spelt *Cevn-on*, "Ash-tree ridge," is still the name of the Hill.

[2] Noble, i. 238, collated with Leland (Oxford, 1769), iv. fol. 56, pp. 37, 38. Leland gathered his records "in six years," between 1533 and 1540; he died, endeavoring to assort them, in 1552. They were long afterwards published by Hearne.

[3] *Biographia Britannica* (London, 1789), iv. 474.

[4] Noble, i. 1.

ingenuous mind! We have to remark two things: First, that the Welsh Pedigree, with its seventy shields and ample extent of sheepskin, bears date London, 1602; was not put together, therefore, till about a hundred years after the birth of Richard, and at a great distance from the scene of that event: circumstances which affect the unheraldic mind with some misgivings. Secondly, that "learned Dugdale," upon whom mainly, apart from these uncertain Welsh sheepskins, the story of this Welsh descent of the Cromwells seems to rest, has unfortunately stated the matter in *two* different ways, — as being, and then also as not being, — in two places of his learned Lumber-Book.[1] Which circumstance affects the unheraldic mind with still fataler misgivings, — and in fact raises irrepressibly the question and admonition, "What boots it? Leave the vain region of blazonry, of rusty broken shields and genealogical marine-stores; let it remain forever doubtful! The Fates themselves have appointed it even *so*. Let the uncertain Simulacrum of a Glothian, prior or posterior to Noah's Deluge, hover between us and the utter Void; basing himself on a dust-chaos of ruined heraldries, lying genealogies, and saltires checky, the best he can!"

The small Hamlet and Parish Church of Cromwell, or Crumwell (the Well of Crum, whatever that may be), still stands on the Eastern edge of Nottinghamshire, not far from the left bank of the Trent; simple worshippers still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday. From this, without any ghost to teach us, we can understand that the Cromwell kindred all got their name, — in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish-records we learn also, without great difficulty, that the Barons Cromwell were summoned to Parliament from Edward Second's time and downward; that they had their chief seat at Tattershall in Lincolnshire; that there were Cromwells of distinction, and of no distinction, scattered in reasonable abundance over that Fen-country. — Cromwells Sheriffs of their Counties there in Richard's own time.[2] The Putney Blacksmith, Father of the *Malleus*, or Hammer that smote

[1] Dugdale's *Baronage*, ii. 374, 393.

[2] Fuller's *Worthies*, § Cambridgeshire, &c.

Monasteries on the head, — a Figure worthy to take his place beside Hephaistos, or Smith Mimer, if we ever get a Pantheon in this Nation, — was probably enough himself a Fen-country man; one of the junior branches, who came to live by metallurgy in London here. Richard, also sprung of the Fens, might have been his kinsman in many ways, have got the name of Williams in many ways, and even been born on the Hill behind Cardiff, independently of Glothian. Enough: Richard Cromwell, on a background of heraldic darkness, rises clearly visible to us; a man vehemently galloping to and fro, in that sixteenth century; tourneying successfully before King Harry,[1] who loved a man; quickening the death-agonies of Monasteries; growing great on their spoil; — and fated, he also, to produce another *Malleus* Cromwell that smote a thing or two. And so we will leave this matter of the Birth and Genealogy.

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS IN OLIVER'S BIOGRAPHY.

THE few ascertained, or clearly imaginable, Events in Oliver's Biography may as well be arranged, for our present purpose, in the form of annals.

1603.

Early in January of this year, the old Grandfather, Sir Henry, "the Golden Knight," at Hinchinbrook, died:[2] our Oliver, not quite four years old, saw funeralia and crapes, saw Father and Uncles with grave faces, and understood not well what it meant, — understood only, or tried to understand, that the good old Grandfather was gone away, and would never pat

[1] Stowe's *Chronicle* (London, 1631), p. 580; Stowe's *Survey*, Holinshed, &c.

[2] Poor Noble, unequal sometimes to the copying of a Parish-register, with his judgment *asleep*, dates this event 1603–4 (at p. 20, vol. i.), and then placidly (at p. 40) states a fact inconsistent therewith.

his head any more. The maternal Grandfather, at Ely, was yet, and for above a dozen years more, living.

The same year, four months afterwards, King James, coming from the North to take possession of the English crown, lodged two nights at Hinchinbrook; with royal retinue, with immense sumptuosities, addressings, knight-makings, ceremonial exhibitions; which must have been a grand treat for little Oliver. His Majesty came from the Belvoir-Castle region, "hunting all the way," on the afternoon of Wednesday, 27th April, 1603; and set off, through Huntingdon and Godmanchester, towards Royston, on Friday forenoon.[1] The Cambridge Doctors brought him an Address while here; Uncle Oliver, besides the ruinously splendid entertainments, gave him hounds, horses and astonishing gifts at his departure. In return there were Knights created, Sir Oliver first of the batch, we may suppose; King James had decided that there should be no reflection for the want of Knights at least. Among the large batches manufactured next year was Thomas Steward of Ely, henceforth Sir Thomas, Mrs. Robert Cromwell's Brother, our Oliver's Uncle. Hinchinbrook got great honor by this and other royal visits; but found it, by and by, a dear-bought honor. —

Oliver's Biographers, or rather Carrion Heath his first Biographer whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver; of his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the Fates so ordered it; of his seeing prophetic spectres; of his robbing orchards, and fighting tyrannously with boys; of his acting in School Plays; of his &c. &c. — The whole of which, grounded on "Human Stupidity" and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the Public School of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a worthy Dr. Beard, of whose writing I possess a Book,[2] of whom we shall hear

[1] Stowe's *Chronicle*, 812, &c.

[2] *The Theatre of God's Judgments: by Thomas Beard, Doctor of Divinity, and Preacher of the Word of God in the Town of Huntingdon: Third Edition, increased by many new Examples* ("Examples" of God's Justice vindicating itself

again: he learned, to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularized in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions, to the top of "Barnabee's big Tree," and else-whither, if they choose; on his fen-fowling expeditions, social sports and labors manifold; vacation-visits to his Uncles, to Aunt Hampden and Cousin John among others: all these things must have been; but how they specially were is forever hidden from all men. He had kindred of the sort above specified; parents of the sort above specified, rigorous yet affectionate persons, and very religious, as all rational persons then were. He had two sisters elder, and gradually four younger; the only boy among seven. Readers must fancy his growth there, in the North end of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, as they can.

In January, 1603–4,[1] was held at Hampton Court a kind of

openly on Violators of God's Law, — that is the purport of the Book): London, 1631. — A kindly ingenious little Book; still partly readable, almost lovable; some thin but real vein of perennial ingenuity and goodness recognizable in it. What one might call a Set of "Percy-Anecdotes;" but Anecdotes authentic, solemnly select, and *with* a purpose: "Percy-Anecdotes" for a more earnest Century than ours! Dedicated to the Mayor and Burgesses of Huntingdon, — for sundry good reasons; among others, "because, Mr. Mayor, you were my scholar, and brought up in my house."

[1] Here, more fitly perhaps than afterwards, it may be brought to mind, that the English year in those times did not begin till March; that New-Year's Day was the 25th of March. So in England, at that time, in all records, writings and books; as indeed in official records it continued so till 1752. In Scotland it was already not so; the year began with January there ever since 1600; — as in all Catholic countries it had done ever since the Papal alteration of the *Style* in 1582; and as in most Protestant countries, excepting England, it soon after that began to do. Scotland in respect of *the day of the month* still followed the Old Style.

"New-Year's Day the 25th of March:" this is the whole compass of the fact; with which a reader in those old books has, not without more difficulty than he expects, to familiarize himself. It has occasioned more misdatings and consequent confusions to modern editorial persons than any other as simple circumstance. So learned a man as Whitaker Historian of *Whalley*,

Theological Convention, of intense interest all over England, and doubtless at Huntingdon too; now very dimly known, if at all known, as the "Hampton-Court Conference." It was a meeting for the settlement of some dissentient humors in religion. The Millennary Petition, — what we should now call the "Monster Petition," for the like in number of signatures was never seen before, — signed by *near* a thousand Clergymen, of pious straitened consciences: this and various other Petitions to his Majesty, by persons of pious straitened consciences, had been presented; craving relief in some ceremonial points, which, as they found no warrant for them in the Bible, they suspected (with a very natural shudder in that case) to savor of Idol-worship and Mimetic Dramaturgy, instead of God-worship, and to be very dangerous indeed for a man to have concern with! Hampton-Court Conference was accordingly summoned. Four world-famous Doctors, from Oxford and Cambridge, represented the pious straitened class, now beginning to be generally conspicuous under the nickname *Puritans*. The Archbishop, the Bishop of London, also world-famous men, with a considerable reserve of other bishops, deans and dignitaries, appeared for the Church by itself Church. Lord Chancellor, the renowned Egerton, and the highest official persons, many lords and courtiers with a tincture of sacred science, in fact the flower of England, appeared as witnesses; with breathless interest. The King himself presided; having real gifts of speech, and being very learned in Theology, — which it was not then ridiculous but glorious for him to be.

editing *Sir George Radcliffe's Correspondence* (London, 1810), with the lofty air which sits well on him on other occasions, has altogether forgotten the above small circumstance: in consequence of which we have Oxford Carriers dying in January, or the first half of March, and to our great amazement going on to forward butter-boxes in the May following; — and similar miracles not a few occurring: and in short the whole Correspondence is jumbled to pieces; a due bit of topsy-turvy being introduced into the Spring of every year; and the learned Editor sits, with his lofty air, presiding over mere Chaos come again! — In the text here, we of course translate into the modern year, but leaving the day of the month as we find it; and if for greater assurance both forms be written down, as for instance 1603–4, the *last* figure is always the modern one; 1603–4 means 1604 for our calendar.

More glorious than the monarchy of what we now call Literature would be; glorious as the faculty of a Goethe holding *visibly* of Heaven: supreme skill in Theology then meant that. To know God, Θεός, the Maker, — to know the Divine Laws and *inner* Harmonies of this Universe, must always be the highest glory for a man! And not to know them, always the highest disgrace for a man, however common it be! —

Awful devout Puritanism, decent dignified Ceremonialism (both always of high moment in this world, but not of equally high), appeared here facing one another for the first time. The demands of the Puritans seem to modern minds very limited indeed: That there should be a new correct Translation of the Bible (*granted*), and increased zeal in teaching (*omitted*); That "lay impropriations" (tithes snatched from the old Church by laymen) might be made to yield a "seventh part" of their amount, towards maintaining ministers in dark regions which had none (*refused*); That the Clergy in districts might be allowed to meet together, and strengthen one another's hands as in old times (*refused with indignation*); — on the whole (if such a thing durst be hinted at, for the tone is almost inaudibly low and humble), That pious straitened Preachers, in terror of offending God by Idolatry, and useful to human souls, might not be cast out of their parishes for genuflexions, white surplices and such like, but allowed some Christian liberty in mere external things: these were the claims of the Puritans; — but his Majesty eloquently scouted them to the winds, applauded by all bishops, and dignitaries lay and clerical; said, If the Puritans would not conform, he would "hurry them out of the country;" — and so sent Puritanism and the Four Doctors home again, cowed into silence for the present. This was in January, 1604.[1] News of this, speech enough about it, could not fail in Robert Cromwell's house among others. Oliver is in his fifth year, — always a year older than the Century.

In November, 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's

[1] Neal's *History of the Puritans* (London, 1754), i. 411.

Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon and Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough, in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May, 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets; assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body.

Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty. The History of Europe, at that epoch, meant essentially the struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism,—a broader form of that same struggle, of devout Puritanism against dignified Ceremonialism, which forms the History of England then. Henry the Fourth of France, so long as he lived, was still to be regarded as the head of Protestantism; Spain, bound up with the Austrian Empire, as that of Catholicism. Henry's "Grand Scheme" naturally strove to carry Protestant England along with it; James, till Henry's death, held on, in a loose way, by Henry; and his Political History, so far as he has any, may be considered to lie there. After Henry's death, he fell off to "Spanish Infantas," to Spanish interests; and, as it were, ceased to have any History, nay began to have a *negative* one.

Among the events which Historical Students will supply for Robert Cromwell's house, and the spiritual pabulum of young Oliver, the Death of Prince Henry in 1612,[1] and the prospective accession of Prince Charles, fitter for a ceremonial Archbishop than a governing King, as some thought,—will not be forgotten. Then how the Elector Palatine was married; and troubles began to brew in Germany; and little Dr. Laud was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon;—such news the Historical Student can supply. And on the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was

[1] 6th Nov. (Camden's Annals).

kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's Huntingdon, there is no other authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere, till in the Admission-Book of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, we come to this,[1]

1616.

"*A Festo Annunciationis ad Festum Sancti Michaelis Archangeli*, 1616:" such (meaning merely, *From New-year's-day, or 25th March, to 29th September*) is the general Heading of the List of Scholars, or *Admissi*, for that Term;—and first in order there stands, "*Oliverius Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus ad commeatum Sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo tertio; Tutore Magistro Ricardo Howlet:*" Oliver Cromwell from Huntingdon admitted Fellow Commoner, 23d April, 1616; Tutor Mr. Richard Howlet.—Between which and the next Entry some zealous individual of later date has crowded in these lines: "*Hic fuit grandis ille Impostor, Carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo Rege Carolo Primo nefariâ cæde sublato, ipsum usurpavit Thronum, et Tria Regna per quinque ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitâ tyrannide vexavit.*" Had the zealous individual specifically dated this entry, it had been a slight improvement,—on a thing not much improvable. We can guess, After 1660, and not long after.

Curious enough, of all days, on this same day Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:—

"*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53. *Die* 23 *Apr.*"[2]

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him; it is but some fifteen miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hatha-

[1] Noble, i. 254;—corrected by the College Book itself.
[2] Collier's *Life of Shakspeare* (London, 1845), p. 253.

way was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People, in its time, plays many parts.

Chevalier Florian, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has remarked that Shakspeare's death-day, 23d of April, 1616, was likewise that of Cervantes at Madrid. "Twenty-third of April" is, sure enough, the authentic Spanish date: but Chevalier Florian has omitted to notice that the English twenty-third is of *Old Style*. The brave Miguel died ten days before Shakspeare; and already lay buried, smoothed right nobly into his long rest. The Historical Student can meditate on these things. —

In the foregoing winter, here in England, there was much trying of Ker Earl of Somerset and my Lady once of Essex, and the poisoners of Overbury; and before Christmas the inferior murderers and infamous persons were mostly got hanged; and in these very days, while Oliver began his studies, my Lord of Somerset and my Lady were tried, and not hanged. And Chief-Justice Coke, Coke upon Lyttleton, had got into difficulties by the business. And England generally was overspread with a very fetid atmosphere of Court-news, murders, and divorce-cases, in those months; which still a little affects even the History of England. Poor Somerset Ker, King's favorite, "son of the Laird of Ferniehirst," he and his extremely unedifying affairs, — except as they might transiently affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance, — do not much belong to the History of England! Carrion ought at length to be *buried*. Alas, if "wise memory" is ever to prevail, there is need of much "wise oblivion" first. —

Oliver's Tutor in Cambridge, of whom legible History and I know nothing, was "Magister Richard Howlet:" whom readers must fancy a grave ancient Puritan and Scholar, in dark antiquarian clothes and dark antiquarian ideas, according to their

faculty. The indubitable fact is, that he Richard Howlet did, in Sidney-Sussex College, with his best ability, endeavor to infiltrate something that he called instruction into the soul of Oliver Cromwell and of other youths submitted to him: but how, of what quality, with what method, with what result, will remain extremely obscure to every one. In spite of mountains of books, so are books written, all grows very obscure. About this same date, George Radcliffe, Wentworth Strafford's George, at Oxford, finds his green-baize table-cover, which his mother had sent him, too small; has it cut into "stockings," and goes about with the same.[1] So unfashionable were young Gentlemen Commoners! Queen Elizabeth was the first person in this country who ever wore knit stockings.

1617.

In March of this year, 1617, there was another royal visit at Hinchinbrook.[2] But this time, I conceive, the royal entertainment would be much more moderate; Sir Oliver's purse growing lank. Over in Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell was lying sick, somewhat indifferent to royal progresses.

King James, this time, was returning northward to visit poor old Scotland again, to get his Pretended-Bishops set into activity, if he could. It is well known that he could not, to any satisfactory extent, neither now nor afterwards: his Pretended-Bishops, whom by cunning means he did get instituted, had the name of Bishops, but next to none of the authority, of the respect, or, alas, even of the cash, suitable to the reality of that office. They were by the Scotch People derisively called *Tulchan* Bishops. — Did the reader ever see, or fancy in his mind, a Tulchan? A Tulchan is, or rather was, for the

[1] "UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4th Dec., 1610.

"LOVING MOTHER, — . . . Send also, I pray you, by Briggs [this is Briggs the Carrier, who dies in January, and continues forwarding butter in May], a green table-cloth of a yard and half a quarter, and two linen table-cloths. . . . If the green table-cloth be too little, I will make a pair of warm stockings of it. . . . — Thus remembering my humble duty, I take my leave. — Your loving Son, GEORGE RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe's Letters, by Whitaker (London, 1810), pp. 64, 65.

[2] Camden's *Annals*; Nichols's *Progresses*.

thing is long since obsolete, a Calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a Calf, — similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a Cow. At milking-time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow looking round fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while! The Scotch milkmaids in those days cried, "Where is the Tulchan; is the Tulchan ready?" So of the Bishops. Scotch Lairds were eager enough to "milk" the Church Lands and Tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a *Form* of Bishops to please the King and Church, and make the milk come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan Bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in Parliament and King's Council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamor, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the Cow became awake to it! —

Villiers Buckingham, the new favorite, of whom we say little, was of the royal party here. Dr. Laud, too, King's Chaplain, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, attended the King on this occasion; had once more the pleasure of seeing Huntingdon, the cradle of his promotions, and the birthplace of Oliver. In Scotland, Dr. Laud, much to his regret, found "no religion at all," no surplices, no altars in the east or anywhere; no bowing, no responding; not the smallest regularity of fuglemanship or devotional drill-exercise; in short "no religion at all that I could see," — which grieved me much.[1]

What to us is greatly more momentous: while these royal things went on in Scotland, in the end of this same June at Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell died. His Will is dated 6th June.[2] His burial-day is marked in the Church of All-Saints, 24th June, 1617. For Oliver, the chief mourner, one of the most pregnant epochs. The same year, died his old Grand-

[1] Wharton's *Laud* (London, 1695), pp. 97, 109, 138.

[2] Noble, i. 22.

father Steward, at Ely. Mrs. Robert Cromwell saw herself at once fatherless and a second time widowed in this year of bereavement. Left with six daughters and an only son, of whom three were come to years.

Oliver was now, therefore, a young heir; his age eighteen last April. How many of his Sisters, or whether any of them, were yet settled, we do not learn from Noble's confused searching of records or otherwise. Of this Huntingdon household, and its new head, we learn next to nothing by direct evidence; but can decisively enough, by inference, discern several things. "Oliver returned no more to Cambridge." It was now fit that he should take his Father's place here at Huntingdon, that he should, by the swiftest method, qualify himself in some degree for that.

The universal very credible tradition is, that he, "soon after," proceeded to London, to gain some knowledge of Law. "Soon after" will mean certain months, we know not how many, after July, 1617. Noble says, he was entered "of Lincoln's Inn." The Books of Lincoln's Inn, of Gray's Inn, of all the Inns of Court have been searched; and there is no Oliver Cromwell found in them. The Books of Gray's Inn contain these Cromwell Names, which are perhaps worth transcribing: —

> "Thomas Cromwell, 1524; Francis Cromwell, 1561;
> Gilbert Cromwell, 1609; Henry Cromwell, 1620;
> Henry Cromwell, 22d February, 1653."

The first of which seems to me probably or possibly to mean Thomas Cromwell *Malleus Monachorum*, at that time returned from his Italian adventures, and in the service of Cardinal Wolsey; — taking the opportunity of hearing the "readers," old Benchers who then actually read, and of learning Law. The Henry Cromwell of February, 1653–4 is expressly entered as "Second sonne to his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector:" an interesting little fact, since it is an indisputable one. For the rest, Henry Cromwell was already a Colonel in the Army in 1651:[1] in 1654, during the spring months he was in Ire-

[1] Old Newspaper, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 91.

land: in the month of June he was at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire with his father-in-law, being already married;[1] and next year he went again on political business to Ireland, where he before long became Lord Deputy:[2] if for a while, in the end of 1654, he did attend in Gray's Inn, it can only have been, like his predecessor the *Malleus*, to gain some inkling of Law for general purposes; and not with any view towards Advocateship, which did not lie in his course at all, and was never very lovely either to his Father or himself. Oliver Cromwell's, as we said, is not a name found in any of the Books in that period.

Whence is to be inferred that Oliver was never of any Inn; that he never meant to be a professional Lawyer; that he had entered himself merely in the chambers of some learned gentleman, with an eye to obtain some tincture of Law, for doing County Magistracy, and the other duties of a gentleman citizen, in a reputable manner. The stories of his wild living while in Town, of his gambling and so forth, rest likewise exclusively on Carrion Heath; and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men. We cannot but believe he did go to Town to gain some knowledge of Law. But when he went, how long he stayed, cannot be known except approximately by years; under whom he studied, with what fruit, how he conducted himself as a young man and law-student, cannot be known at all. Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle. To assert the affirmative was then a great reproach to him; fit for Carrion Heath and others: it would be now, in our present strange condition of the Moral Law, one knows not what. With a Moral Law gone all to such a state of moonshine; with the hard Stone-tables, the god-given Precepts and eternal Penalties, dissolved all in cant and mealy-mouthed official flourishings, — it might per-

[1] "10 May, 1653, — Mr. Henry Cromwell to Elizabeth Russel" (Registers of Kensington Church, in Faulkener's *History of Kensington*, p. 360).

[2] Here are the successive dates; 4th March, 1653–4, he arrives at Dublin (Thurloe's *State Papers*, ii. 149); is at Chippenham, 18th June, 1654 (*ib.* ii. 381); arrives at Chester on his way to Ireland again, 22d June, 1655 (*ib.* iii. 581); — produces his commission as Lord Deputy, 26th or 26th November, 1657 (*Noble*, *i.* 202).

haps, with certain parties, be a credit; the admirers and the censurers of Cromwell have alike no word to record on the subject.

1618.

Thursday, 29th October, 1618. This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in Town studying Law, he might be eye-witness of a great and very strange scene; the last scene in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.[1] Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palaceyard; he appeared on the scaffold there "about eight o'clock" that morning; "an immense crowd," all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoar-frosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek Marbles; Earl of Doncaster ("Sardanapalus" Hay, ultimately Earl of Carlisle); these with other earls and dignitaries sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh in his last brief manful speech appealed, with response from them. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time: he returned home "with his brain and his heart broken," as he said;—and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown gray; with his strong heart "breaking,"—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old gray head on the block; as if saying, in better than words, "There then!" The Sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear."—If Oliver, among the "immense crowd," saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

What is more apparent to us, Oliver in these days is a visitor in Sir James Bourchier's Town residence. Sir James Bourchier, Knight, a civic gentleman; not connected at all with the old Bourchiers Earls of Essex, says my heraldic friend; but seemingly come of City merchants rather, who by some of

[1] Camden; *Biog. Britan.*

their quarterings and cognizances appear to have been "Furriers," says he: — Like enough. Not less but more important, it appears this Sir James Bourchier was a man of some opulence, and had daughters; had a daughter Elizabeth, not without charms for the youthful heart. Moreover he had landed property near Felsted in Essex, where his usual residence was. Felsted, where there is still a kind of School or Free-School, which was of more note in those days than now. That Oliver visited in Sir James's in Town or elsewhere, we discover with great certainty by the next written record of him.

1620.

The Registers of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, are written by a third party as usual, and have no autograph signatures; but in the List of Marriages for "August, 1620," stand these words, still to be read *sic*: —

"Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourcher. 22."

Milton's burial-entry is in another Book of the same memorable Church, "12 Nov. 1674;" where Oliver on the 22d of August, 1620, was married.

Oliver is twenty-one years and four months old on this his wedding-day. He repaired, speedily or straightway we believe, to Huntingdon, to his Mother's house, which indeed was now his. His Law-studies, such as they were, had already ended, we infer: he had already set up house with his Mother; and was now bringing a wife home; the due arrangements for that end having been completed. Mother and Wife were to live together; the Sisters had got or were getting married, — Noble's researches and confused jottings do not say specially when: the Son, as new head of the house, an inexperienced head, but a teachable, ever-learning one, was to take his Father's place; and with a wise Mother and a good Wife, harmonizing tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as he best might. Here he continued, unnoticeable but easily imaginable by History, for almost ten years: farming lands; most probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way; — living as his Father

before him had done. His first child was born here, in October, 1621; a son, Robert, baptized at St. John's Church on the 13th of the month, of whom nothing farther is known.[1] A second child, also a son, Oliver, followed, whose baptismal date is 6th February, 1623, of whom also we have almost no farther account, —except one that can be proved to be erroneous.[2] The List of his other children shall be given by and by.

1623.

In October, 1623, there was an illumination of tallow lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all Towns in England, and doubtless in Huntingdon too; on the safe return of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta.[3] A matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light, — infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavorings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-Chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with.

[1] Date of his burial discovered lately, in the old Parish-Register of Felsted in Essex; recorded in peculiar terms, and specially in the then Vicar's hand: "*Robertus Cromwell, Filius honorandi viri M^tis* [*Militis*] *Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ Uxoris ejus, sepultus fuit* 31° *die Maii* 1639. *Et Robertus fuit eximiè pius juvenis, Deum timens suprà multos.*" (See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 209, January, 1856, p. 54.) So that Oliver's first great loss in his Family was of this Eldest Son, then in his 18th year; not of a Younger one as was hitherto supposed. (*Note of* 1857.)

[2] Noble, i. 134.

[3] H. L. (Hamond l'Estrange), *Reign of King Charles* (London, 1656), p. 3. "*October 5th,*" the Prince arrived.

Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough!

For the present, England is all illuminated, a new Parliament is summoned; which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish Match, as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus's Bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. Uncle Oliver served in this Parliament, as was his wont, for Huntingdonshire. They and the Nation with one voice impelled the poor old King to draw out his fighting tools at last, and beard this Spanish Apollyon, instead of making marriages with it. No Pitt's crusade against French Sansculottism in the end of the Eighteenth Century could be so welcomed by English Preservers of the Game, as this defiance of the Spanish Apollyon was by Englishmen in general in the beginning of the Seventeenth. The Palatinate was to be recovered, after all; Protestantism, the sacred cause of God's Light and Truth against the Devil's Falsity and Darkness, was to be fought for and secured. Supplies were voted; "drums beat in the City" and elsewhere, as they had done three years ago,[1] to the joy of all men, when the Palatinate was first to be "defended:" but now it was to be "recovered;" now a decisive effort was to be made. The issue, as is well known, corresponded ill with these beginnings. Count Mansfeldt mustered his levies here, and set sail; but neither France nor any other power would so much as let him land. Count Mansfeldt's levies died of pestilence in their ships; "their bodies, thrown ashore on the Dutch coast, were eaten by hogs," till half the armament was dead on shipboard: nothing came of it, nothing could come. With a James Stuart for Generalissimo, there is no good fighting possible. The poor King himself soon after died;[2] left the matter to develop itself in other still fataler ways.

[1] 11th June, 1620 (Camden's *Annals*).

[2] Sunday, 27th March, 1625 (Wilson, in Kennet, ii. 790).

In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, Physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight;" Mr. Cromwell for many years was very "splenetic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross."[1] Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have, — and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame*, and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

It is therefore in these years, undated by History, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity forevermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons; wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee too the question is asked; — whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in "Four surplices at Allhallowtide," with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the "Sense of difference between Right and Wrong" had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a

[1] *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs* (London, 1701), p. 269.

Heaven and Hell for him; this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

For many centuries, Catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine Sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble: and here in England, in the Century called the Seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto, — not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places and in all cases.

1624.

The grievance of Lay Impropriations, complained of in the Hampton-Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insufficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved at that state of matters, a Fund for *buying in* such Impropriations as might offer themselves; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was "the famous Dr. Preston," [1] a Puritan College Doctor of immense "fame" in those and in prior years; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted with the gleam of bishoprics; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up; and by degrees the wealthier Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object; were vested in "Feoffees," — who afterwards made some noise in the world, under that name. They gradually purchased some Advowsons or Impropriations, such as came to market; and hired or assisted in hiring, a great many "Lecturers," persons not

[1] Heylin's *Life of Laud*.

generally in full "Priest's-orders" (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in "Deacon's" or some other orders, with permission to preach, to "lecture," as it was called: whom accordingly we find lecturing in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years; — often in some market-town, "on market-day;" on "Sunday-afternoon," as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices; or as "running Lecturers," now here, now there, over a certain district. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumor from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if, — we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind, — if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophesyings, were suppressed! — That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities, we might already guess; and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect.

Oliver naturally consorted henceforth with the Puritan Clergy in preference to the other kind; zealously attended their ministry, when possible; — consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were Gentry of his own rank, some of them Nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent "to make his calling and his election sure;" to whom, in credible dialect, the Voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity and manful worth gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such. — The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's Cousin, was a devout Puritan, John Pym the like; Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague, — Puritans in the better ranks, and in every

rank, abounded. Already, either in conscious act or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.

1625.

Mark Noble, citing Willis's *Notitia*, reports that Oliver appeared this year as Member "for Huntingdon" in King Charles's first Parliament."[1] It is a mistake; grounded on mere blunders and clerical errors. Browne Willis, in his *Notitia Parliamentaria*, does indeed specify as Member for Huntingdon*shire* an "Oliver Cromwell, Esq.," who might be our Oliver. But the usual member in former Parliaments is Sir Oliver, our Oliver's Uncle. Browne Willis must have made, or have copied, some slip of the pen. Suppose him to have found in some of his multitudinous parchments, an "Oliver Cromwell, Knight of the Shire:" and in place of putting in the "Sir," to have put in "Esq.;" it will solve the whole difficulty. Our Oliver, when he indisputably did afterwards enter Parliament, came in for Huntingdon *Town*; so that, on this hypothesis, he must have first been Knight of the Shire, and then have sunk (an immense fall in those days) to be a Burgh Member; which cannot without other ground be credited. What the original Chancery Parchments say of the business, whether the error is theirs or Browne Willis's, I cannot decide: on inquiry at the Rolls' Office, it turns out that the Records, for some fifty years about this period, have vanished "a good while ago." Whose error it may be, we know not; but an error we may safely conclude it is. Sir Oliver was then still living at Hinchinbrook, in the vigor of his years, no reason whatever why he should not serve as formerly; nay, if he had withdrawn, his young Nephew, of no fortune for a Knight of the Shire, was not the man to replace him. The Members for Huntingdon Town in this Parliament, as in the preceding one, are a Mr. Mainwaring and a Mr. St. John. The County Members in the preceding Parliament, and in this too with the correction of the concluding syllable in this, are "Edward Montague, Esquire," and "Oliver Cromwell, *Knight*."

[1] Noble, i. 100.

1626.

In the Ashmole Museum at Oxford stands catalogued a "Letter from Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Henry Downhall, at St. John's College, Cambridge; dated, Huntingdon, 14 October, 1626;"[1] which might perhaps, in some very faint way, have elucidated Dr. Simcott and the hypochondrias for us. On applying to kind friends at Oxford for a copy of this Letter, I learn that there is now no Letter, only a mere selvage of paper, and a leaf wanting between two leaves. It was stolen, none knows when; but stolen it is; — which forces me to continue my Introduction some nine years farther, instead of ending it at this point. Did some zealous Oxford Doctor cut the Letter out, as one weeds a hemlock from a parsley-bed; that so the Ashmole Museum might be cleansed, and yield only pure nutriment to mankind? Or was it some collector of autographs, eager beyond law? Whoever the thief may be, he is probably dead long since; and has answered for this, — and also, we may fancy, for heavier thefts, which were likely to be charged upon him. If any humane individual ever henceforth get his eye upon the Letter, let him be so kind as send a copy of it to the Publishers of this Book, and no questions will be asked.[2]

1627.

A Deed of Sale, dated 20th June, 1627, still testifies that Hinchinbrook this year passed out of the hands of the Cromwells into those of the Montagues.[3] The price was £3,000; curiously divided into two parcels, down to shillings and pence, — one of the parcels being already a creditor's. The Purchaser is "Sir Sidney Montague, Knight, of Barnwell, one of his Majesty's Masters of the Requests." Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendor, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the Fens, to a place of his near Ramsey

[1] Bodleian Library: *Codices MSS. Ashmoleani*, No. 8398.

[2] Letter found, worth nothing: Appendix, No. 1. (*Note to Second Edition.*)

[3] Noble, i. 43.

Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside, in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the Parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old Books. The reduced Knight, his Uncle, was a Royalist or Malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the King, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigor for the arms; while the Captain respectfully conversed with his Uncle; and even "insisted" through the interview, say the old Books, "on standing uncovered:" which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead Books. The arms, munitions, furnishings were with all rigor of law, not with more rigor and not with less, carried away; and Oliver parted with his Uncle, for that time, not "craving his blessing," I think, as the old blockhead Books say; but hoping he might, one day, either get it or a *better* than it, for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his Uncle; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances, who suppose there was any likelihood or any need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

As for the old Knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper; given to sumptuosity of hospitality; and averse to severer duties.[1] When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the Civil War, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old Books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis: —in the next Parliament, the Knight of the Shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, "Sir Capell Bedall, Baronet."

[1] *Fuller's Worthies*, § Huntingdonshire.

The purchaser of Hinchinbrook, Sir Sidney Montague, was brother of the first Earl of Manchester, brother of the third Lord Montague of Boughton; and father of "the valiant Colonel Montague," valiant General Montague, Admiral Montague, who, in an altered state of circumstances, became first Earl of Sandwich, and perished, with a valor worthy of a better generalissimo than poor James Duke of York, in the Sea-fight of Solebay (Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk) in 1672.[1]

In these same years, for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague, there is record given by Dugdale, a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters, of a certain suit instituted, in the King's Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his Uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged, This Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny: whereupon — Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs, in an incapable or semi-capable manner; and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany, — if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, That poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for, by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver his heir in chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, "Earth, oh, for pity's sake, a little earth!"

1628.

Sir Oliver Cromwell has faded from the Parliamentary scene into the deep Fen-country, but Oliver Cromwell, Esq.,

[1] Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), ii. 286–289.

appears there as Member for Huntingdon, at Westminster on "Monday the 17th of March," 1627–8. This was the Third Parliament of Charles: by much the most notable of all Parliaments till Charles's Long Parliament met, which proved his last.

Having sharply, with swift impetuosity and indignation, dismissed two Parliaments, because they would not "supply" him without taking "grievances" along with them; and, meanwhile and afterwards, having failed in every operation foreign and domestic, at Cadiz, at Rhé, at Rochelle; and having failed, too, in getting supplies by unparliamentary methods, Charles "consulted with Sir Robert Cotton what was to be done;" who answered, Summon a Parliament again. So this celebrated Parliament was summoned. It met, as we said, in March, 1628, and continued with one prorogation till March, 1629. The two former Parliaments had sat but a few weeks each, till they were indignantly hurled asunder again; this one continued nearly a year. Wentworth (Strafford) was of this Parliament; Hampden too, Selden, Pym, Holles, and others known to us: all these had been of former Parliaments as well; Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, sat there for the first time.

It is very evident, King Charles, baffled in all his enterprises, and reduced really to a kind of crisis, wished much this Parliament should succeed; and took what he must have thought incredible pains for that end. The poor King strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King, we see him chafing, stamping, — a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As indeed all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, "O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to Illegality, to temporal and eternal Perdition!" The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English

Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. "He wore his Bible-doctrine round him," says one, "as our Squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting." King Charles was going on his father's course, only with frightful acceleration: he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another; — the rent fast widening till no man could heal it

This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, and set London all astir with "bells and bonfires" at the passing thereof; and did other feats not to be particularized here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shown to human creatures, it still rises, after much consideration, to the modern man, in a dim but undeniable manner, as a most brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds even now; — but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now. We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully "abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham." That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow steadfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men, — brave men and true, after their sort! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish. The memory of it, could any real memory of it rise upon honorable gentlemen and us, might be admonitory, — *would be astonishing* at least. We must clip one extract from

Rushworth's huge Rag-fair of a Book; the mournfulest torpedo rubbish-heap, of jewels buried under sordid wreck and dust and dead ashes, one jewel to the wagon-load;—and let the reader try to make a visual scene of it as he can. Here, we say, is an old Letter, which "old Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards," a gentleman entirely unknown to us, received fresh and new, before breakfast, on a June morning of the year 1628; of which old Letter we, by a good chance,[1] have obtained a copy for the reader. It is by Mr. Thomas Alured, a good Yorkshire friend, Member for Malton in that county;—written in a hand which, if it were not naturally stout, would tremble with emotion. Worthy Mr. Alured, called also "Al'red" or "Aldred;" uncle or father, we suppose, to a "Colonel Alured," well known afterwards to Oliver and us: he writes; we abridge and present, as follows:—

"FRIDAY, 6th June, 1628.

"SIR,—Yesterday was a day of desolation among us in Parliament; and this day, we fear, will be the day of our dissolution.

"Upon Tuesday Sir John Eliot moved that as we intended to furnish his Majesty with money, we should also supply him with counsel. Representing the doleful state of affairs, he desired there might be a *Declaration* made to the King, of the danger wherein the Kingdom stood by the decay and contempt of religion, by the insufficiency of his Ministers, by the" &c. &c. "Sir Humphrey May, Chancellor of the Duchy, said, 'it was a strange language;' yet the House commanded Sir John Eliot to go on. Whereupon the Chancellor desired, 'If he went on, *he* the Chancellor might go out.' They all bade him 'begone:' yet he stayed, and heard Sir John out. The House generally inclined to such a *Declaration;* which was accordingly resolved to be set about.

"But next day, Wednesday, we had a Message from his Majesty by the Speaker, That as the Session was positively to end

[1] Rushworth's *Historical Collections* (London, 1682), i. 609, 610. (Note, vols. ii. and iii. of this Copy are of 1680, a *prior* edition seemingly; iv. and v. of 1692; vi. and vii. of 1701; viii., Strafford's Trial, of 1700.)

in a week, we should husband the time, and despatch our old businesses without entertaining new!" — Intending nevertheless "to pursue our *Declaration*, we had, yesterday, Thursday morning, a new Message brought us, which I have here enclosed. Which requiring us *Not to cast or lay any aspersion upon any Minister of his Majesty*, the House was much affected thereby." Did they not in former times proceed by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the King's own son; had they not, in very late times, meddled with and sentenced the Lord Chancellor Bacon and others? What are we arriving at! —

"Sir Robert Philips of Somersetshire spake, and mingled his words with weeping. Mr. Pym did the like. Sir Edward Cook [old Coke upon Lyttleton], overcome with passion, seeing the desolation likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began to speak, by the abundance of tears." Oh, Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards, was the like ever witnessed? "Yea, the Speaker in his speech could not refrain from weeping and shedding of tears. Besides a great many whose grief made them dumb. But others bore up in that storm, and encouraged the rest." We resolved ourselves into a Committee, to have freer scope for speech; and called Mr. Whitby to the chair.

The Speaker, always in close communication with his Majesty, craves leave from us, with much humility, to withdraw "for half an hour;" which, though we knew well whither he was going, was readily granted him. It is ordered, "No other man leave the House upon pain of going to the Tower." And now the speaking commences, "freer and frequenter," being in Committee, and old Sir Edward Coke tries it again.

"Sir Edward Cook told us, 'He now saw God had not accepted of our humble and moderate carriages and fair proceedings; and he feared the reason was, We had not dealt sincerely with the King and Country, and made a *true* representation of the causes of all those miseries. Which he, for his part, repented that he had not done sooner. And therefore, not knowing whether he should ever again speak in this House, he *would* now do it freely; and so did here protest, That the

author and cause of all those miseries was — THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.' Which was entertained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House. [Yea, yea! Well moved, well spoken! Yea, yea!] As, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with full cry; so they (*we*) pursued it, and every one came home, and laid the blame where he thought the fault was," — on the Duke of Buckingham, to wit. "And as we were putting it to the question, Whether he should be *named* in our intended Remonstrance as the chief cause of all our miseries at home and abroad, — the Speaker, having been, not half an hour, but three hours absent, and with the King, returned; bringing this Message, That the House should then rise (being about eleven o'clock), adjourn till the morrow morning, and no Committees to sit, or other business to go on, in the interim." And so, ever since, King's Majesty, Speaker, Duke and Councillors, they have been meditating it all night!

"What we shall expect this morning, therefore, God of Heaven knows! We shall meet betimes this morning; partly for the business' sake; and partly because, two days ago, we made an order, That whoever comes in after Prayers shall pay twelvepence to the poor.

"Sir, excuse my haste: — and let us have your prayers; whereof both you and we have need. I rest, — affectionately at your service,

"THOMAS ALURED."

This scene Oliver saw, and formed part of; one of the memorablest he was ever in. Why did those old honorable gentlemen "weep"? How came tough old Coke upon Lyttleton, one of the toughest men ever made, to melt into tears like a girl, and sit down unable to speak? The modern honorable gentleman cannot tell. Let him consider it, and try if he can tell! And then, putting off his Shot-belt, and striving to put on some Bible-doctrine, some earnest God's truth or other, — try if he can discover why he cannot tell! —

The Remonstrance against Buckingham was perfected; the hounds having got all upon the scent. Buckingham was ex-

pressly "named,"—a daring feat: and so loud were the hounds, and such a tune in their baying, his Majesty saw good to confirm, and ratify beyond shadow of cavil, the invaluable Petition of Right, and thereby produce "bonfires," and bob-majors upon all bells. Old London was sonorous; in a blaze with joy-fires. Soon after which, this Parliament, as London, and England, and it, all still continued somewhat too sonorous, was hastily, with visible royal anger, prorogued till October next,—till January as it proved. Oliver, of course, went home to Huntingdon to his harvest-work; England continued simmering and sounding as it might.

The day of prorogation was the 26th of June.[1] One day in the latter end of August, John Felton, a short swart Suffolk gentleman of military air, in fact a retired lieutenant of grim serious disposition, went out to walk in the eastern parts of London. Walking on Tower Hill, full of black reflections on his own condition, and on the condition of England, and a Duke of Buckingham holding all England down into the jaws of ruin and disgrace,—John Felton saw, in evil hour, on some cutler's stall there, a broad sharp hunting-knife, price one shilling. John Felton, with a wild flash in the dark heart of him, bought the said knife; rode down to Portsmouth with it, where the great Duke then was; struck the said knife, with one fell plunge, into the great Duke's heart. This was on Saturday, the 23d of August of this same year.[2]

Felton was tried; saw that his wild flashing inspiration had been not of God, but of Satan. It is known he repented: when the death-sentence was passed on him, he stretched out his right hand; craved that this too, as some small expiation, might first be stricken off; which was denied him, as against law. He died at Tyburn; his body was swinging in chains at Portsmouth;—and much else had gone awry, when the Parliament reassembled, in January following, and Oliver came up to Town again.

[1] *Commons Journals*, i. 920.

[2] Clarendon (i. 68); Hamond l'Estrange (p. 90); D'Ewes (MS. Autobiography), &c.; all of whom report the minute circumstances of the assassination, *not* one of them agreeing completely with another.

1629.

The Parliament Session proved very brief; but very energetic, very extraordinary. "Tonnage and Poundage," what we now call Custom-house Duties, a constant subject of quarrel between Charles and his Parliaments hitherto, had again been levied *without* Parliamentary consent; in the teeth of old *Tallagio non concedendo*, nay even of the late solemnly confirmed Petition of Right; and naturally gave rise to Parliamentary consideration. Merchants had been imprisoned for refusing to pay it; Members of Parliament themselves had been "*supœna'd*:" there was a very ravelled coil to deal with in regard to Tonnage and Poundage. Nay the Petition of Right itself had been altered in the Printing; a very ugly business too.

In regard to Religion also, matters looked equally ill. Sycophant Mainwaring, just censured in Parliament, had been promoted to a fatter living. Sycophant Montague, in the like circumstances, to a Bishopric: Laud was in the act of consecrating him at Croydon, when the news of Buckingham's death came thither. There needed to be a Committee of Religion. The House resolved itself into a Grand Committee of Religion; and did not want for matter. Bishop Neile of Winchester, Bishop Laud now of London, were a frightfully ceremonial pair of Bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to Papistry and the old-clothes of Babylon! It was in this Committee of Religion, on the 11th day of February, 1628–9, that Mr. Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, stood up and made his first Speech, a fragment of which has found its way into History, and is now known to all mankind. He said "He had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard [his old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon], that Dr. Alablaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester [Dr. Neile] had commanded him as his Diocesan, He should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church-preferment, what are we to expect?" [1]

[1] *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), viii. 289.

Dr. Beard, as the reader knows, is Oliver's old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon; a grave, speculative, theological old gentleman, seemingly, — and on a level with the latest news from Town. Of poor Dr. Alablaster there may be found some indistinct, and instantly forgettable particulars in Wood's *Athenæ*. Paul's Cross, of which I have seen old Prints, was a kind of Stone Tent, "with leaden roof," at the northeast corner of Paul's Cathedral, where Sermons were still, and had long been, preached in the open air; crowded devout congregations gathering there, with forms to sit on, if you came early. Queen Elizabeth used to "tune her pulpits," she said, when there was any great thing on hand; as Governing Persons now strive to tune their Morning Newspapers. Paul's Cross, a kind of *Times Newspaper*, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity! Alablaster, to the horror of mankind, was heard preaching "flat Popery" there, — "prostituting our columns," in that scandalous manner! And Neile had forbidden him to preach against it: "what are we to expect?"

The record of this world-famous utterance of Oliver still lies in manuscript in the British Museum, in Mr. Crewe's Notebook, or another's: it was first printed in a wretched old Book called *Ephemeris Parliamentaria*, professing to be compiled by Thomas Fuller; and actually containing a Preface recognizable as his, but nothing else that we can so recognize: for "quaint old Fuller" is a man of talent; and this Book looks as if compiled by some spiritual Nightmare, rather than a rational Man. Probably some greedy Printer's compilation; to whom Thomas, in ill hour, had sold his name. In the Commons Journals, of that same day, we are farther to remark, there stands, in perennial preservation, this notice: "Upon question, *Ordered*, That Dr. Beard of Huntingdon be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify against the Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered to Mr. Cromwell." The first mention of Mr. Cromwell's name in the Books of any Parliament. —

A new *Remonstrance* behooves to be resolved upon; Bishops Neile and Laud are even to be *named* there. Whereupon,

before they could get well "named," perhaps before Dr. Beard had well got up from Huntingdon to testify against them, the King hastily interfered. This Parliament, in a fortnight more, was dissolved; and that under circumstances of the most unparalleled sort. For Speaker Finch, as we have seen, was a Courtier, in constant communication with the King: one day while these high matters were astir, Speaker Finch refused to "put the question," when ordered by the House! He said he had orders to the contrary; persisted in that;—and at last took to weeping. What was the House to do? Adjourn for two days, and consider what to do! On the second day, which was Wednesday, Speaker Finch signified that by his Majesty's command they were again adjourned till Monday next. On Monday next, Speaker Finch, still recusant, would not put the former nor indeed any question, having the King's order to adjourn *again* instantly. He refused; was reprimanded, menaced; once more took to weeping; then started up to go his ways. But young Mr. Holles, Denzil Holles, the Earl of Clare's second son, he and certain other honorable members were prepared for that movement: they seized Speaker Finch, set him down in his chair, and by main force held him there! A scene of such agitation as was never seen in Parliament before. "The House was much troubled." "Let him go!" cried certain Privy Councillors, Majesty's Ministers as we should now call them, who in those days sat in front of the Speaker; "Let Mr. Speaker go!" cried they imploringly.—"No!" answered Holles; "God's wounds, he shall sit there till it please the House to rise!" The House, in a decisive though almost distracted manner, with their Speaker thus held down for them, locked their doors; redacted Three emphatic Resolutions, their Protest against Arminianism, against Papistry, against illegal Tonnage and Poundage; and passed the same by acclamation; letting no man out, refusing to let even the King's Usher in; then swiftly vanishing so soon as the resolutions were passed, for they understood the Soldiery was coming.[1] For which surprising procedure, vindicated by Necessity the mother of Inven-

[1] Rushworth, i. 667–669.

tion and supreme of Lawgivers, certain honorable gentlemen, Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, William Strode, John Selden, and others less known to us, suffered fine, imprisonment and much legal tribulation: nay Sir John Eliot, refusing to submit, was kept in the Tower till he died.

This scene fell out on Monday, 2d of March, 1629. Directly on the back of which, we conclude, Mr. Cromwell quitted Town for Huntingdon again; — told Dr. Beard also that he was not wanted now; that he might at leisure go on with his *Theatre of God's Judgments* now.[1] His Majesty dissolved the Parliament by Proclamation; saying something about "vipers" that had been there.

It was the last Parliament in England for above eleven years. The King had taken his course. The King went on raising supplies without Parliamentary law, by all conceivable devices; of which Ship-money may be considered the most original, and sale of Monopolies the most universal. The monopoly of "soap" itself was very grievous to men.[2] Your soap was dear, and it would not wash, but only blister. The ceremonial Bishops, Bishop or Archbishop Laud now chief of them, — they, on their side, went on diligently hunting out "Lecturers," erecting "altars in the east end of churches;" charging all clergymen to have, in good repair and order, "Four surplices at Allhallowtide."[3] Vexations spiritual and fiscal, beyond what we can well fancy now, afflicted the souls of men. The English Nation was patient; it endured in silence, with prayer that God in justice and mercy would look upon it. The King of England with his chief-priests was going one way; the Nation of England by eternal laws was going another: the split became too wide for healing. Oliver and others seemed now to have done with Parliaments; a royal Proclamation forbade them so much as to speak of such a thing.

[1] Third Edition, "increased with many new examples," in 1631.

[2] See many old Pamphlets.

[3] Laud's *Diary*, in Wharton's *Laud*.

1630.

In the "new charter" granted to the Corporation of Huntingdon, and dated 8th July, 1630, Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Thomas Beard, D.D. his old Schoolmaster, and Robert Barnard, Esquire, of whom also we may hear again, are named Justices of the Peace for that Borough.[1] I suppose there was nothing new in this nomination; a mere confirming and continuing of what had already been. But the smallest authentic fact, any undoubted date or circumstance regarding Oliver and his affairs, is to be eagerly laid hold of.

1631.

In or soon after 1631, as we laboriously infer from the imbroglio records of poor Noble, Oliver decided on an enlarged sphere of action as a Farmer; sold his properties in Huntingdon, all or some of them; rented certain grazing-lands at St. Ives, five miles down the River, eastward of his native place, and removed thither. The Deed of Sale is dated 7th May, 1631;[2] the properties are specified as in the possession of himself or his Mother; the sum they yielded was £1,800. With this sum Oliver stocked his Grazing-Farm at St. Ives. The Mother, we infer, continued to reside at Huntingdon, but withdrawn now from active occupation, into the retirement befitting a widow advanced in years. There is even some gleam of evidence to that effect: her properties are sold: but Oliver's children born to him at St. Ives are still christened at Huntingdon, in the Church he was used to; which may mean also that their good Grandmother was still there.

Properly this was no change in Oliver's old activities; it was an enlargement of the sphere of them. His Mother still at Huntingdon, within few miles of him, he could still superintend and protect her existence there, while managing his new operations at St. Ives. He continued here till the sum-

[1] Noble, i. 102. [2] Ibid. i. 103, 104.

mer or spring of 1636.[1] A studious imagination may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming; mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add "hypochondria," fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares: — we have a solid substantial inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity and humble devout diligence through this world; and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation, in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on Earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter.

The lands he rented are still there, recognizable to the Tourist; gross boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. The "Cromwell Barn," the pretended "House of Cromwell," the &c. &c. are, as is usual in these cases, when you come to try them by the documents, a mere jumble of incredibilities, and oblivious human platitudes, distressing to the mind.

But a Letter, one Letter signed Oliver Cromwell and dated St. Ives, does remain, still legible and indubitable to us. What more is to be said on St. Ives and the adjacent matters will best arrange itself round that Document. One or two entries here, and we arrive at that, and bring these imperfect Introductory Chronicles to a close.

1632.

In January of this year Oliver's seventh child was born to him; a boy, James; who died the day after baptism. There remained six children, of whom one other died young; it is not known at what date. Here subjoined is the List of them,

[1] Noble, i. 106.

and of those subsequently born; in a Note, elaborated, as before, from the imbroglios of Noble.[1]

This same year, William Prynne first began to make a noise in England. A learned young gentleman "from Swainswick,

[1] OLIVER CROMWELL'S CHILDREN.

(Married to Elizabeth Bourchier, 22d August, 1620.)

1. *Robert;* baptized 13th October, 1621. Named for his Grandfather. No farther account of him (except, now, *suprà*, p. 48 n.); he died before ripe years.

2. Oliver; baptized 6th February, 1622–3; went to Felsted School. "Captain in Harrison's Regiment," — no. At Peterborough in 1643 (Noble, i. 133, 134). He died, or was killed during the War; date and place not yet discoverable. Noble says it was at Appleby; referring to Whitlocke. Whitlocke (p. 318 of 1st edition, 322 of 2d), on ransacking the old Pamphlets, turns out to be indisputably in error. The Protector on his death-bed alludes to this Oliver's death: "It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did."

3. Bridget; baptized 4th August, 1624. Married to Ireton, 15th of June, 1646 (Noble, i. 134, is twice in error); widow, 26th November, 1651. Married to Fleetwood (exact date, after long search, remains undiscovered; Noble, ii. 355, says "before" June, 1652, — at random seemingly). Died at Stoke Newington, near London, September, 1681.

4. Richard; born 4th October, 1626. At Felsted School. "In Lincoln's Inn, 27th May, 1647:" an error? Married, in 1649, Richard Mayor's daughter, of Hursley, Hants. First in Parliament, 1654. Protector, 1658. Dies, poor idle Triviality, at Cheshunt, 12th July, 1712.

5. Henry; baptized at All-Saints (the rest are at St. John's), Huntingdon, 20th January, 1627–8. Felsted School. In the army at sixteen. Captain, under Harrison I think, in 1647. Colonel in 1649, and in Ireland with his Father. Lord Deputy there in 1657. In 1660 retired to Spinney Abbey, "near Soham," nearer Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. Foolish story of Charles II. and the "stable-fork" there (Noble, i. 212). Died 23d March, 1673–4; buried in Wicken Church. A brave man and true: had *he* been named Protector, there had, most likely, been quite another History of England to write, at present!

6. Elizabeth; baptized 2d July, 1629. Mrs. Claypole, 1645–6. Died at 3 in the morning, Hampton-court, 6th August, 1658, — four weeks before her Father. A graceful, brave and amiable woman. The lamentation about Dr. Hewit and "bloodshed" (in Clarendon and others) is fudge.

At St. Ives and Ely: —

7. *James;* baptized 8th January, 1631–2; died next day.

8. Mary; baptized (at Huntingdon still) 9th February, 1636–7. Lady Fauconberg, 18th November, 1657. Dean Swift knew her: "handsome and like her Father." (*Journal to Stella*, "13th Nov. 1710.") Died 14th March,

near Bath," graduate of Oxford, now "an Outer Barrister of Lincoln's Inn;" well read in English Law, and full of zeal for Gospel Doctrine and Morality. He, struck by certain flagrant scandals of the time, especially by that of Play-acting and Masking, saw good, this year, to set forth his *Histriomastix*, or Player's Scourge; a Book still extant, but never more to be read by mortal. For which Mr. William Prynne himself, before long, paid rather dear. The Book was licensed by old Archbishop Abbot, a man of Puritan tendencies, but now verging towards his end. Peter Heylin, "lying Peter" as men sometimes call him, was already with hawk's eye and the intensest interest reading this now unreadable Book, and, by Laud's direction, taking excerpts from the same. —

It carries our thought to extensive world-transactions over sea, to reflect that in the end of this same year, "6th November, 1632," the great Gustavus died on the Field of Lützen; fighting against Wallenstein; victorious for the last time. While Oliver Cromwell walked peacefully intent on cattle-husbandry, that winter-day, on the grassy banks of the Ouse at St. Ives, Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, was sinking from his horse in the battle-storm far off, with these words: "*Ich habe genug, Bruder; rette Dich.* Brother, I have got enough; save thyself." [1]

On the 19th of the same month, November, 1632, died likewise Frederick Elector Palatine, titular King of Bohemia, husband of King Charles's sister, and father of certain Princes,

1712 (1712–3? is not decided in Noble). Richard died within a few months of her.

9. Frances; baptized (at Ely now) 6th December, 1638. "Charles II. was for marrying her:" not improbable. Married Mr. Rich, Earl of Warwick's grandson, 11th November, 1657: he died in three months, 16th February, 1657–8. No child by Rich. Married Sir John Russel, — the Checquers Russels. Died 27th January, 1719–20.

In all, 5 sons and 4 daughters; of whom 3 sons and all the daughters came to maturity.

The Protector's Widow died at Norborough, her son-in-law Claypole's place (now ruined, patched into a farm-house; near Market-Deeping; it is itself in Northamptonshire), 8th October, 1672.

[1] Schiller, *Geschichte des 30jährigen Krieges.*

Rupert and others, who came to be well known in our History. Elizabeth, the Widow, was left with a large family of them in Holland, very bare of money, of resource, or immediate hope; but conducted herself, as she had all along done, in a way that gained much respect. "*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr*, All for Glory and Her," were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his Flag, through many battles in that Thirty-Years War. She was of Puritan tendency; understood to care little about the Four surplices at Allhallowtide, and much for the root of the matter.

Attorney-General Noy, in these months, was busy tearing up the unfortunate old manufacturers of soap; tormenting mankind very much about soap.[1] He tore them up irresistibly, reduced them to total ruin; good soap became unattainable.

1633.

In May, 1633, the second year of Oliver's residence in this new Farm, the King's Majesty, with train enough, passed through Huntingdonshire, on his way to Scotland to be crowned. The loud rustle of him disturbing, for a day, the summer husbandries and operations of mankind. His ostensible business was to be crowned; but his intrinsic errand was, what his Father's formerly had been, to get his Pretended-Bishops set on foot there; his *Tulchans* converted into real Calves; — in which, as we shall see, he succeeded still worse than his Father had done. Dr. Laud, Bishop Laud, now near upon Archbishophood, attended his Majesty thither as formerly; still found "no religion" there, but trusted now to introduce one. The Chapel at Holyrood-house was fitted up with every equipment textile and metallic; and little Bishop Laud in person "performed the service," in a way to illuminate the benighted natives, as was hoped, — show them how an Artist could do it. He had also some dreadful travelling through certain of the savage districts of that country.

Crossing Huntingdonshire, on this occasion, in his way Northward, his Majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, on the western border of

[1] Rushworth, ii. 135, 252, &c.

that county.[1] A surprising Establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties; employed themselves in "binding of Prayer-books," embroidering of hassocks, in alms-giving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard; and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Izaak Walton's *Lives* there is some drowsy notice of these people, not unknown to the modern reader. A far livelier notice; record of an actual visit to the place, by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, perhaps returning from Circuit in that direction, at all events a most sharp distinct man, through whose clear eyes we also can still look; — is preserved by Hearne in very unexpected neighborhood.[2] The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, "Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad times?" Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, "I perceive you are a person who know the world!" They did not ask the Anonymous Person to stay dinner, which he considered would have been agreeable. —

Note these other things, with which we are more immediately concerned. In this same year the Feoffees, with their Purchase of Advowsons, with their Lecturers and Running Lecturers, were fairly rooted out, and flung prostrate into total ruin; Laud having set Attorney-General Noy upon them,

[1] Rushworth, ii. 178.

[2] Thomæ Caii *Vindiciæ Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis* (Oxf. 1630), ii. 702-794. There are two *Lives* of Ferrar; considerable writings about him; but, except this, nothing that much deserves to be read.

and brought them into the Star-chamber. "God forgive *them*," writes Bishop Laud, "and grant me patience!" — on hearing that they spake harshly of him; not gratefully, but ungratefully, for all this trouble he took! In the same year, by procurement of the same zealous Bishop hounding on the same invincible Attorney-General, William Prynne, our unreadable friend, Peter Heylin having read him, was brought to the Star-chamber; to the Pillory, and had his ears cropt off, for the first time; — who also, strange as it may look, manifested no gratitude, but the contrary, for all that trouble![1]

1634.

In the end of this the third year of Oliver's abode at St. Ives, came out the celebrated Writ of Ship-money. It was the last feat of Attorney-General Noy: a morose, amorphous, cynical Law-Pedant, and invincible living heap of learned rubbish; once a Patriot in Parliament, till they made him Attorney-General, and enlightened his eyes: who had fished up from the dust-abysses this and other old shadows of "precedents," promising to be of great use in the present distressed state of the Finance Department. Parliament being in abeyance, how to raise money was now the grand problem. Noy himself was dead before the Writ came out; a very mixed renown following him. The Vintners, says Wood, illuminated at his death, made bonfires, and "drank lusty carouses:" to them, as to every man, he had been a sore affliction. His heart, on dissection, adds old Anthony, was found "all shrivelled up like a leather penny-purse;" which gave rise to comments among the Puritans.[2] His brain, said the pasquinades of the day, was found reduced to a mass of dust, his heart was a bundle of old sheepskin writs, and his belly consisted of a barrel of soap.[3] Some indistinct memory of him still survives, as of a grisly Law Pluto, and dark Law Monster, kind of Infernal King, Chief Enchanter in the Domdaniel of Attorneys; one of those frightful men, who, as his contemporaries

[1] Rushworth; Wharton's *Laud*.

[2] Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss's edition, London, 1815), ii. 583.

[3] Rushworth.

passionately said and repeated, dare to "decree injustice by *a law.*"

The Ship-money Writ has come out, then; and Cousin Hampden has decided not to pay it! — As the date of Oliver's St. Ives Letter is 1635–6, and we are now come in sight of that, we will here close our Chronology.

CHAPTER V.

OF OLIVER'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

LETTERS and authentic Utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them, all the important of them, have already long since been printed and again printed; but we cannot in general say, ever read: too often it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible, — defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that Period. The Speeches above all, as hitherto set forth in *The Somers Tracts*, in *The Milton State-papers*, in *Burton's Diary*, and other such Books, excel human belief: certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold; is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these Speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two Centuries past.

Nevertheless these Documents do exist, authentic though defaced; and invite every one who would know that Period, to study them till they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell, — the meaning *they* had, must be worth recovering, in that point of view. To collect these Letters and

authentic Utterances, as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labor; to correct them, elucidate and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely "a wise memory" would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man;—and as for the "wise oblivion," that is already, by Time and Accident, done to our hand. Enough is already lost and destroyed; we need not, in this particular case, omit farther.

Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could anywhere find yet surviving, I have here gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient earnest readers, these old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters:—Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least, it is with Heroes and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak! Great, ever-fruitful; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons, interested in England past or present, to try if they can read a little in these Letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading, for such persons in our time.

For the rest, if each Letter look dim, and have little light, after all study;—yet let the Historical reader reflect, such light as it has cannot be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The Letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the Past: if like a star almost extinct, yet like a real star; fixed; about which there is no cavilling possible. That autograph Letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal, in its time; it was once a piece of

the general fire and light of Human Life, that Letter! Neither is it yet entirely extinct: well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own *self;* nay to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance round it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black, may still look *red* in the utter darkness. These letters of Oliver will convince any man that the Past did exist! By degrees the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble twilight, rendering the Past credible, the Ghosts of the Past in some glimpses of them visible! Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent to force for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and to look face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another. Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires, once all luminous as suns; and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep Night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead Time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here!

I called these Letters good, — but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone: but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous; — forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is, in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than

any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valor and belief, without words, — how noble is it in comparison to the adroitest flow of words without heroic insight!

I have corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The Originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the Letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin, — indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that so wish, may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed Books: but to us, intent here to have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would that the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word, — but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by brackets: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the Original. And so, "a minimum of annotation" having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose, — here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell;* of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

Surely it is far enough from probable that these Letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected not by the Genius of History, but by blind Accident which has saved them hitherto and destroyed the rest, — can illuminate for a modern man this Period of our Annals, which

for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness! Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine, on this present occasion, do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the Seventeenth Century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the Seventeenth Century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nalson State-papers, of Philosophical Scepticisms, Dilettantisms, Dryasdust Torpedoisms; — but an actual flesh-and-blood Fact; with color in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand! Theoretically this is a most small postulate, conceded at once by everybody; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded; the due practical conceding of it amounts to much, indeed to the sure promise of all. — I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry: they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it.

The first is, By no means to credit the wide-spread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Machiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this world very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their "enthusiasms," if well seen into, were not foolish but wise. That Machiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world. O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast! Cant

was not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of "Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought" was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of, — would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Heylin meant what they say; through their words you do look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed: — or if "lying Peter" do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language; a clothed, nay sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerable body in the heart of it, never with none! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Machiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God; — such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours.

My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, "Liberty of the people to tax themselves," Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable "Privileges," but a

far other and deeper, which could not be measured; of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this Earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this: it was a thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church presided over not by sham-priests in "Four surplices at Allhallowtide," but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire: — this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some.

Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat, — as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust Philosophies, and sceptical Histories, of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain color. For fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and *wooden-eyed* spectacles, can the flame-girt Heaven's messenger pass for a poor mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be!

On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, "[illegible] was then all one as now." Good reader, it was [illegible]

different then from now. Men indolently say, "The Ages are all alike; ever the same sorry elements over again, in new vesture; the issue of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy, in one Age as in another!" Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest Life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a Hero, or a Heroic Age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the Heroic Century as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting, — were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel-whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent; a true never-ending attempt going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party, that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for? —

Reader, the Ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and Abysses; without conviction or belief of their own regarding it, at all; — who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions; — whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace; nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only, Their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy Ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness — annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into Eternal Night. These are the Unheroic Ages; which cannot serve, on the general field of Existence, except as *dust*,

as inorganic manure. The memory of such Ages fades away forever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of *them* continue? The fashion of them has passed away; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these Ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into *their* records, will sing of them, or celebrate them? Even torpid Dryas-dust is forced to give over at last, all creatures declining to hear him on that subject; whereupon ensues composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own.

Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of Heroic Ages, which have done great things in this Earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and *un*heroisms! It never lies and never will lie there. Knaves and quacks, — alas, we know they abounded: but the Age was Heroic even because it had declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these! — But now for the Letters of Cromwell themselves.

PART I.

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

1636–1642.

LETTER I.

ST. IVES, a small Town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or Northeastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a Cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January, 1635–6.

The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from Northwest to Southeast, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the River, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the "Green" of St. Ives would then be the space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the *street*. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely and the heart of the Fens.

At the upper or Northwestern extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite ex-

tremity. The Church from its Church-yard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of color. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flagstones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles' distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross. — This is St. Ives, a most ancient Cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a Farmer and Grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic; Camden says he was "Ivo a Persian;" — surely far out of his road here! From him however, Phantasm as he is (being indeed Nothing, — except an ancient "stone-coffin," with bones, and tatters of "bright cloth" in it, accidentally ploughed up in this spot, and acted on by opaque human wonder, miraculous "dreams," and the "Abbot of Ramsey"),[1] Church and Village indisputably took rise and name; about the Year 1000 or later; — and have stood ever since; being founded on Cattle-dealing and the firm Earth withal. Ives or Yves, the worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk; neither he nor the other French Yves, Patron Saint of Attorneys, have anything to do with this locality; but miraculous

[1] His Legend (*De Beato Yvone, Episcopo Persâ*), with due details, in Bollandus, *Acta Sanctorum*, Junii, tom. ii. (Venetiis, 1742), pp. 288–292.

"Ivo the Persian Bishop" and that anonymous stone-coffin alone. —

Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of him self at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or Southeast end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South. At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it "Cromwell's Barn:" — and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's or series of ancient men's.

Quitting St. Ives Fen-ward or Eastward, the last house of all, which stands on your right hand among gardens, seemingly the best house in the place, and called Slepe Hall, is confidently pointed out as "Oliver's House." It is indisputably Slepe-Hall House, and Oliver's Farm was rented from the estate of Slepe Hall. It is at present used for a Boarding-school: the worthy inhabitants believe it to be Oliver's; and even point out his "Chapel" or secret Puritan Sermon-room in the lower story of the house: no Sermon-room, as you may well discern, but to appearance some sort of scullery or wash-house or bake-house. "It was here he used to preach," say they. Courtesy forbids you to answer, "Never!" But in fact there is no likelihood that this was Oliver's House at all: in its present state it does not seem to be a century old;[1] and originally, as is like, it must have served as residence to the Proprietors of Slepe-Hall estate, not to the Farmer of a part thereof. Tradition makes a sad blur of Oliver's memory in his native country! We know, and shall know, only this, for certain here, That Oliver farmed part or whole of these Slepe

[1] Noble, i. 102, 106.

Hall Lands, over which the human feet can still walk with assurance; past which the River Ouse still slumberously rolls, towards Earith Bulwark and the Fen-country. Here of a certainty Oliver did walk and look about him habitually, during those five years from 1631 to 1636; a man studious of many temporal and many eternal things. His cattle grazed here, his ploughs tilled here, the heavenly skies and infernal abysses overarched and underarched him here.

In fact there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, "O. C.," for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish-Records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable ratepayers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for "St. Ives cum Slepa" fit annual overseers for the "Highway and Green:" — one of the Oliver signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Parish-clerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the Church with "a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation."[1] Certain letters "written in a very kind style from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives," do not now exist; probably never did. Swords "bearing the initials of O. C.," swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce, — do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him. Walker[2] testifies that the Vicar of St. Ives, Rev. Henry Downhall, was ejected with his curate in 1642; an act which Cromwell could have hindered, had he been willing to testify that they were fit clergymen. Alas, had he been able! He attended them in red flannel, but had not exceedingly rejoiced in them, it would seem. — There is, in short, nothing that renders Cromwell's

[1] See Noble: his confused gleanings and speculations concerning St. Ives are to be found, i. 105, 106, and again, i. 258–261.

[2] *Sufferings of the Clergy.* See also Appendix, No. 1.

existence completely visible to us, even through the smallest chink, but this Letter alone, which, copied from the Museum Manuscripts, worthy Mr. Harris[1] has printed for all people. We slightly rectify the spelling, and reprint.

"*To my very loving friend Mr. Storie, at the Sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London: Deliver these.*

"St. Ives, 11th January, 1635.

"Mr. Storie, — Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, That they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way; not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that, sithence his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.

"It only remains now that He who first moved you to this, put you forward in the continuance thereof: it was the Lord; and therefore to Him lift we up our hearts that He would perfect it. And surely, Mr. Storie, it were a piteous thing to see a Lecture fall, in the hands of so many able and godly men, as I am persuaded the founders of this are; in these times, wherein we see they are suppressed, with too much haste and violence, by the enemies of God his Truth. Far be it that so much guilt should stick to your hands, who live in a City so renowned for the clear shining light of the Gospel. You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture: for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you there-

[1] *Life of Cromwell:* a blind farrago, published in 1761, "after the manner of Mr. Bayle," — a very bad "manner," more especially when a Harris presides over it! Yet poor Harris's Book, his three Books (on Cromwell, Charles and James I.) have worth: cart-loads of Excerpts, carefully transcribed, — and edited, in the way known to us, "by shoving up the shafts." The increasing interest of the subject brought even these to a second edition in 1814.

fore in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward, and let the good man have his pay. The souls of God's children will bless you for it; and so shall I; and ever rest,

"Your loving Friend in the Lord,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Commend my hearty love to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadly, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse; but I was loath to trouble him with a long letter, and I feared I should not receive an answer from him: from you I expect one so soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.*" [1]

Such is Oliver's first extant Letter. The Royal Exchange has been twice burned since this piece of writing was left at the Sign of the Dog there. The Dog Tavern, Dog Landlord, frequenters of the Dog, and all their business and concernment there, and the hardest stone masonry they had, have vanished irrecoverable. Like a dream of the Night; like that transient *Sign* or Effigies of the Talbot *Dog*, plastered on wood with oil pigments, which invited men to liquor and house-room in those days! The personages of Oliver's Letter may well be unknown to us.

Of Mr. Story, strangely enough, we have found one other notice: he is amongst the Trustees, pious and wealthy citizens of London for most part, to whom the sale of Bishops' Lands is, by act of Parliament, committed, with many instructions and conditions, on the 9th of October, 1646.[2] "James Story" is one of these; their chief is Alderman Fowke. From Oliver's expression, "our Country," it may be inferred or guessed that Story was of Huntingdonshire: a man who had gone up to London, and prospered in trade, and addicted himself to

[1] Harris (London, 1814), p. 12. This Letter, for which Harris, in 1761, thanks "the Trustees of the British Museum," is not now discoverable in that Establishment; "a search of three hours through all the Catalogues, assisted by one of the Clerks," reports itself to me as fruitless. — Does exist safe, nevertheless (Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 125, a venerable brown Autograph); and in the "new Catalogue" will be better indicated. "Busse" is by no means "Busse," as some have conjectured. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[2] Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658), p. 99.

Puritanism; — much of him, it is like, will never be known! Of Busse and Beadly (unless Busse be a misprint for Bunse, Alderman Bunce, another of the above "Trustees"), there remains no vestige.

Concerning the "Lecture," however, the reader will recall what was said above, of Lecturers, and of Laud's enmity to them; of the Feoffees who supported Lecturers, and of Laud's final suppression and ruin of those Feoffees in 1633. Mr. Story's name is not mentioned in the List of the specific Feoffees; but it need not be doubted he was a contributor to their fund, and probably a leading man among the subscribers. By the light of this Letter we may dimly gather that they still continued to subscribe, and to forward Lectureships where possible, though now in a less ostentatious manner.

It appears there was a Lecture at Huntingdon: but his Grace of Lambeth, patiently assiduous in hunting down such objects, had managed to get that suppressed in 1633,[1] or at least to get the King's consent for suppressing it. This in 1633. So that "Mr. Wells" could not, in 1636, as my imbecile friend supposes,[2] be "the Lecturer in Huntingdon," wherever else he might lecture. Besides Mr. Wells is not in danger of suppression by Laud, but by want of cash! Where Mr. Wells lectured, no mortal knows, or will ever know. Why not at St. Ives on the market-days? Or he might be a "Running Lecturer," not tied to one locality: that is as likely a guess as any.

Whether the call of this Wells Lectureship and Oliver's Letter got due return from Mr. Story we cannot now say; but judge that the Lectureship — as Laud's star was rapidly on the ascendant, and Mr. Story and the Feoffees had already lost £1,800 by the work, and had a fine in the Star-chamber still hanging over their heads — did in fact come to the ground, and trouble no Archbishop or Market Cattle-dealer with God's Gospel any more. Mr. Wells, like the others, vanishes from History, or nearly so. In the chaos of the King's Pamphlets one seems to discern dimly that he sailed for New England, and that he returned in better times. Dimly once, in 1641 or

[1] Wharton's *Laud* (London, 1695), p. 327. [2] Noble, i. 259.

1642, you catch a momentary glimpse of a "Mr. Wells" in such predicament, and hope it was this Wells, — preaching for a friend, "in the afternoon," in a Church in London.[1]

Reverend Mark Noble says, the above Letter is very curious, and a convincing proof how far gone Oliver was, at that time, in religious enthusiasm.[2] Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts, who believe that they have a soul to be saved, even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied, — and who likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone indeed, my reverend imbecile friend!

This, then, is what we know of Oliver at St. Ives. He wrote the above Letter there. He had sold his Properties in Huntingdon for £1,800; with the whole or with part of which sum he stocked certain Grazing-Lands on the Estate of Slepe Hall, and farmed the same for a space of some five years. How he lived at St. Ives: how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked, with heavy footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River, — shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse River, thoughts that go beyond Eternity, — and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think*.

I count the children he had at this time; and find them six: Four boys and two girls; the eldest a boy of fourteen, the youngest a girl of six; Robert, Oliver, Bridget, Richard, Henry, Elizabeth. Robert and Oliver, I take it, are gone to Felsted School, near Bourchier their Grandfather's in Essex. Sir Thomas Bourchier the worshipful Knight, once of London, lives at Felsted; Sir William Masham, another of the same, lives at Otes hard by, as we shall see.

Cromwell at the time of writing this Letter was, as he himself might partly think probable, about to quit St. Ives. His mother's brother Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, lay sick at Ely in those very days. Sir Thomas makes his will in this same

[1] Old Pamphlet: Title mislaid and forgotten. [2] Noble, i. 259.

month of January, leaving Oliver his principal heir; and on the 30th it was all over, and he lay in his last home: "Buried in the Cathedral of Ely, 30th January, 1635–6."

Worth noting, and curious to think of, since it is indisputable: On the very day while Oliver Cromwell was writing this Letter at St. Ives, two obscure individuals, "Peter Aldridge and Thomas Lane, Assessors of Ship-money," over in Buckinghamshire, had assembled a Parish Meeting in the Church of Great Kimble, to assess and rate the Ship-money of the said Parish: there, in the cold weather, at the foot of the Chiltern Hills, "11 January, 1635," the Parish did attend, "John Hampden, Esquire," at the head of them, and by a Return still extant,[1] refused to pay the same or any portion thereof, — witness the above "Assessors," witness also two "Parish Constables" whom we remit from such unexpected celebrity. John Hampden's share for this Parish is thirty-one shillings and sixpence; for another Parish it is twenty shillings; on which latter sum, not on the former, John Hampden was tried.

LETTER II.

Oliver removed to Ely very soon after writing the foregoing Letter. There is a "receipt for £10" signed by him, dated "Ely, 10 June, 1636;"[2] and other evidence that he was then resident there. He succeeded to his Uncle's Farming of the Tithes; the Leases of these, and new Leases of some other small lands or fields granted him, are still in existence. He continued here till the time of the Long Parliament; and his Family still after that, till some unascertained date, seemingly about 1647,[3] when it became apparent that the Long Parliament was not like to rise for a great while yet, and it was

[1] Fac-simile Engraving of it, in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden* (London, 1832), i. 231.

[2] Noble, i. 107.

[3] See Appendix, No. 8, last Letter there. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

judged expedient that the whole household should remove to London. His Mother appears to have joined him in Ely; she quitted Huntingdon, returned to her native place, an aged grandmother, — was not, however, to end her days there.

As Sir Thomas Steward, Oliver's Uncle, farmed the tithes of Ely, it is reasonable to believe that he, and Oliver after him, occupied the house set apart for the Tithe-Farmer there; as Mark Noble, out of dim Tradition, confidently testifies. This is "the house occupied by Mr. Page;"[1] under which name, much better than under that of Cromwell, the inhabitants of Ely now know it. The House, though somewhat in a frail state, is still standing; close to St. Mary's Church-yard; at the corner of the great Tithe-barn of Ely, or great Square of tithe-barns and offices, — which "is the biggest barn in England but one," say the Ely people. Of this House, for Oliver's sake, some Painter will yet perhaps take a correct likeness: — it is needless to go to Stuntney, out on the Soham road, as Oliver's Painters usually do; Oliver never lived there, but only his Mother's cousins! Two years ago this House in Ely stood empty; closed finally up, deserted by all the Pages, as "the Commutation of Tithes" had rendered it superfluous: this year (1845), I find it is an Alehouse, with still some chance of standing. It is by no means a sumptuous mansion; but may have conveniently held a man of three or four hundred a year, with his family, in those simple times. Some quaint air of gentility still looks through its ragged dilapidation. It is of two stories, more properly of one and a half; has many windows, irregular chimneys and gables. Likely enough Oliver lived here; likely his Grandfather may have lived here, his Mother have been born here. She was now again resident here. The tomb of her first husband and child, *Johannes Lynne* and poor little *Catharina Lynne*, is in the Cathedral hard by. "Such are the changes which fleeting Time procureth." —

The Second extant Letter of Cromwell's is dated Ely, October, 1638.[2] It will be good to introduce, as briefly as possible,

[1] Noble, i. 106.

[2] In Appendix, No. 2, another Note of his. (*Third Edition.*)

a few Historical Dates, to remind the reader what o'clock on the Great Horologe it is, while this small Letter is a-writing. Last year in London there had been a very strange spectacle; and in three weeks after, another in Edinburgh, of still more significance in English History.

On the 30th of June, 1637, in Old Palace-yard, three men, gentlemen of education, of good quality, a Barrister, a Physician and a Parish Clergyman of London were set on three Pillories; stood openly, as the scum of malefactors, for certain hours there; and then had their ears cut off, — bare knives, hot branding-irons, — and their cheeks stamped "S.L.," Seditious Libeller; in the sight of a great crowd, "silent" mainly, and looking "pale."[1] The men were our old friend William Prynne, — poor Prynne who had got into new trouble, and here lost his ears a *second* and final time, having had them "sewed on again" before: William Prynne, Barrister; Dr. John Bastwick; and the Rev. Henry Burton, Minister of Friday-Street Church. Their sin was against Laud and his surplices at All-hallowtide, not against any other man or thing. Prynne, speaking to the people, defied all Lambeth, with Rome at the back of it, to argue with him, William Prynne alone, that these practices were according to the Law of England; "and if I fail to prove it," said Prynne, "let them hang my body at the door of that Prison there," the Gate-house Prison. "Whereat the people gave a great shout," — somewhat of an ominous one, I think. Bastwick's wife, on the scaffold, received his ears in her lap, and kissed him.[2] Prynne's ears the executioner "rather sawed than cut." "Cut me, tear me," cried Prynne; "I fear thee not; I fear the fire of Hell, not thee!" The June sun had shone hot on their faces. Burton, who had discoursed eloquent religion all the while, said, when they carried him, near fainting, into a house in King Street, "It is too hot to last."

Too hot indeed. For at Edinburgh, on Sunday the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effort and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and Scotch

[1] *State Trials* (Cobbett's, London, 1809), iii. 746.

[2] Towers's *British Biography*.

Pretended-Bishops ready,[1] brought them fairly out to action, — and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. "Let us read the Collect of the day," said the Pretended-Bishop from amid his tippets; — "De'il *colic* the wame of thee!" answered Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. "Thou foul thief, wilt thou say *mass* at my lug?"[2] I thought we had got done with the mass some time ago; — and here it is again! "A Pape, a Pape!" cried others: "Stane him!"[3] — In fact the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 23d July, 1637. Scotland had endured much in the bishop way for above thirty years bygone, and endeavored to say nothing, bitterly feeling a great deal. But now, on small signal, the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose into unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's; and his Grace of Canterbury, and King Charles himself, and many others had lost their heads before there could be peace again. The Scotch People had sworn their Covenant, not with-

[1] Rushworth, ii. 321, 343; iii. Appendix, 153–155; &c.

[2] — "No sooner was the Book opened by the Dean of Edinburgh, but a number of the meaner sort, with clapping of their hands and outcries, made a great uproar; and one of them, called *Jane* or *Janet Gaddis* (yet living at the writing of this relation), flung a little folding-stool, whereon she sat, at the Dean's head, saying, 'Out, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?' Which was followed with so great a noise," &c. These words are in the Continuation of *Baker's Chronicle*, by Phillips (Milton's Nephew); fifth edition of *Baker* (London, 1670), p. 478. They are *not* in the fourth edition of *Baker*, 1665, which is the first that contains the Continuation; they follow as here in all the others. Thought to be the first grave mention of Jenny Geddes in Printed History; a heroine still familiar to Tradition everywhere in Scotland.

In a foolish Pamphlet, printed in 1661, entitled *Edinburgh's Joy*, &c., — Joy for the Blessed Restoration and *Annus Mirabilis*, — there is mention made of "the immortal Jenet Geddis," whom the writer represents as rejoicing exceedingly in that miraculous event; she seems to be a well-known person, keeping "a cabbage-stall at the Tron Kirk," at that date. Burns, in his Highland Tour, named his mare *Jenny Geddes*. Helen of Troy, for practical importance in Human History, is but a small Heroine to Jenny: — but she has been luckier in the recording! — For these bibliographical notices I am [illegible] to the friendliness of Mr. David Laing of the Signet Library, Edinburgh.

[3] Rushworth, Kennet, Balfour.

out "tears;" and were in these very days of October, 1638, while Oliver is writing at Ely, busy with their whole might electing their General Assembly, to meet at Glasgow next month. I think the *Tulchan* Apparatus is likely to be somewhat sharply dealt with, the Cow having become awake to it! Great events are in the wind; out of Scotland vague news, of unappeasable commotion risen there.

In the end of that same year, too, there had risen all over England huge rumor concerning the Ship-money Trial at London. On the 6th of November, 1637, this important Process of Mr. Hampden's began. Learned Mr. St. John, a dark tough man, of the toughness of leather, spake with irrefragable law-eloquence, law-logic, for three days running, on Mr. Hampden's side; and learned Mr. Holborn for three other days; — preserved yet by Rushworth in acres of typography, unreadable now to all mortals. For other learned gentlemen, tough as leather, spoke on the opposite side; and learned judges animadverted; — at endless length, amid the expectancy of men. With brief pauses, the Trial lasted for three weeks and three days. Mr. Hampden became the most famous man in England,[1] — by accident partly. The sentence was not delivered till April, 1638; and then it went against Mr. Hampden: judgment in Exchequer ran to this effect, "*Consideratum est per eosdem Barones, quod prædictus Johannes Hampden de iisdem viginti solidis oneretur,*" He must pay the Twenty shillings, "*et inde satisfaciat.*"[2] No hope in Law-Courts, then; Petition of Right and *Tallagio non concedendo* have become an old song. If there be not hope in Jenny Geddes's stool and "De'il colic the wame of thee," we are in a bad way! —

During which great public Transactions, there had been in Cromwell's own Fen-country a work of immense local celebrity going on: the actual Drainage of the Fens, so long talked about; the construction, namely, of the great *Bedford Level*, to carry the Ouse River direct into the sea; holding it forcibly aloft in strong embankments, for twenty straight miles or so; not leaving it to meander and stagnate, and in the wet season drown the country, as heretofore. This grand work began, Dryasdust

[1] Clarendon. [illegible] ii. 420.

in his bewildered manner knows not when; but it "went on rapidly," and had ended in 1637.[1] Or rather had *appeared*, and strongly *endeavored*, to end in 1637; but was not yet by any means settled and ended; the whole Fen-region clamoring that it could not, and should not, end so. In which wide clamor, against injustice done in high places, Oliver Cromwell, as is well known, though otherwise a most private quiet man, saw good to interfere; to give the universal inarticulate clamor a voice, and gain a remedy for it. He approved himself, as Sir Philip Warwick will testify,[2] "a man that would set well at the mark," that took sure aim, and had a stroke of some weight in him. We cannot here afford room to disentangle that affair from the dark rubbish-abysses, old and new, in which it lies deep buried: suffice it to assure the reader that Oliver did by no means "oppose" the Draining of the Fens, but was and had been, as his Father before him, highly favorable to it; that he opposed the King in Council wishing to do a public injustice in regard to the Draining of the Fens; and by a "great meeting at Huntingdon," and other good measures, contrived to put a stop to the same. At a time when, as Old Palace-yard might testify, that operation of going in the teeth of the royal will was somewhat more perilous than it would be now! This was in 1638, according to the good testimony of Warwick.[3] Cromwell acquired by it a great popularity in the Fen-country, acquired the name or nickname "Lord of the Fens;" and what was much more valuable, had done the duty of a good citizen, whatever he might acquire by it. The disastrous public Events which soon followed put a stop to all farther operations in the Fens for a good many years.

These clamors of local grievance near at hand, these rumors of universal grievance from the distance, — they were part of the Day's noises, they were sounding in Cromwell's mind, along with many others now silent, while the following Letter went off towards "Sir William Masham's House called Otes,

[1] Dugdale's *Hist. of Embankments;* Cole's, Wells's, &c. &c. *Hist. of the Fens.*

[2] Warwick's *Memoirs* (London, 1701), p. 250.

[3] Ibid.: poor Noble blunders, as he is apt to do.

in Essex," in the year 1638. — Of Otes and the Mashams in Essex, there must likewise, in spite of our strait limits, be a word said. The Mashams were distant Cousins of Oliver's; this Sir William Masham, or Massam as he is often written, proved a conspicuous busy man in the Politics of his time; on the Puritan side; — rose into Oliver's Council of State at last.[1] The Mashams became Lords Masham in the next generations, and so continued for a while; one Lady Masham was a daughter of Philosopher Cudworth, and is still remembered as the friend of John Locke, whom she tended in his old days; who lies buried, as his monument still shows, at the Church of High Laver, in the neighborhood of which Otes Mansion stood. High Laver, Essex, not far from Harlow Station on the North-eastern Railway. The Mashams are all extinct, and their Mansion is swept away as if it had not been. "Some forty years ago," says my kind informant, "a wealthy Maltster of Bishop's Stortford became the proprietor by purchase; and pulled the Manor-house down; leaving the out-houses as cottages to some poor people." The name Otes, the tomb of Locke, and this undestroyed and now indestructible fraction of Rag-paper alone preserve the memory of Mashamdom in this world. We modernize the spelling; let the reader, for it may be worth his while, endeavor to modernize the sentiment and subject-matter.

There is only this farther to be premised, That St. John, the celebrated Ship-money Barrister, has married for his second wife a Cousin of Oliver Cromwell's, a Daughter of Uncle Henry's, whom we knew at Upwood long ago;[2] which Cousin, and perhaps her learned husband reposing from his arduous law-duties along with her, is now on a Summer or Autumn visit at Otes, and has lately seen Oliver there.

[1] His Great-grandson's *wife* was, withal, a famous woman; the Abigail Masham of Queen Anne, — most renowned of Waiting-women, or "Abigails," in English History! (*Note of* 1869.)

[2] Antea, p. 26.

"To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.

"ELY, 13th October, 1638.

"DEAR COUSIN, — I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honor my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where, — in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging;* in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness:* yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the First-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honor my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

"Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light, — and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it: — blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; — pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procure-

ment, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your Husband and Sister from me: — He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters: — put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth

"Your truly loving Cousin,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is, that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young Cousin, now on a summer visit at Otes. What glimpses of long-gone summers; of long-gone human beings in fringed trouser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale; — alive they, within their antiquarian costumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their things and speeches, — all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O Death, O Time! —

For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their Spanish boots and lappet caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend, discovers in this Letter evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *Flagellum* Balderdash of his. O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights, all hidden from thee; and thirsted as the hart in dry places wherein no waters be? It was never a sorrow for thee

[1] Thurloe's *State Papers* (London, 1742), i. 1.

that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds; — a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant? I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists, — and, alas, also reverend irreverent Apes by the Dead Sea!

O modern reader, dark as this Letter may seem, I will advise thee to make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a "tradition of humanity" worth all the rest. Indisputable certificate that man once had a soul; that man once walked with God, — his little Life a sacred island girdled with Eternities and Godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that Letter; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim with Oliver Cromwell, — with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the Northern Kirks: —

> "Woe 's me that I in Meshec am
> A sojourner so long,
> Or that I in the tents do dwell
> To Kedar that belong!"

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults, — if they will but let him alone! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand; snatched out of darkness into marvellous light: he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self; *Selbsttödtung*, as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, "To live or to die forever; as Thou wilt, not as I will." Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumor? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished house-dog, guard the stuff, — perhaps with enor-

mous gold-collars and provender: but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire-chariot carrying men to the Immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee.

TWO YEARS.

Such is Oliver's one Letter from Ely. To guide us a little through the void gulf towards his next Letter, we will here intercalate the following small fractions of Chronology.

1639.

May–July. The Scots at their Glasgow Assembly [1] had rent their *Tulchan* Apparatus in so rough a way, and otherwise so ill comported themselves, his Majesty saw good, in the beginning of this year, immense negotiation and messaging to and fro having proved so futile, to chastise them with an Army. By unheard-of exertions in the Extra-Parliamentary way, his Majesty got an Army ready; marched with it to Berwick,—is at Newcastle, 8th May, 1639.[2] But, alas, the Scots, with a much better Army, already lay encamped on Dunse Law; every nobleman with his tenants there, as a drilled regiment, round him; old Field-marshal Lesley for their generalissimo; at every Colonel's tent this pennon flying, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant:* there was no fighting to be thought of.[3] Neither could the Pacification there patched up be of long continuance. The Scots disbanded their soldiers; but kept the officers, mostly Gustavus-Adolphus men, still within sight.

1640.

The Scotch Pacification, hastily patched up at Dunse Hill, did not last; discrepancies arose as to the practical meaning

[1] Nov. 1638; Baillie's *Letter* (Edinburgh, 1841), i. 118–176.

[2] Rushworth, iii. 930.

[3] Ib. iii. 926–949; Baillie, i. 184–221; King's Army "dismissed" (*after* Pacification) 24th June (Rushworth, iii. 946).

of this and the other clause in it. Discrepancies which the farther they were handled, embroiled themselves the more. His Majesty having burnt Scotch paper Declarations "by the hands of the common hangman," and almost cut off the poor Scotch Chancellor Loudon's head, and being again resolute to chastise the rebel Scots with an Army, decides on summoning a Parliament for that end, there being no money attainable otherwise. To the great and glad astonishment of England; which, at one time, thought never to have seen another Parliament! Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for Cambridge;[1] recommended by Hampden, say some; not needing any recommendation in those Fen-countries, think others. Oliver's Colleague was a Thomas Meautys, Esquire. This Parliament met, 13th April, 1640: it was by no means prompt enough with supplies against the rebel Scots; the King dismissed it in a huff, 5th May; after a Session of three weeks: Historians call it the *Short Parliament*. His Majesty decides on raising money and an Army "by other methods;" to which end, Wentworth, now Earl Strafford and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who had advised that course in the Council, did himself subscribe £20,000. Archbishop Laud had long ago seen "a cloud rising" against the Four surplices at Allhallowtide; and now it is covering the whole sky, in a most dismal and really thundery-looking manner.

His Majesty by "other methods," commission of array, benevolence, forced-loan, or how he could, got a kind of Army on foot,[2] and set it marching out of the several Counties in the South towards the Scotch Border: but it was a most hopeless Army. The soldiers called the affair a *Bishops' War;* they mutinied against their officers, shot some of their officers: in various Towns on their march, if the Clergyman were reputed Puritan, they went and gave him three cheers; if of Surplice tendency, they sometimes threw his furniture out of window.[3] No fighting against poor Scotch Gospellers was to be hoped for from these men. — Meanwhile the Scots, not to be behind-

[1] Browne Willis, pp. 229, 230 Rushworth, iii. 1105.
[2] Ib. iii. 1241.
[3] Vicar's *Parliamentary Chronicle* (Lond. 1644) p. 20.

hand, had raised a good Army of their own; and decided on going *into* England with it, this time, "to present their grievances to the King's Majesty." On the 20th of August, 1640, they cross the Tweed at Coldstream; Montrose wading in the van of them all. They wore uniform of hodden gray, with blue caps; and each man had a moderate haversack of oatmeal on his back.[1]

August 28th. The Scots force their way across the Tyne, at Newburn, some miles above Newcastle; the King's Army making small fight, most of them no fight; hurrying from Newcastle, and all town and country quarters, towards York again, where his Majesty and Strafford were.[2] The *Bishops' War* was at an end. The Scots, striving to be gentle as doves in their behavior, and publishing boundless brotherly Declarations to all the brethren that loved Christ's Gospel and God's Justice in England, — took possession of Newcastle next day; took possession gradually of all Northumberland and Durham, — and stayed there, in various towns and villages, about a year. The whole body of English Puritans looked upon them as their saviors: some months afterwards, Robert Baillie heard the London ballad-singers, on the streets, singing copiously with strong lungs, "Gramercy, good Master Scot" by way of burden.[3]

His Majesty and Strafford, in a fine frenzy at this turn of affairs, found no refuge, except to summon a "Council of Peers," to enter upon a "Treaty" with the Scots; and alas, at last, summon a New Parliament. Not to be helped in any way. Twelve chief Peers of the summoned "Council" petitioned for a Parliament; the City of London petitioned for a Parliament, and would not lend money otherwise. A Parliament was appointed for the 3d of November next; — whereupon London cheerfully lent £200,000; and the treaty with the Scots at Ripon, 1st October, 1640,[4] by and by transferred to London, went peaceably on at a very leisurely pace. The Scotch Army lay quartered at Newcastle, and over Northumberland and Durham, on an allowance of £850 a day; an Army

[1] Old Pamphlets.
[2] Rushworth, iii. 1236, &c.
[3] Baillie's *Letters*.
[4] Rushworth, iii. 1382.

indispensable for Puritan objects; no haste in finishing its Treaty. The English Army lay across in Yorkshire; without allowance except from the casualties of the King's Exchequer; in a dissatisfied manner, and occasionally getting into "Army-Plots."

This Parliament, which met on the 3d of November, 1640, has become very celebrated in History by the name of the *Long Parliament*. It accomplished and suffered very singular destinies; suffered a Pride's Purge, a Cromwell's Ejectment; suffered Reinstatements, Re-ejectments; and the *Rump* or Fag-end of it did not finally vanish till 16th March, 1659–60. Oliver Cromwell sat again in this Parliament for Cambridge Town; Meautys, his old Colleague, is now changed for "John Lowry, Esquire,"[1] probably a more Puritanic man. The Members for Cambridge University are the same in both Parliaments.

LETTER III.

"To my loving friend Mr. Willingham, at his House in Swithin's Lane: These.

"[London, February, 1640.][2]

"Sir, —I desire you to send me the Reasons of the Scots to enforce their desire of Uniformity in Religion, expressed in their 8th Article; I mean that which I had before of you. I would peruse it against we fall upon that Debate, which will be speedily. Yours,

"Oliver Cromwell."[3]

There is a great quantity of intricate investigation requisite to date this small undated Note, and make it entirely transparent! The Scotch Treaty, begun at Ripon, is going on, —

[1] Willis; Rushworth, iv. 3. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge* (London, 1845), iii. 303, 304.

[2] The words within brackets, here as always in the Text of Cromwell's Letters, are mine, not his; the date in this instance is conjectural or inferential.

[3] Harris, p. 517; Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 126.

never ended: the agitation about abolishing Bishops has just begun, in the House and out of it.

On Friday, 11th December, 1640, the Londoners present their celebrated "Petition," signed by 15,000 hands, craving to have Bishops and their Ceremonies radically reformed. Then on Saturday, 23d January, 1640–1, comes the still more celebrated "Petition and Remonstrance from 700 Ministers of the Church of England,"[1] to the like effect. Upon which Documents, especially upon the latter, ensue strenuous debatings,[2] ensues a "Committee of Twenty-four;" a Bill to abolish Superstition and Idolatry; and, in a week or two, a Bill to take away the Bishops' Votes in Parliament: Bills recommended by the said Committee. A diligent Committee; which heard much evidence, and theological debating, from Dr. Burgess and others. Their Bishops Bill, not without hot arguing, passed through the Commons; was rejected by the Lords;—took effect, however, in a much heavier shape, within year and day. Young Sir Ralph Varney, son of Edmund the Standard-bearer, has preserved very careful Notes of the theological revelations and profound arguments, heard in this Committee from Dr. Burgess and others; intensely interesting at that time to all ingenuous young gentlemen; a mere torpor now to all persons.

In fact, the whole world, as we perceive, in this Spring of 1641, is getting on fire with episcopal, anti-episcopal emotion; and the Scotch Commissioners, with their Desire of Uniformity, are naturally the centre of the latter. Bishop Hall, Smectymnuus, and one Mr. Milton "near St. Bride's Church," are all getting their Pamphlets ready.—The assiduous contemporary individual who collected the huge stock of loose Printing now known as *King's Pamphlets* in the British Museum, usually writes the date on the title-page of each; but has, with a curious infelicity, omitted it in the case of Milton's Pamphlets, which accordingly remain undatable except approximately.

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 72.

[2] Ibid. ii. 81; 8th and 9th of February. See Baillie's *Letters*, i. 302; and Rushworth, iv. 93 and 174.

The exact copy of the Scotch Demands towards a Treaty I have not yet met with, though doubtless it is in print amid the unsorted Rubbish-Mountains of the British Museum. Notices of it are to be seen in Baillie, also in Rushworth.[1] The first Seven Articles relate to secularities; payment of damages; punishment of incendiaries, and so forth: the Seventh is the "recalling" of the King's Proclamations against the Scots. The Eighth, "anent a solid peace betwixt the Nations," involves this matter of Uniformity in Religion, and therefore is of weightier moment. Baillie says: "For the Eighth great Demand some days were spent in preparation." The Lords would have made no difficulty about dismantling Berwick and Carlisle, or such like; but finding that the other points of this Eighth Article were to involve the *permanent* relations of England, they delayed. "We expect it this very day," says Baillie (28th February, 1640–1). Oliver Cromwell also expects it this very day, or "speedily," — and therefore writes to Mr. Willingham for a sight of the Documents again.

Whoever wishes to trace the emergence, re-emergence, slow ambiguous progress and dim issue of this "Eighth Article," may consult the opaque but authentic Commons Journals, and strive to elucidate the same by poor old brown Pamphlets, in the places cited below.[2] It was not finally voted in the affirmative till the middle of May; and then still it was far from being ended. It *ended*, properly, in the Summoning of a "Westminster Assembly of Divines," To ascertain for us *how* "the two Nations" may best attain to "Uniformity of Religion."

This "Mr. Willingham my loving friend," of whom I have found no other vestige anywhere in Nature, is presumably a London Puritan concerned in the London Petition and other such matters, to whom the Member for Cambridge, a man of known zeal, good connection, and growing weight, is worth convincing.

[1] Baillie, i. 297, and antea et postea; Rushworth, iv. 166.

[2] *Commons Journals*, ii. 84, 85; *Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament* (Printed for William Cooke, London, 1641. — often erroneous as to the day), 16th February, 7th March, 15th May.

Oliver St. John the Ship-money Lawyer, now Member for Totness, has lately been made Solicitor-General; on the 2d of February, 1640–1, D'Ewes says of him, "newly created;"[1] a date worth attending to. Strafford's Trial is coming on; to begin on the 22d of March: Strafford and Laud are safe in the Tower long since; Finch and Windebank, and other Delinquents in high places, have fled rapidly beyond seas.

IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THAT little Note, despatched by a servant to Swithin's Lane in the Spring of 1641, and still saved by capricious destiny while so much else has been destroyed, — is all of Autographic that Oliver Cromwell has left us concerning his proceedings in the first three-and-twenty months of the Long Parliament. Months distinguished, beyond most others in History, by anxieties and endeavors, by hope and fear and swift vicissitude, to all England as well as him: distinguished on his part by much Parliamentary activity withal; of which, unknown hitherto in History, but still capable of being known, let us wait some other opportunity of speaking. Two vague appearances of his in that scene, which are already known to most readers, we will set in their right date and place, making them faintly visible at last; and therewith leave this part of the subject.

In D'Ewes's Manuscript above cited[2] are these words, relating to *Monday, 9th November*, 1640, the sixth day of the Long Parliament: "Mr. Cromwell delivered the Petition of John Lilburn," — young Lilburn, who had once been Prynne's amanuensis, among other things, and whose "whipping with 200 stripes from Westminster to the Fleet Prison," had already rendered him conspicuous. This is the record of D'Ewes. To which let us now annex the following well-known passage of

[1] Sir Simond D'Ewes's *Notes of the Long Parliament* (Harleian MSS nos. 162–166), fol. 189 a: p. 156 of Transcript *penes me*.

[2] D'Ewes, fol. 4.

Sir Philip Warwick; and if the reader fancy the Speeches on the previous Saturday,[1] and how the "whole of this Monday was spent in hearing grievances" of the like sort, some dim image of a strange old scene may perhaps rise upon him.

"The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell," says Warwick, "was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640; when I [Member for Radnor] vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, — for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes! I came into the House one morning," Monday morning, "well clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, — very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side: his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor. For the subject-matter would not bear much of *reason;* it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed Libels;" — yes, *Libels*, and had come to Palace-yard for it, as we saw: "I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that Great Council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto;"[2] which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band; and otherwise, to me in my poor feather-head, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman!

The reader may take what of these Warwick traits he can along with him, and also omit what he cannot take; for though Warwick's veracity is undoubted, his memory after many years, in such an element as his had been, may be questioned. The "band" we may remind our readers, is a linen tippet, properly the shirt-collar of those days, which, when the hair was worn long, needed to fold itself with a good expanse of washable linen over the upper-works of the coat, and defend these and their velvets from harm. The "specks of blood,"

[1] *Commons Journals*, 7th Nov. 1640; Rushworth, iv. 24, &c.

[2] Warwick, p. 247.

if not fabulous, we, not without general sympathy, attribute to bad razors: as for the "hat-band," one remarks that men did not speak with their hats *on;* and therefore will, with Sir Philip's leave, *omit* that. The "untunable voice," or what a poor young gentleman in these circumstances would consider as such, is very significant to us.

Here is the other vague appearance: from Clarendon's Life.[1] "He [Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon] was often heard to mention one private Committee, in which he was put accidentally into the chair; upon an Enclosure which had been made of great wastes, belonging to the Queen's Manors, without the consent of the tenants, the benefit whereof had been given by the Queen to a servant of near trust, who forthwith sold the lands enclosed to the Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal; who together with his Son Mandevil were now most concerned to maintain the Enclosure; against which, as well the inhabitants of other manors, who claimed Common in those wastes, as the Queen's tenants of the same, made loud complaints, as a great oppression, carried upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power.

"The Committee sat in the Queen's Court; and Oliver Cromwell being one of them, appeared much concerned to countenance the Petitioners, who were numerous together with their Witnesses; the Lord Mandevil being likewise present as a party, and by the direction of the Committee sitting covered. Cromwell, who had never before been heard to speak in the House of Commons," — at least not by *me*, though he had often spoken, and was very well known there, — "ordered the Witnesses and Petitioners in the method of the proceeding; and seconded, and enlarged upon what they said, with great passion; and the Witnesses and persons concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the Counsel and Witnesses on the other side, with great clamor, when they said anything that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde (whose office it was to oblige men of all sorts to keep order) was compelled to use some sharp reproofs, and some threats, to reduce them to such a temper that the business might be

[1] i. 78 (Oxford, 1761).

quietly heard. Cromwell, in great fury, reproached the Chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the Witnesses by threatening them: the other appealed to the Committee; which justified him, and declared that he behaved himself as he ought to do; which more inflamed him," Cromwell, "who was already too much angry. When upon any mention of matter-of-fact, or of the proceeding before and at the Enclosure, the Lord Mandevil desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer, and reply upon him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest could never have been the same. In the end, his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behavior so insolent, that the Chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him: and to tell him, That if he [Mr. Cromwell] proceeded in the same manner, he [Mr. Hyde] would presently adjourn the Committee, and the next morning complain to the House of him. Which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge, to *his* death," not Mr. Hyde's, happily, but Mr. Cromwell's, who at length did cease to cherish "malice and revenge" against Mr. Hyde!

Tracking this matter, by faint indications, through various obscure courses, I conclude that it related to "the Soke of Somersham,"[1] near St. Ives; and that the scene in the Queen's Court probably occurred in the beginning of July, 1641.[2] Cromwell knew this Soke of Somersham, near St. Ives, very well; knew these poor rustics, and what treatment they had got; and wished, not in the imperturbablest manner it would seem, to see justice done them. Here too, subtracting the due subtrahend from Mr. Hyde's Narrative, we have a pleasant visuality of an old summer afternoon "in the Queen's Court" two hundred years ago.

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 172.

[2] Ibid. 87, 150, 172, 192, 215, 218, 319,—the dates extend from 17th February to 21st July, 1641

Cromwell's next Letters present him to us, not debating, or about to debate, concerning Parliamentary Propositions and Scotch "Eighth Articles," but with his sword drawn to enforce them; the whole Kingdom divided now into two armed conflicting masses, the argument to be by pike and bullet henceforth.

PART II.

TO THE END OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

1642–1646.

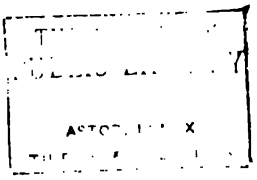
PRELIMINARY.

THERE is therefore a great dark void, from February, 1641, to January, 1643, through which the reader is to help himself from Letter III. over to Letter IV., as he best may. How has pacific England, the most solid pacific country in the world, got all into this armed attitude; and decided itself to argue henceforth by pike and bullet till it get some solution? Dryasdust, if there remained any shame in him, ought to look at those wagon-loads of Printed Volumes, and blush! We, in great haste, offer the necessitous reader the following hints and considerations.

It was mentioned above that Oliver St. John, the noted Puritan Lawyer, was already, in the end of January, 1641, made Solicitor-General. The reader may mark that as a small fraction of an event showing itself above ground, completed; and indicating to him a grand subterranean attempt on the part of King Charles and the Puritan Leaders, which unfortunately never could become a fact or event. Charles, in January last or earlier (for there are no dates discoverable but this of St. John's), perceiving how the current of the Nation ran, and what a humor men were getting into, had decided on trying to adopt the Puritan leaders, Pym, Hampden, Holles and others, as what we should now call his "Ministers:" these Puritan men, under the Earl of Bedford as chief, might have hoped to become what we should now call

CHARLES I.

Carlyle, Vol. Seven, p. 113.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These Army-Plots, detected one after another, and investigated and commented upon, with boundless interest, in Parliament and out of it, kept the Summer and Autumn of 1641 in continual alarm and agitation; taught all Opposition persons, and a factious Parliament in general, what ground they were standing on; — and in the factious Parliament, especially, could not but awaken the liveliest desire of having the Military Force put in such hands as would be safe for them. "The Lord-Lieutenants of Counties," this factious Parliament conceived an unappeasable desire of knowing who these were to be: — this is what they mean by "Power of the Militia;" on which point, as his Majesty would not yield a jot, his Parliament and he — the point becoming daily more important, new offences daily accumulating, and the split ever widening — ultimately rent themselves asunder, and drew swords to decide it.

Such was the well-known consummation; which in Cromwell's next Letter we find to have arrived. Here are a few dates which may assist the reader to grope his way thither. From "Mr. Willingham in Swithin's Lane" in February, 1641, to the Royal Standard at Nottingham in August, 1642, and "Mr. Barnard at Huntingdon" in January, 1643, which is our next stage, there is a long vague road; and the lights upon it are mostly a universal dance of will-o'-wisps, and distracted fire-flies in a state of excitement — not good guidance for the traveller!

1641.

Monday, 3d May. Strafford's Trial being ended, but no sentence yet given, Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister of Kilwinning, who was here among the Scotch Commissioners at present, saw in Palace-yard, Westminster, "some thousands of Citizens and Apprentices" (Miscellaneous Persons and City Shopmen, as we should now call them), who rolled about there "all day," bellowing to every Lord as he went in or came out, "with a loud and hideous voice:" "Justice on Strafford! Justice on Traitors!"[1] — which seemed ominous to the Rev. Mr. Baillie.

[1] Baillie, i. 351.

In which same hours, amid such echoes from without, the honorable House of Commons within doors, all in great tremor about Army-Plots, Treasons, Death-perils, was busy redacting a "Protestation;" a kind of solemn Vow, or miniature *Scotch Covenant*, the first of a good many such in those earnest agitated times, — to the effect: "We take the Supreme to witness that we will stand by one another to the death in prosecution of our just objects here; in defence of Law, Loyalty and Gospel here." To this effect; but couched in very mild language, and with a "Preamble," in which our Terror of Army-Plots, the moving principle of the affair, is discreetly almost shaded out of sight; it being our object that the House should be "unanimous" in this Protestation. As accordingly the House was; the House, and to a great extent the Nation. Hundreds of honorable Members, Mr. Cromwell one of them, sign the Protestation this day; the others on the following days: their names all registered in due succession in the Books.[1] Nay, it is ordered that the whole Nation be invited to sign it; that each honorable Member send it down to his constituents, and invite them to sign it. Which, as we say, the constituents, all the reforming part of them, everywhere in England, did; with a feeling of solemnity very strange to the modern mind. Striking terror into all Traitors; quashing down Army-Plots for the present, and the hopes of poor Strafford forever. A Protestation held really sacred; appealed to, henceforth, as a thing from which there was no departing. Cavalcades of Freeholders, coming up from the country to petition the Honorable House, — for instance, the Four Thousand Petitioners from Buckinghamshire, about ten months hence, — rode with this Protestation "stuck in their hats."[2] A very great and awe-inspiring matter in those days; till it was displaced by greater of the like kind, — Solemn League and Covenant, and others.[3]

Monday next, 10*th May*, his Majesty accordingly signed sentence on Strafford; who was executed on the Wednesday

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 132, 133, &c.; Rushworth, iv. 241–244

[2] 12th January, 1641–2; Rushworth, iv. 426.

[3] Copy of it, sent to Cambridge: Appendix, No. 3.

following. No help for it. A terrible example; the one supremely able man the King had.

On the same Monday, 10th May, his Majesty signed likewise another Bill, That this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. A Bill signed in order that the City might lend him money on good Security of Parliament; money being most pressingly wanted, for our couple of hungry Armies Scotch and English, and other necessary occasions. A Bill which seemed of no great consequence except financial; but which, to a People reverent of Law, and never, in the wildest clash of battle-swords, giving up its religious respect for the constable's baton, proved of infinite consequence. His Majesty's hands are tied; he cannot dismiss this Parliament, as he has done the others, — no, not without its own consent.

August 10th. Army-Plotters having fled beyond seas; the Bill for Triennial Parliaments being passed; the Episcopacy-Bill being got to sleep; and by the use of royal *varnish* a kind of composure, or hope of composure, being introduced: above all things, money being now borrowed to pay the Armies and disband them, — his Majesty, on the 10th of the month,[1] set out for Scotland. To hold a Parliament, and compose matters there, as his Majesty gave out. To see what old or new elements of malign Royalism could still be awakened to life there, as the Parliament surmised, who greatly opposed his going. — Mr. Cromwell got home to Ely again, for six weeks, this autumn; there being a recess from 9th September when the business was got gathered up, till 20th October when his Majesty was expected back. An Interim Committee, and Pym, from his "lodging at Chelsea,"[2] managed what of indispensable might turn up.

November 1st. News came to London, to the re-assembled Parliament,[3] that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an Irish Massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch Presbyterian achievements in the way of "religious liberty;" — one of the best models, and one of the

[1] Wharton's *Laud*, p. 62.
[2] His Report, *Commons Journals*, ii. 289.
[3] *Laud*, p. 62; *Commons Journals*, in die.

following, and had from the City a thrice-glorious Civic Entertainment.[1]

December 10th. The Episcopal business, attempted last Spring in vain, has revived in December, kindled into life by the Remonstrance; and is raging more fiercely than ever; crowds of Citizens petitioning, Corporation "going in sixty coaches" to petition;[2] the Apprentices, or City Shopmen, and miscellaneous persons, petitioning: — Bishops "much insulted" in Palace-yard as they go in or out. Whereupon hasty Welsh Williams, Archbishop of York, once Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, he with Eleven too hasty Bishops, Smectymnuus Hall being one of them, give in a Protest, on this 10th of December,[3] That they cannot get to their place in Parliament; that all shall be null and void till they do get there. A rash step; for which, on the 30th of the same month, they are, by the Commons, voted guilty of Treason; and "in a cold evening," with small ceremony, are bundled, the whole dozen of them, into the Tower. For there is again rioting, again are cries "loud and hideous;" — Colonel Lunsford, a truculent one-eyed man, having "drawn his sword" upon the Apprentices in Westminster Hall, and truculently slashed some of them; who of course responded in a loud and hideous manner, by tongue, by fist, and single-stick; nay, on the morrow, 28th of December,[4] they came marching many thousands strong, with sword and pistol, out of the City. "Slash us now! while we wait on the Honorable House for an answer to our petition!" — and insulted his Majesty's Guard at Whitehall. What a Christmas of that old London, of that old year! On the 6th of February following, Episcopacy will be voted down, with blaze of "bonfires" and "ringing" of all the bells, — very audible to poor old Dr. Laud[5] over in the Tower yonder.

1642.

January 4th. His Majesty seeing these extremities arrive, and such a conflagration begin to blaze, thought now the time

[1] Rushworth, iv. 429.
[2] Vicars, p. 56.
[3] Rushworth, iv. 467.
[4] Ibid. iv. 464.
[5] Wharton's *Laud*, p. 62; see also p. 65.

had come for snatching the main live coals away, and so quenching the same. Such coals of strife he counts to the number of Five in the Commons House, and One in the Lords: Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, with Holles and Strode (who held down the Speaker fourteen years ago), these are the Five Commons; Lord Kimbolton, better known to us as Mandevil, Oliver's friend, of the "Soke of Somersham," and Queen's-Court Committee, he is the Lord. His Majesty flatters himself he has gathered evidence concerning these individual firebrands, That they "invited the Scots to invade us" in 1640: he sends, on Monday, 3d January,[1] to demand that they be given up to him as Traitors. Deliberate, slow and, as it were, evasive reply. Whereupon, on the morrow, he rides down to St. Stephen's himself, with an armed very miscellaneous force, of five hundred or of three hundred truculent braggadocio persons at his back; enters the House of Commons, the truculent persons looking in after him from the lobby, — with intent to seize the said Five Members, five principal hot coals; and trample *them* out, for one thing. It was the fatalest step this poor King ever took. The Five Members, timefully warned, were gone into the City; the whole Parliament removed itself into the City, "to be safe from armed violence." From London City, and from all England, rose one loud voice of lamentation, condemnation: Clean against law! Paint an inch thick, there is, was, or can be, no shadow of law in *this*. Will you grant us the Militia now; we seem to need it now! — His Majesty's subsequent stages may be dated with more brevity.

January 10th. The King with his Court quits Whitehall; the Five Members and Parliament purposing to return to-morrow, with the whole City in arms round them.[2] He left Whitehall; never saw it again till he came to lay down his head there.

March 9th. The King has sent away his Queen from Dover, "to be in a place of safety," — and also to pawn the Crown Jewels in Holland, and get him arms. He returns Northward again, avoiding London. Many Messages between the Houses

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 367. [2] Vicars, p. 64.

of Parliament and him: "Will your Majesty grant us Power of the Militia; accept this list of Lord-Lieutenants?" On the 9th of March, still advancing Northward without affirmative response, he has got to Newmarket; where another Message overtakes him, earnestly urges itself upon him: Could not your Majesty please to grant us Power of the Militia for a limited time? "No, by God!" answers his Majesty, "not for an hour!"[1]—On the 19th of March he is at York; where his Hull Magazine, gathered for service against the Scots, is lying near; where a great Earl of Newcastle, and other Northern potentates, will help him; where at least London and its Puritanism, now grown so fierce, is far off.

There we will leave him; attempting Hull Magazine, in vain; exchanging messages with his Parliament; messages, missives, printed and written Papers without limit:—Law-pleadings of both parties before the great tribunal of the English Nation, each party striving to prove itself right, and within the verge of Law: preserved still in acres of typography, once thrillingly alive in every fibre of them; now a mere torpor, readable by few creatures, not rememberable by any. It is too clear his Majesty will have to get himself an army, by Commission of Array, by subscriptions of loyal plate, pawning of crown jewels, or how he can. The Parliament by all methods is endeavoring to do the like. London subscribed "Horses and Plate," every kind of plate, even to women's thimbles, to an unheard-of amount;[2] and when it came to actual enlisting, in London alone there were "four thousand enlisted in a day."[3] Four thousand, some call it five thousand, in a day: the reader may meditate that one fact. Royal messages, Parliamentary messages; acres of typography thrillingly alive in every fibre of them,—these go on slowly abating, and military preparations go on steadily increasing till the 23d of October next. The King's "Commission of Array for Leicestershire" came out on the 12th of June, commissions for other counties following as convenient; the Parliament's

[1] Rushworth, iv. 533.

[2] Vicars, pp. 93, 109; see *Commons Journals*, 10th June, 1642.

[3] Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 193.

"Ordinance for the Militia," rising cautiously pulse after pulse towards clear emergence, had attained completion the week before.[1] The question puts itself to every English soul, Which of these will you obey? — and in all quarters of English ground, with swords getting out of their scabbards, and yet the constable's baton still struggling to rule supreme, there is a most confused solution of it going on.

Of Oliver in these months we find the following things noted; which the imaginative reader is to spread out into significance for himself the best he can.

February 7th. "Mr. Cromwell," among others, "offers to lend Three Hundred Pounds for the service of the Commonwealth,"[2] — towards reducing the Irish Rebellion, and relieving the afflicted Protestants there, or here. Rushworth, copying a List of such subscribers, of date 9th April, 1642, has Cromwell's name written down for "£500"[3] — seemingly the same transaction; Mr. Cromwell having now mended his offer: or else Mr. Rushworth, who uses the arithmetical cipher in this place, having misprinted. Hampden's subscription there is £1,000. In Mr. Cromwell it is clear there is no backwardness, far from that; his activity in these months notably increases. In the *D'Ewes* MSS.[4] he appears and reappears; suggesting this and the other practical step, on behalf of Ireland oftenest; in all ways zealously urging the work.

July 15th. "Mr. Cromwell moved that we might make an order to allow the Townsmen of Cambridge to raise two Companies of Volunteers, and to appoint Captains over them."[5] On which same day, 15th July, the Commons Clerk writes these words: "Whereas Mr. Cromwell hath sent down arms into the County of Cambridge, for the defence of that County, it is this day ordered,"[6] — that he shall have the "£100" expended on that service repaid him by and by. Is Mr. Cromwell aware that there lies a color of high treason in all

[1] Husbands the Printer's *First* Collection (Lond. 1643) pp. 346, 331.
[2] *Commons Journals*, ii. 408.
[3] Rushworth, iv. 564.
[4] February–July, 1642.
[5] D'Ewes MSS. f. 658–661.
[6] *Commons Journals*, ii. 674.

this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head? Mr. Cromwell is aware of it, and pauses not. The next entry is still stranger.

August 15th. "Mr. Cromwell in Cambridgeshire has seized the Magazine in the Castle at Cambridge; and hath hindered the carrying of the Plate from that University; which, as some report, was to the value of £20,000 or thereabouts." So does Sir Philip Stapleton, member for Aldborough, member also of our new "Committee for Defence of the Kingdom," report this day. For which let Mr. Cromwell have indemnity.[1] — Mr. Cromwell has gone down into Cambridgeshire in person, since they began to train there, and assumed the chief management, — to some effect, it would appear.

The like was going on in all shires of England; wherever the Parliament had a zealous member, it sent him down to his shire in these critical months, to take what management he could or durst. The most confused months England ever saw. In every shire, in every parish; in court-houses, ale-houses, churches, markets, wheresoever men were gathered together, England, with sorrowful confusion in every fibre, is tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.

Brevity is very urgent on us, nevertheless we must give this other extract. Bramston the Ship-money Judge, in trouble with the Parliament and sequestered from his place, is now likely to get into trouble with the King, who in the last days of July has ordered him to come to York on business of importance. Judge Bramston sends his two sons, John and Frank, fresh young men, to negotiate some excuse. They ride to York in three days; stay a day at York with his Majesty; then return, "on the same horses," in three days, — to Skreens in Essex; which was good riding. John, one of them, has left a most watery incoherent *Autobiography*, now printed, but not edited, — nor worth editing, except by *fire* to ninety-nine hundredths of it; very distracting; in which, however, there is

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 720, 6. See likewise Tanner MSS. lxiii. 116; *Querela Cantabrigiensis* (and wipe away its blubberings and inexactitudes a little), *Life of Dr. Barwick*, &c., — Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 386–388.

this notable sentence; date about the middle of August, not discoverable to a day. Having been at York, and riding back on the same horses in three days:—

"In our return on Sunday, near Huntingdon, between that and Cambridge, certain musketeers start out of the corn, and command us to stand; telling us we must be searched, and to that end must go before Mr. Cromwell, and give account from whence we came and whither we were going. I asked where Mr. Cromwell was? A soldier told us, He was four miles off. I said, it was unreasonable to carry us out of our way; if Mr. Cromwell had been there, I should have willingly given him all the satisfaction he could desire;—and putting my hand into my pocket, I gave one of them Twelvepence, who said, we might pass. By this I saw plainly it would not be possible for my Father to get to the King with his coach;"[1]—neither did he go at all, but stayed at home till he died.

September 14th. Here is a new phasis of the business. In a "List of the Army under the command of the Earl of Essex,"[2] we find that Robert Earl of Essex is "Lord General for King *and* Parliament" (to deliver the poor beloved King from traitors, who have misled him, and clouded his fine understanding, and rendered him as it were a beloved Parent fallen *insane*); that Robert Earl of Essex, we say, is Lord General for King and Parliament; that William the new Earl of Bedford is General of the Horse, and has, or is every hour getting to have, "seventy-five troops of 60 men each;" in every troop a Captain, a Lieutenant, a Cornet and Quartermaster, whose names are all given. In *Troop Sixty-seven*, the Captain is "Oliver Cromwell,"—honorable member for Cambridge; many honorable members having now taken arms; Mr. Hampden, for example, having become Colonel Hampden,—busy drilling his men in Chalgrove Field at this very time. But moreover, in *Troop Eight* of Earl Bedford's Horse, we find another "Oliver Cromwell, Cornet;"—and with real thankfulness for this poor flint-spark in the great darkness, recognize him for our

[1] *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, Knt.* (Camden Society, 1845), p. 86.
[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73.

honorable member's Son. His eldest Son Oliver,[1] now a stout young man of twenty. "Thou too, Boy Oliver, thou art fit to swing a sword. If there ever was a battle worth fighting, and to be called God's battle, it is this; thou too wilt come!" How a staid, most pacific, solid Farmer of three-and-forty decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers, let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves.

On *Sunday, 23d October*, was Edgehill Battle, called also Keinton Fight, near Keinton on the south edge of Warwickshire. In which Battle Captain Cromwell *was* present, and did his duty, let angry Denzil say what he will.[2] The Fight was indecisive; victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, They never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people fighting against men of honor. To cope with men of honor they must have men of religion. "Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed." Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by.

"We all thought one battle would decide it," says Richard Baxter;[3] — and we were all much mistaken! This winter there arise among certain Counties "Associations" for mutual defence, against Royalism and plunderous Rupertism; a measure cherished by the Parliament, condemned as treasonable by the King. Of which "Associations," countable to the number of five or six, we name only one, that of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts; with Lord Grey of Wark for Commander; where, and under whom, Oliver was now serving. This "Eastern Association" is alone worth naming. All the other Associations, no man of emphasis being in the midst of them, fell in few months to pieces; only this of Cromwell's subsisted, enlarged itself, grew famous; — and indeed kept its own borders clear of invasion during the whole course of

[1] Antea, p. 69.

[2] Vicars, p. 198; Denzil Holles's *Memoirs* (in Maseres's *Tracts*, vol. i.,

[3] *Life* (London, 1696), Part i. p. 43.

the War. Oliver, in the beginning of 1643, is serving there, under the Lord Grey of Wark. Besides his military duties, Oliver, as natural, was nominated of the Committee for Cambridgeshire in this Association; he is also of the Committee for Huntingdonshire, which as yet belongs to another "Association." Member for the Committee of Huntingdonshire; to which also has been nominated a "Robert Barnard, Esquire,"[1] — who however, does not sit, as I have reason to surmise!

LETTER IV.

THE reader recollects Mr. Robert Barnard, how, in 1630, he got a Commission of the Peace for Huntingdon, along with "Dr. Beard and Mr. Oliver Cromwell," to be fellow Justices there. Probably they never sat much together, as Oliver went to St. Ives soon after, and the two men were of opposite politics, which in those times meant opposite religions. But here in twelve-years space is a change of many things!

"*To my assured friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.*

"[HUNTINGDON], 23d January, 1642.

"MR. BARNARD, — It's most true, my Lieutenant with some other soldiers of my troop were at your House. I dealt [so] freely [as] to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and *for* those that disturb the peace of this Country and the Kingdom, — *with* those of this Country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too-too full of suspect.[2]

[1] Husbands, i. 892; see for the other particulars, ii. 183, 327, 804, 809; *Commons Journals*, &c.

[2] *Country* is equivalent to *county* or *region*; *too-too*, in those days, means little more than *too*; *suspect* is *suspectability*, almost as proper as our modern *suspicion*.

"It's true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to the Public calls for.

"If your good parts be disposed that way, know me for

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Be assured fair words from me shall neither deceive you of your houses nor of your liberty."[1]

My Copy, two Copies, of this Letter I owe to kind friends, who have carefully transcribed it from the Original at Lord Gosford's. The present Lady Gosford is "grand-daughter of Sir Robert Barnard," to whose lineal ancestor the Letter is addressed. The date of time is given; there never was any date or address of place,—which probably means that it was written in Huntingdon and addressed to Huntingdon, where Robert Barnard, who became Recorder of the place, is known to have resided. Oliver, in the month of January, 1642–3, is present in the Fen-country, and all over the Eastern Association, with his troop or troops; looking after disaffected persons; ready to disperse royalist assemblages, to seize royalist plate, to keep down disturbance, and care in every way that the Parliament Cause suffer no damage.[2] A Lieutenant and party have gone to take some survey of Robert Barnard, Esquire; Robert Barnard, standing on the right of injured innocence, innocent till he be proved guilty, protests: Oliver responds as here, in a very characteristic way.

It was precisely in these weeks, that Oliver from Captain became Colonel: Colonel of a regiment of horse, raised on his own principles so far as might be, in that "Eastern Associa-

[1] Original in the possession of Lord Gosford, at Wer[illegible]

[2] *Appendix, No. 4.*

tion;" and is henceforth known in the Newspapers as Colonel Cromwell. Whether on this 23d of January, he was still Captain, or had ceased to be so, no extant accessible record apprises us. On the 2d March, 1642–3, I have found him named as "Col. Cromwell,"[1] and hitherto not earlier. He is getting "men of religion" to serve in this Cause, — or at least would fain get such if he might.

LETTER V.

CAMBRIDGE.

In the end of February, 1642–3, "Colonel" Cromwell is at Cambridge; "great forces from Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk" having joined him, and more still coming in.[2] There has been much alarm and running to and fro, over all those counties. Lord Capel hanging over them with an evident intent to plunder Cambridge, generally to plunder and ravage in this region; as Prince Rupert has cruelly done in Gloucestershire, and is now cruelly doing in Wilts and Hants. Colonel Cromwell, the soul of the whole business, must have had some bestirring of himself; some swift riding and resolving, now here, now there. Some "12,000 men," however, or say even "23,000 men" (for rumor runs very high!), from the Associated Counties, are now at last got together about Cambridge, and Lord Capel has seen good to vanish again.[3] "He was the first man that rose to complain of Grievances, in this Parliament;" he, while still plain Mr. Capel, member for Herts: but they have made a Lord of him, and the wind sits now in another quarter! —

Lord Capel has vanished; and the 12,000 zealous Volunteers of the Association are dismissed to their counties, with monition to be ready when called for again. Moreover, to avoid

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 2. [2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 2; Vicars, p. 273.
[3] Vicars; [illegible] (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 2).

like perils in future, it is now resolved to make a Garrison of Cambridge; to add new works to the Castle, and fortify the Town itself. This is now going on in the early spring days of 1643; and Colonel Cromwell and all hands are busy!— Here is a small Document, incidentally preserved to us, which becomes significant if well read.

Fen Drayton is a small Village on the Eastern edge of Cambridgeshire, between St. Ives and Cambridge, — well known to Oliver. In the small Church of Fen Drayton, after divine service on Sunday, the 12th of March, 1642–3, the following Warrant, "delivered to the Churchwardings" (by one Mr. Norris, a Constable, who spells very ill), and by them to the Curate, is read to a rustic congregation, — who sit, somewhat agape, I apprehend, and uncertain what to do about it.

COM. CANT. [CAMBRIDGESHIRE TO WIT.]

"*To all and every the Inhabitants of Fen Drayton in the Hundred of Papworth.*

"WHEREAS we have been enforced, by apparent grounds of approaching danger, to begin to fortify the Town of Cambridge, for preventing the Enemy's inroad, and the better to maintain the peace of this County:

"Having in part seen your good affections to the Cause, and now standing in need of your further assistance to the perfecting of the said Fortifications, which will cost at least two thousand pounds, We are encouraged as well as necessitated to desire a Free-will Offering of a Liberal Contribution from you, for the better enabling of us to attain our desired ends, — viz. the Preservation of our County; — knowing that every honest and well-affected man, considering the vast expenses we have already been at, and our willingness to do according to our ability, will be ready to contribute his best assistance to a work of so high concernment and so good an end.

"We do therefore desire that what shall be by you freely given and collected may with all convenient speed be sent

to the Commissioners at Cambridge, to be employed to the use aforesaid. And so you shall further engage us to be

"Yours ready to serve,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.
THOMAS MARTYN[1]
[and Six others].

"CAMBRIDGE, this 8th of March, 1642."

The Thomas Martyn, Sir Thomas, and the Six others whom we suppress, are all of the Cambridge Committees of those times;[2] zealous Puritan men, not known to us otherwise. Norris did not raise much at Fen Drayton; only £1 19*s.* 2*d.*, "subscribed by fifteen persons," according to his Endorsement; — the general public at Fen Drayton, and probably in other such places, hesitates a little to draw its purse as yet! One way or other, however, the work of fortifying Cambridge was got done.[3] A regular Force lies henceforth in Cambridge: Captains Fleetwood, Desborow, Whalley, new soldiers who will become veterans and known to us, are on service here. Of course the Academic stillness is much fluttered by the war-drum, and many a confused brabble springs up between Gown and Garrison; college tippets, and on occasion still more venerable objects, getting torn by the business! The truth is, though Cambridge is not so Malignant as Oxford, the Surplices at Allhallowtide have still much sway there; and various Heads of Houses are by no means what one could wish: of whom accordingly Oliver has had, and still occasionally has, to send — by instalments as the cases ripen — a select batch up to Parliament: Reverend Dr. This and then also Reverend Dr. That; who are lodged in the Tower, in Ely House, in Lambeth or elsewhere, in a tragic manner, and pass very troublous years.[4]

Cambridge continues henceforth the Bulwark and Metropolis of the Association; where the Committees sit, where the

[1] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1845), iii. 340.

[2] Husbands' Second Collection (London, 1646), p. 329; *Commons Journals*, iii. 153; &c.

[3] Reported complete, 15th July, 1643 (Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 350).

[4] *Querela Cantabrigiensis*, &c. &c. in Cooper, ubi suprà.

centre of all business is. "Colonel Cook," I think, is Captain of the Garrison; but the soul of the Garrison, and of the Association generally, is probably another Colonel. Now here, now swiftly there, wherever danger is to be fronted, or prompt work is to be done: — for example, off to Norwich just now, on important businesses; and, as is too usual, very ill supplied with money.

LETTER V.

Of Captain Nelson I know nothing; seem to see an uncertain shadow of him turn up again, after years of industrious fighting under Irish Inchiquin and others, still a mere Captain, still terribly in arrear even as to pay.[1] "It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged!" "The Deputy Lieutenants," Suffolk Committee, could be named, if there were room.[2] The "business for Norfolk" we guess to be, as usual, Delinquents, — symptoms of delinquent Royalists getting to a head.

"To my honored Friends the Deputy Lieutenants for the County of Suffolk.

"Cambridge, 10th March, 1642.

"Gentlemen, — I am sorry I should so often trouble you about the business of money: it's no pleasant subject to be too frequent upon. But such is Captain Nelson's occasion, for want thereof, that he hath not wherewith to satisfy for the billet of his soldiers; and so this Business for Norfolk, so hopeful to set all right there, may fail. Truly he hath borrowed from me, else he could not have paid to discharge this Town at his departure.

"It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged! Wherefore I earnestly beseech you to consider him and the Cause. It's honorable that you do so. — What you can help him to, be pleased to send into Norfolk; he

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 524, 530.

[2] Husbands, ii. 171, 193.

hath not wherewith to pay a Troop one day, as he tells me. Let your return be speedy, — to Norwich. Gentlemen, command

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P. S.] I hope to serve you in my return: with your conjunction, we shall quickly put an end to these businesses, the Lord assisting."[1]

By certain official docketings on this same Letter, it appears that Captain Nelson did receive his £100; touched it promptly on the morrow, "11th March; — I say received: JOHN NELSON." How the Norfolk businesses proceeded, and what end they came to in Suffolk itself, we shall now see.

LOWESTOFF.

THE Colonel has already had experience in such Delinquent matters; has, by vigilance, by gentle address, by swift audacity if needful, extinguished more than one incipient conflagration. Here is one such instance, — coming to its sad maturity, and bearing fruit at Westminster in these very hours.

On *Monday, 13th March*, 1642–3, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, High Sheriff of Herts, appears visibly before the House of Commons, to give account of a certain "Pretended Commission of Array," which he had been attempting to execute one Market-day, some time since, at St. Albans in that county.[2] Such King's Writ, or Pretended Commission of Array, the said High Sheriff had, with a great *Posse Comitatus* round him, been executing one Market-day at St. Albans (date irrecoverably lost), — when Cromwell's Dragoons dashed suddenly in

[1] Autograph, in the possession of C. Meadows, Esq., Great Bealing, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

[2] *Commons Journals, ii. 1000, 1001.*

upon him; laid him fast, — not without difficulty: he was first seized by "six troopers," but rescued by his royalist multitude; then "twenty troopers" again seized him; "barricadoed the inn-yard;"[1] conveyed him off to London to give what account of the matter he could. There he is giving account of it, — a very lame and withal an "insolent" one, as seems to the Honorable House; which accordingly sends him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several years. Commissions of Array are not handy to execute in the Eastern Association at present! Here is another instance; general result of this ride into Norfolk, — "end of these businesses," in fact.

The "Meeting at Laystoff," or Lowestoff in Suffolk, is mentioned in all the old Books; but John Cory, Merchant Burgess of Norwich, shall first bring us face to face with it. Assiduous Sir Symond got a copy of Mr. Cory's Letter,[2] one of the thousand Letters which Honorable Members listened to in those mornings; and here now is a copy of it for the reader, — news all fresh and fresh, after waiting two hundred and two years. Colonel Cromwell is in Norwich: old Norwich becomes visible and audible, the vanished moments buzzing again with old life, — if the reader will read well. Potts, we should premise, and Palgrave, were lately appointed Deputy Lieutenants of Norwich City;[3] Cory I reckon to be almost a kind of Quasi-Mayor, the real Mayor having lately been seized for Royalism; Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe we shall perhaps transiently meet again. The other royalist gentlemen also are known to antiquaries of that region, and what their "seats" and connections were: but our reader here can without damage consider merely that they were Sons of Adam, furnished in general with due seats and equipments; and read the best he can: —

[1] Vicars, p. 246; May's *History of the Long Parliament* (Guizot's French Translation), ii. 196.

[2] D'Ewes MSS. f. 1139; Transcript, p. 378.

[3] *Commons Journals*, 10th December, 1642.

"To Sir John Potts, Knight Baronet, of Mannington, Norfolk: These. Laus Deo.

"NORWICH, 17° Martii, 1642.[1]

"RIGHT HONORABLE AND WORTHY SIR, — I hope you came in due time to the end of your journey in health and safety; which I shall rejoice to hear. Sir, I might spare my labor in now writing; for I suppose you are better informed from other hands; only to testify my respects:

"Those sent out on Monday morning, the 13th, returned that night, with old Mr. Castle of Raveningham, and some arms of his, and of Mr. Loudon's of Alby, and of Captain Hamond's, with his leading staff-ensign and drum. Mr. Castle is secured at Sheriff Greenwood's. That night letters from Yarmouth informed the Colonel,[2] That they had, that day, made stay of Sir John Wentworth, and of one Captain Allen from Lowestoff, who had come thither to change dollars; both of whom are yet secured; — and further, That the Town of Lowestoff had received in divers strangers, and was fortifying itself.

"The Colonel advised no man might enter in or out the gates [of Norwich] that night. And the next morning, between five and six, with his five troops, with Captain Fountain's, Captain Rich's, and eighty of our Norwich Volunteers, he marched towards Lowestoff; where he was to meet with the Yarmouth Volunteers, who brought four or five pieces of ordnance. The Town [of Lowestoff] had blocked themselves up; all except where they had placed their ordnance, which were three pieces; before which a chain was drawn to keep off the horse.

"The Colonel summoned the Town, and demanded, If they would deliver up their strangers, the Town and their army? — promising them their favor, if so; if not, none. They yielded to deliver up their strangers, but not to the rest. Whereupon our Norwich dragoons crept under the chain before mentioned; and came within pistol shot of their ordnance; proffering to

[1] Means 1643 of our Style. There are yet seven days of the Old Year to run.

[2] "viz. Cromwell," adds D'Ewes.

fire upon their cannoneer, — who fled: so they gained the two pieces of ordnance, and broke the chain; and they and the horse entered the Town without more resistance. Where presently eighteen strangers yielded themselves; among whom were, of Suffolk men: Sir T. Barker, Sir John Pettus; — of Norfolk: Mr. Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe [whom we are to meet again]; Mr. Richard Catelyn's Son, — some say his Father too was there in the morning; Mr. F. Cory, my unfortunate cousin, who I wish would have been better persuaded.

"Mr. Brooke, the sometime minister of Yarmouth, and some others, escaped, over the river. There was good store of pistols, and other arms: I hear, above fifty cases of pistols. The Colonel stayed there Tuesday and Wednesday night. I think Sir John Palgrave and Mr. Smith went yesterday to Berks. It is rumored Sir Robert Kemp had yielded to Sir John Palgrave; how true it is I know not, for I spoke not Sir John yesterday as he came through Town. I did your message to Captain Sherwood. Not to trouble you further, I crave leave; and am ever

"Your Worship's at command,

"JOHN CORY.

"*Postscriptum*, 20th March, 1642. — Right worthy Sir, The above said, on Friday, was unhappily left behind; for which I am sorry; as also that I utterly forgot to send your plate. On Friday night the Colonel brought in hither with him the prisoners taken at Lowestoff, and Mr. Trott of Beccles. On Saturday night, with one troop, they sent all the prisoners to Cambridge. Sir John Wentworth is come off with the payment of £1,000. On Saturday, Dr. Corbett of Norwich, and Mr. Henry Cooke[1] the Parliament man, and our old [Alderman] Daniell were taken in Suffolk. Last night, several troops went out; some to Lynn-ward, it 's thought; others to Thetford-ward, it 's supposed, — because they had a prisoner with them. Sir, I am in great haste, and remember nothing else at present. JOHN CORY."

[1] Corbett is or was "Chancellor of Norwich Diocese;" Henry Cooke is Son of Coke upon Lyttleton, — has left his place in Parliament, and got into dangerous courses.

Cory still adds: "Sir Richard Berney sent to me, last night, and showed and gave me the Colonel's Note to testify he had paid him the £50," — a forced contribution levied by the Association Committee upon poor Berney, who had shown himself "backward:" let him be quiet henceforth, and study to conform.

This was the last attempt at Royalism in the Association where Cromwell served. The other "Associations," no man duly forward to risk himself being present in them, had already fallen, or were fast falling, to ruin; their Counties had to undergo the chance of War as it came. Huntingdon County soon joined itself with this Eastern Association.[1] Cromwell's next operations, as we shall perceive, were to deliver Lincolnshire, and give it the power of joining, which in September next took effect.[2] Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, Hunts: these are thenceforth the "Seven Associated Counties," called often the "Association" simply, which make a great figure in the old Books, — and kept the War wholly out of their own borders, having had a man of due forwardness among them.

LETTERS VI.–VIII.

THE main brunt of the War, during this year 1643, is in the extreme Southwest, between Sir Ralph Hopton and the Earl of Stamford; and in the North, chiefly in Yorkshire, between the Earl of Newcastle and Lord Fairfax. The Southwest, Cornwall or Devonshire transactions do not much concern us in this place; but with the Yorkshire we shall by and by have some concern. A considerable flame of War burns conspicuous in those two regions: the rest of England, all in a hot but very dim state, may be rather said to *smoke*, everywhere ready for burning, and incidentally catch fire here and there.

[1] 20th May, — Husbands, ii. 183. [2] Ib. p. 327.

Essex, the Lord General, lies at Windsor, all spring, with the finest Parliamentary Army we have yet had; but unluckily can undertake almost nothing, till he see. For his Majesty in Oxford is also quiescent mostly; engaged in a negotiation with his Parliament; in a Treaty, — of which Colonel Hampden and other knowing men, though my Lord of Essex cannot, already predict the issue. And the Country is all writhing in dim conflict, suffering manifold distress. And from his Majesty's head-quarters ever and anon there darts out, now hither now thither, across the dim smoke-element, a swift fierce Prince Rupert, plundering and blazing; and then suddenly darts in again; — too like a streak of sudden *fire*, for he plunders, and even *burns*, a good deal! Which state of things Colonel Hampden and others witness with much impatience; but cannot get the Lord General to undertake anything, till he see.

An obscure entangled scene of things; all manner of War-movements and swift-shooting electric influences crossing one another, with complex action and reaction; — as happens in a scene of War; much more of Civil War, where a whole People and its affairs have become *electric*. — Here are Three poor Letters, reunited at last from their long exile, resuscitated after long interment: not in a very luminous condition! Vestiges of Oliver in the Eastern Association; which, however faint, are welcome to us.

LETTER VI.

The Essex people, at least the Town of Colchester and Langley their Captain have, in some measure, sent their contingent to Cambridge; but money is short. Cromwell, home rapidly again from Norfolk, must take charge of it; has an order from the Lord General; — nay it seems a Great Design is in view; and Cromwell too, like Richard Baxter and the rest of us, imagines one grand effort might perhaps end these bleeding miseries.

[*To the Mayor &c. of Colchester, By Captain Dodsworth: These.*]

"[CAMBRIDGE,] 23d March, 1642.

"GENTLEMEN, — Upon the coming down of your Townsmen to Cambridge, Captain Langley not knowing how to dispose of them, desired me to nominate a fit Captain: which I did, — an honest, religious, valiant Gentleman, Captain Dodsworth, the Bearer hereof.

"He hath diligently attended the service, and much improved his men in their exercise; but hath been unhappy beyond others in not receiving any pay for himself, and what he had for his soldiers is out long ago. He hath, by his prudence, what with fair and winning carriage, what with money borrowed, kept them together. He is able to do so no longer: they will presently disband, if a course be not taken.

"It 's pity it should be so! For I believe they are brought into as good order as most Companies in the Army. Besides, at this instant there is great need to use them; I have received a special command from my Lord General, To advance with what force we can, to put an end, if it may be, to this Work, — God so assisting, from whom all help cometh.

"I beseech you, therefore, consider this Gentleman, and the soldiers; and if it be possible, make up his Company a hundred and twenty: and send them away with what expedition is possible. It may, through God's blessing, prove very happy. One month's pay may prove all your trouble. I speak to wise men: — God direct you. I rest,

"Yours to serve you,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

The present Great Design, though it came to nothing, is not without interest for us. Some three days before the date of this Letter, as certain Entries in the Commons Journals still testify,[2] there had risen hot alarm in Parliament; my Lord General writing from Windsor, "at three in the morning:"

[1] Morant's *History of Colchester* (London, 1748), book i. p. 55; "from the Original," he says, but not where that was or is.

[2] *Commons Journals*, iii. 18, 19.

Prince Rupert out in one of his forays; in terrible force before the Town of Aylesbury: ought not one to go and fight him? — Without question! eagerly answer Colonel Hampden and others: Fight him, beat him; beat more than him! Why not rise heartily from Windsor with this fine Army; calling the Eastern Association and all friends to aid us; and storm in upon Oxford itself? It may perhaps quicken the negotiations there! —

This Design came to nothing, and soon sank into total obscurity again. But it seems Colonel Hampden did entertain such a Design, and even take some steps in it. And this Letter of Oliver's, coupled with the Entries in the Commons Journals, is perhaps the most authentic proof we yet have of that fact; an interesting fact, which has rested hitherto on the vague testimony of Clarendon,[1] who seems to think the Design might have succeeded. But it came to nothing; Colonel Hampden could not rouse the Lord General to do more than "write at three in the morning," and send "special commands," for the present.

LETTER VII.

And now here is a new horde of "Plunderers" threatening the Association with new infall from the North. The old Newspapers call them "Camdeners;" followers of a certain Noel, Viscount Camden, from Rutlandshire; who has seized Stamford, is driving cattle at a great rate, and fast threatening to become important in those quarters. — "Sir John Burgoyne" is the Burgoyne of Potton in Bedfordshire, chief Committeeman in that County: Bedford is not in our Association; but will perhaps lend us help in this common peril.

[*To my honored Friend Sir John Burgoyne, Baronet: These.*]

"[Huntingdon,] 10th April, 1643.

"Sir, — These Plunderers draw near. I think it will do well if you can afford us any assistance of Dragooners, to help

[1] *History of the Rebellion* (Oxford, 1819), ii. 319; see also May's *Long Parliament* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), p. 192.

in this great Exigence. We have here about Six or Seven Troops of Horse; such, I hope, as will fight. It 's happy to resist such beginnings betimes.

"If you can contribute anything to our aid, let us speedily participate thereof. In the mean time, and ever, command

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Concerning these Camdeners at Stamford and elsewhere, so soon as Colonel Cromwell has got himself equipt, we shall hear tidings again. Meanwhile, say the old Newspapers,[2] "there is a regiment of stout Northfolk blades gone to Wisbeach, Croyland, and so into Holland" of Lincolnshire, "to preserve those parts," — if they may. Colonel Cromwell will follow; and give good account of that matter by and by.

Lincolnshire in fact ought to be all subdued to the Parliament; added to the Association. We could then co-operate with Fairfax across the Humber, and do good service! So reason the old Committees, as one dimly ascertains. — The Parliament appointed a Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, Lord Willoughby of Parham, a year ago;[3] but he is much infested with Camdeners, with enemies in all quarters, and has yet got no secure footing there. Cromwell's work, and that of the Association, for the next twelvemonth, as we shall perceive, was that of clearing Lincolnshire from enemies, and accomplishing this problem.

LETTER VIII.

MEANWHILE enter Robert Barnard, Esquire, again. Barnard, getting ever deeper into trouble, has run up to Town; has been persuading my Lord of Manchester and others, That he is not a disaffected man; that a contribution should not be inflicted on him by the County Committee.

[1] Communicated (from an old Copy) by H. C. Cooper, Esq., Cambridge.

[2] In Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 343.

[3] *Commons Journals* (ii. 497), 25th March, 1642. New encouragement and sanction given him (Rushworth, v. 106), of date 9th Jan. 1642-3.

"*To my very loving Friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.*

"[HUNTINGDON,] 17th April, 1643.

"SIR,—I have received two Letters, one from my Lord of Manchester, the other from yourself; much to the same effect: I hope therefore one answer will serve them both.

"Which is in short this: That we *know* you are disaffected to the Parliament; and truly if the Lords, or any Friends, may take you off from a reasonable Contribution, for my part I should be glad to be commanded to any other employment. Sir, you may, if you will, 'come freely into the country about your occasions.' For my part, I have protected you in your absence; and shall do so to you.

"This is all,—but that I am ready to serve you, and rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Let Barnard return, therefore; take a lower level, where the ways are more sheltered in stormy weather;—and so save himself, and "become Recorder after the Restoration." Subtlety may deceive him; integrity never will!—

LETTERS IX.-XI.

CROMWELL, we find, makes haste to deal with these "Camdeners." His next achievement is the raising of their Siege of Croyland (in the end of April, exact date not discoverable); concerning which there are large details in loud-spoken Vicars:[2] How the reverend godly Mr. Ram and godly Sergeant Horne, both of Spalding, were "set upon the walls to

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1791), lxi. 44: no notice whence, no criticism or commentary there: Letter undoubtedly genuine.

[2] "Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne and *Vicars*."
Hudibras, canto i. 645.

be shot at," when the Spalding people rose to deliver Croyland; how "Colonel Sir Miles Hobart" and other Colonels rose also to deliver it, — and at last how "the valiant active Colonel Cromwell" rose, and did actually deliver it.[1]

Cromwell has been at Lynn, he has been at Nottingham, at Peterborough, where the Soldiers were not kind to the Cathedral and its Surplice-furniture:[2] he has been here and then swiftly there; encountering many things. For Lincolnshire is not easy to deliver; dangers, intricate difficulties abound in those quarters, and are increasing. Lincolnshire, infested with infalls of Camdeners, has its own Malignancies too; — and, much more, is sadly overrun with the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern "Popish Army" at present. An Army "full of Papists," as is currently reported; officered by renegade Scots, "Sir John Henderson," and the like unclean creatures. For the Marquis, in spite of the Fairfaxes, has overflowed Yorkshire; flowed across the Humber; has fortified himself in Newark-on-Trent, and is a sore affliction to the well-affected thereabouts. By the Queen's interest he is now, from Earl, made Marquis, as we see. For indeed, what is worst of all, the Queen in late months has landed in these Northern parts, with Dutch ammunition purchased by English Crown Jewels; is stirring up all manner of "Northern Papists" to double animation; tempting Hothams and other waverers to meditate treachery, for which they will pay dear. She is the centre of these new perils. She marches Southward, much agitating the skirts of the Eastern Association; joins the King "on Keinton field" or Edgehill field, where he fought last autumn. — She was impeached of treason by the Commons. She continued in England till the following summer;[3] then quitted it for long years.

Let the following Three Letters, — one of which is farther distinguished as the first of Cromwell's ever published in the

[1] Vicars, pp. 322–325; Newspapers (25th April–2d May), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 4.

[2] Royalist Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 4); *Querela Cantab.*; &c. &c.

[3] From February, 1642–3 till July, 1644 (Clarendon, iii. 195; Rushworth, v. 684).

Newspapers, — testify what progress he is making in the difficult problem of delivering Lincolnshire in this posture of affairs.

LETTER IX.

THERE was in those weeks, as we learn from the old Newspapers, a combined plan, of which Cromwell was an element, for capturing Newark; there were several such; but this and all the rest proved abortive, one element or another of the combination always failing. That Cromwell was not the failing element we could already guess, and may now definitely read.

"Lord Grey," be it remembered, is Lord Grey of Groby, once Military Chief of the Association, — though now I think employed mainly elsewhere, nearer home: a Leicestershire man; as are "Hastings" and "Hartop:" well known all of them in the troubles of that County. Hastings, strong for the King, holds "Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which is his Father's House, well fortified;"[1] and shows and has shown himself a pushing man. "His Excellency" is my Lord General Essex. "Sir John Gell" is Member and Commander for Derbyshire, has Derby Town for Garrison. The Derbyshire forces, the Nottinghamshire forces, the Association forces: if all the "forces" could but be united! But they never rightly can.

[*To the Honorable the Committee at Lincoln: These.*]

"[LINCOLNSHIRE,] 3d May, 1643.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, — I must needs be hardly thought on; because I am still the messenger of unhappy tidings and delays concerning you, — though I know my heart is to assist you with all expedition!

"My Lord Grey hath now again failed me of the rendezvous at Stamford, — notwithstanding that both he and I received Letters from his Excellency, commanding us both to meet, and, together with Sir John Gell and the Nottingham forces, to join with you. My Lord Grey sent Sir Edward Hartop to me, To let me know he could not meet me at

[1] Clarendon, ii. 202.

Stamford according to our agreement; fearing the exposing of Leicester to the forces of Mr. Hastings and some other Troops drawing that way.

"Believe it, it were better, in my poor opinion, Leicester were not, than that there should not be found an immediate taking of the field by our forces to accomplish the common ends. Wherein I shall deal as freely with him, when I meet him, as you can desire. I perceive Ashby-de-la-Zouch sticks much with him. I have offered him now another place of meeting;[1] to come to which suppose he will not deny me; and that to be to-morrow. If you shall therefore think fit to send one over unto us to be with us at night, — you do not know how far we may prevail with him: To draw speedily to a head, with Sir John Gell and the other forces, where we may all meet at a general rendezvous, to the end you know of. And then you shall receive full satisfaction concerning my integrity;[2] — and if no man shall help you, yet will not I be wanting to do my duty, God assisting me.

"If we could unite those forces [of theirs]; and with them speedily make Grantham the general rendezvous, both of yours and ours, I think it would do well. I shall bend my endeavors that way. Your concurrence by some able instrument to solicit this, might probably exceedingly hasten it; especially having so good a foundation to work upon as my Lord General's commands. Our Norfolk forces, which will not prove so many as you may imagine by six or seven hundred men, will lie conveniently at Spalding; and, I am confident, be ready to meet at Grantham at the general rendezvous.

"I have no more to trouble you; but begging of God to take away the impediments that hinder our conjunction, and to prosper our designs, take leave.

"Your faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

[1] Name, not so fit to be *written* for fear of accidents, is very much unknown now!

[2] Means "that the blame was not in me."

[3] Tanner MSS. (Oxford), lxii. 94: the address lost, the date of place never given; the former clearly restorable from *Commons Journals*, iii. 76.

Some rendezvous at Grantham does take place, some uniting of forces, more or fewer; and strenuous endeavor thereupon. As the next Letter will testify.

LETTER X.

THIS Letter is the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers. "That valiant soldier Colonel Cromwell" has written on this occasion to an official Person of name not now discoverable: —

[*To* —— ——*: These.*]

[GRANTHAM, 13th May, 1643.]

"SIR, — God hath given us, this evening, a glorious victory over our enemies. They were, as we are informed, one-and-twenty colors of horse-troops, and three or four of dragoons.

"It was late in the evening when we drew out; they came and faced us within two miles of the town. So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops, — whereof some of them so poor and broken, that you shall seldom see worse: with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. For after we had stood a little, above musket-shot the one body from the other; and the dragooners had fired on both sides, for the space of half an hour or more; they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them. And, advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot; they standing firm to receive us: and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles.

"I believe some of our soldiers did kill two or three men apiece in the pursuit; but what the number of dead is we are not certain. We took forty-five Prisoners, besides divers of their horse and arms, and rescued many Prisoners whom they

had lately taken of ours; and we took four or five of their colors. [I rest] . . .

[OLIVER CROMWELL.]"[1]

On inquiry at Grantham, there is no vestige of tradition as to the scene of this skirmish; which must have been some two miles out on the Newark road. Thomas May, a veracious intelligent man, but vague as to dates, mentions two notable skirmishes of Cromwell's "near to Grantham," in the course of this business; one especially in which "he defeated a strong party of the Newarkers, where the odds of number on their side was so great that it seemed almost a miraculous victory:" that probably is the one now in question. Colonel Cromwell, we farther find, was very "vigilant of all sallies that were made, and took many men and colors at several times;"[2] and did what was in Colonel Cromwell; — but could not take Newark at present. One element or other of the combination always fails. Newark, again and again besieged, did not surrender until the end of the War. At present, it is terribly wet weather, for one thing; "thirteen days of continual rain."

The King, as we observed, is in Oxford: Treaty, of very slow gestation, came to birth in March last, and was carried on there by Whitlocke and others till the beginning of April; but ended in absolute nothing.[3] The King still continues in Oxford, — his head-quarters for three years to come. The Lord General Essex did at one time think of Oxford, but preferred to take Reading first; is lying now scattered about Thame, and Brickhill in Buckinghamshire, much drenched with the unseasonable rains, in a very dormant, discontented condition.[4] Colonel Hampden is with him. There is talk of making Colonel Hampden Lord General. The immediate hopes of the world, however, are turned on "that valiant

[1] *Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament*, 22d–29th May, 1643; completed from Vicars, p. 332, whose copy, however, is not, except as to sense and facts, to be relied on.

[2] *History of Long Parliament*, p. 208.

[3] Whitlocke, 1st edition, pp. 63–65; Husbands, ii. 48–119.

[4] Rushworth, v. 290.; May, p. 192.

soldier and patriot of his country" Sir William Waller, who has marched to discomfit the Malignants of the West.

On the 4th of this May, Cheapside Cross, Charing Cross, and other Monuments of Papist Idolatry were torn down by authority, "troops of soldiers sounding their trumpets, and all the people shouting;" the Book of Sports was also burnt on the ruins of the same.[1] In which days, too, all the people are working at the Fortification of London.

LETTER XI.

THE "great Service," spoken of in this Letter, we must still understand to be the deliverance of Lincolnshire in general; or if it were another, it did not take effect. No possibility yet of getting over into Yorkshire to co-operate with the Fairfaxes, — though they much need help, and there have been speculations of that and of other kinds.[2] For the War-tide breaks in very irregular billows upon our shores; at one time we are pretty clear of Newark and its Northern Papists; and anon "the Queen has got into Newark," and we are like to be submerged by them. As a general rule, intricate perilous difficulties abound; and cash is scarce. The Fairfaxes, meanwhile, last week, have gained a Victory at Wakefield;[3] which is a merciful encouragement.

[*To the Mayor &c. of Colchester: These.*]

"[LINCOLNSHIRE,] 26th May, 1643.

"GENTLEMEN, — I thought it my duty once more to write unto you For more strength to be speedily sent unto us, for this great Service.

"I suppose you hear of the great Defeat given by my Lord Fairfax to the Newcastle Forces at Wakefield. It was a great mercy of God to us. And had it not been bestowed upon us at this very present, my Lord Fairfax had not known how

[1] Lithgow (in *Somers Tracts*, iv. 536); Vicars (date incorrect), p. 327.

[2] Old Newspapers (30th May–12th June, 1643), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 6.

[3] 21st May, 1643: Letter by Lord Fairfax (in Rushworth, v. 268); *Short Memorials*, by the younger Fairfax (in *Somers Tracts*, v. 380).

to have subsisted. We assure you, should the Force we have miscarry, — expect nothing but a speedy march of the Enemy up unto you.

"Why you should not strengthen us to make us subsist, — judge you the danger of the neglect; and how inconvenient this improvidence, or unthrift, may be to you! I shall never write but according to my judgment: I tell you again, It concerns you exceedingly to be persuaded by me. My Lord Newcastle is near six thousand foot, and above sixty troops of horse; my Lord Fairfax is about three thousand foot, and nine troops of horse; and we have about twenty-four troops of horse and dragooners. The Enemy draws more to the Lord Fairfax: our motion and yours must be exceeding speedy, or else it will do you no good at all.

"If you send, let your men come to Boston. I beseech you hasten the supply to us: — forget not money! I press not hard; though I do so need that, I assure you, the foot and dragooners are ready to mutiny. Lay not too much upon the back of a poor gentleman, who desires, without much noise, to lay down his life, and bleed the last drop to serve the Cause and you. I ask not your money for myself: if that were my end and hope, — viz. the pay of my place, — I would not open my mouth at this time. I desire to deny myself; but others will not be satisfied. I beseech you hasten supplies. Forget not your prayers. Gentlemen, I am

"Yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"Lay not too much upon a poor gentleman," — who is really doing what he can; shooting swiftly, now hither, now thither, wheresoever the tug of difficulty lies; struggling very sore, as beseems the Son of Light and Son of Adam, not to be vanquished by the mud-element!

Intricate struggles; sunk almost all in darkness now: — of which take this other as a token, gathered still luminous from the authentic but mostly inane opacities of the *Commons Journals*:[2] "21 June, 1643, Mr. Pym reports from the Committee

[1] Morant's *History of Colchester*, book i. p. 56. [2] iii. 138

of the Safety of the kingdom," our chief authority at present, to this effect, That Captain Hotham, son of the famed Hull Hotham, had, as appeared by Letters from Lord Grey and Colonel Cromwell, now at Nottingham, been behaving very ill; had plundered divers persons without regard to the side they were of; had, on one occasion, "turned two pieces of ordnance *against* Colonel Cromwell;" nay, once, when Lord Grey's quartermaster was in some huff with Lord Grey "about oats," had privily offered to the said quartermaster that they two should draw out their men, and have a fight for it with Lord Grey; — not to speak of frequent correspondences with Newark, with Newcastle, and the Queen now come back from Holland: wherefore he is arrested there in Nottingham, and locked up for trial.

This was on the Wednesday, this report of Pym's: and, alas, while Pym reads it, John Hampden, mortally wounded four days ago in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field, lies dying at Thame; — died on the Saturday following!

LETTERS XII.–XV.

"On Thursday, July the 27th," on, or shortly before that day, "news reach London" that Colonel Cromwell has taken Stamford, — retaken it, I think; at all events taken it. Whereupon the Cavaliers from Newark and Belvoir Castle came hovering about him: he drove them into Burleigh House, near by, and laid siege to the same; "at three in the morning," battered it with all his shot, and stormed it at last.[1] Which is "a good help we have had this week."

On the other hand, at Gainsborough we are suffering siege; indisputably the Newarkers threaten to get the upper hand in that quarter of the County. Here is Cromwell's Letter, — happily now the original itself; — concerning Lord Willoughby of Parham, and the relief of Gainsborough "with powder and match."

[1] Vicars; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 6).

LETTER XII.

In Rushworth and the old Newspaper copies of this Letter, along with certain insignificant, perhaps involuntary variations, there are two noticeable omissions; the whole of the *first* paragraph, and nearly the whole of the *last*, omitted for cause by the old official persons; who furthermore have given only the virtual address "*To the Committee of the Association sitting at Cambridge,*" not the specific one as here: —

"*To my noble Friends, Sir Edmund Bacon, Knight and Baronet, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, Sir Thomas Barnardiston, Knight, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.*

"Huntingdon, 31st July, 1643.

"Gentlemen, — No man desires more to present you with encouragement than myself, because of the forwardness I find in you, — to your honor be it spoken, — to promote this great Cause. And truly God follows us with encouragements, who is the God of blessings: — and I beseech you let Him not lose His blessings upon us! They come in season, and with all the advantages of heartening: as if God should say, 'Up and be doing, and I will stand by you, and help you!' There is nothing to be feared but our own sin and sloth.[1]

"It hath pleased the Lord to give your servant and soldiers a notable victory now at Gainsborough. I marched after the taking of Burleigh House upon Wednesday to Grantham, where I met about 300 horse and dragooners of Nottingham. With these, by agreement, we met the Lincolners at North Scarle, which is about ten miles from Gainsborough, upon Thursday in the evening; where we tarried until two of the clock in the morning; and then with our whole body advanced towards Gainsborough.

"About a mile and a half from the Town, we met a forlorn hope of the enemy of near 100 horse. Our dragooners labored to beat them back; but not alighting off their horses, the enemy charged them, and beat some four or five of them off

[1] This paragraph is omitted in Rushworth and the Newspapers.

their horses: our horse charged them, and made them retire unto their main body. We advanced, and came to the bottom of a steep hill: we could not well get up but by some tracks; which our men essaying to do, a body of the enemy endeavored to hinder; wherein we prevailed, and got the top of the hill. This was done by the Lincolners, who had the vanguard.

"When we all recovered the top of the hill, we saw a great Body of the enemy's horse facing us, at about a musket-shot or less distance; and a good Reserve of a full regiment of horse behind it. We endeavored to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the mean time advanced towards us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing; we came up horse to horse; where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time; all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men perceiving it, pressed in upon them, and immediately routed this whole body; some flying on one side and others on the other of the enemy's Reserve; and our men, pursuing them, had chase and execution about five or six miles.

"I perceiving this body which was the Reserve standing still unbroken, kept back my Major, Whalley, from the chase; and with my own troop and the other of my regiment, in all being three troops, we got into a body. In this Reserve stood General Cavendish; who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours that stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase. At last General Cavendish charged the Lincolners, and routed them. Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops; which did so astonish him, that he gave over the chase, and would fain have delivered himself from me. But I pressing on forced them down a hill, having good execution of them; and below the hill, drove the General with some of his soldiers into a quagmire; where my Captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs. The rest of the body was *wholly* routed, not one man staying upon the place.

"We then, after this defeat which was so total, relieved the Town with such powder and provision as we brought. Which done, we had notice that there were six troops of horse and 300 foot on the other side of the Town, about a mile off us: we desired some foot of my Lord Willoughby's, about 400; and, with our horse and these foot, marched towards them: when we came towards the place where their horse stood, we beat back with my troops about two or three troops of the enemy's, who retired into a small village at the bottom of the hill. When we recovered the hill, we saw in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from us, a regiment of foot; after that another; after that the Marquis of Newcastle's own regiment; consisting in all of about 50 foot colors, and a great body of horse; — which indeed was Newcastle's Army. Which, coming so unexpectedly, put us to new consultations. My Lord Willoughby and I, being in the town, agreed to call off our foot. I went to bring them off: but before I returned, divers of the foot were engaged; the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in disorder; and with some loss got the Town; where now they are. Our horse also came off with some trouble; being wearied with the long fight, and their horses tired; yet faced the enemy's fresh horse, and by several removes got off without the loss of one man; the enemy following the rear with a great body. The honor of this retreat is due to God, as also all the rest: Major Whalley did in this carry himself with all gallantry becoming a gentleman and a Christian.

"Thus you have this true relation, as short as I could. What you are to do upon it, is next to be considered.[1] If I could speak words to pierce your hearts with the sense of our and your condition, I would! If you will raise 2,000 Foot at present to encounter this Army of Newcastle's, to raise the siege, and to enable us to fight him, — we doubt not, by the grace of God, but that we shall be able to relieve the Town, and beat the Enemy on[2] the other side of Trent. Whereas if

[1] The rest of this paragraph, all except the last sentence, is omitted: Postscript, too, omitted.

[2] Means "to."

somewhat be not done in this, you will see Newcastle's Army march up into your bowels; being now, as it is, on this side Trent. I know it will be difficult to raise thus many in so short time: but let me assure you, it's necessary, and therefore to *be* done. At least do what you may, with all possible expedition! I would I had the happiness to speak with one of you: — truly I cannot come over, but must attend my charge; the Enemy is vigilant. The Lord direct you what to do. Gentlemen, I am

"Your faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S. Give this Gentleman credence: he is worthy to be trusted, he knows the urgency of our affairs better than myself. If he give you intelligence, in point of time, of haste to be made, — believe him: he will advise for your good." [1]

About two miles south of Gainsborough, on the North-Scarle road, stands the Hamlet and Church of Lea; near which is a "Hill," or expanse of upland, of no great height, but sandy, covered with furze, and full of rabbit-holes, the ascent of which would be difficult for horsemen in the teeth of an enemy. This is understood to be the "Hill" of the fight referred to here. Good part of it is enclosed, and the ground much altered, since that time; but one of the fields is still called "*Redcoats* Field," [2] and another at some distance nearer Gainsborough "*Graves* Field;" beyond which latter, "on the other or western face of the Hill, a little over the boundary of Lea Parish with Gainsborough Parish, on the left hand (as you go North) between the Road and the River," is a morass or meadow still known by the name of *Cavendish's Bog*, which points out the locality. [3]

Of the "Hills" and "Villages" rather confusedly alluded

[1] Rushworth, v. 278; — given now (*Third Edition*) according to Autograph in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth. (Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society, Jan. 1848; and *Athenæum*, London, 11th March, 1848.)

[2] See *Squire Papers*, no. xxxiv., vol. xviii. p. 87.

[3] *MS. penes me.*

to in the second part of the Letter, which probably lay across Trent Bridge on the Newark side of the river, I could obtain no elucidation, — and must leave them to the guess of local antiquaries interested in such things.[1]

"General Cavendish," whom some confound with the Earl of Newcastle's brother, was his *Cousin*, "the Earl of Devonshire's second son;" an accomplished young man of three-and-twenty; for whom there was great lamenting; — indeed a general emotion about his death, of which we, in these radical times, very irreverent of human quality itself, and much more justly of the *dresses* of human quality, cannot even with effort form any adequate idea. This was the first action that made Cromwell to be universally talked of: He dared to kill this honorable person found in arms against him! "Colonel Cromwell gave assistance to the Lord Willoughby, and performed very gallant service against the Earl of Newcastle's forces. This was the beginning of his great fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world."[2]

Waller has an Elegy, not his best, upon "Charles Ca'ndish."[3] It must have been written some time afterwards: poor Waller, in these weeks, very narrowly escapes death himself, on account of the "Waller Plot;" — makes an abject submission; pays £10,000 fine; and goes upon his travels into foreign parts! —

LETTER XIII.

HERE meanwhile is a small noteworthy thing. Consider these "Young Men and Maids," and that little joint-stock company of theirs! Amiable young persons, may it prosper with you! Twelvescore pounds and so many stand of muskets, — well, this little too, in the great Cause, will help. For a pure preached Gospel, and the ancient liberties of England,

[1] Two other Letters on this Gainsborough Action, in Appendix, No. 5.

[2] Whitlocke (1st edition, London, 1682, — as always, unless the contrary be specified), p. 68.

[3] Fenton's *Waller*, p. 209.

who would not try to help? Fine new cloaks and fardingales are good; but a company of musketeers busy on the right side, how much better! — Colonel Cromwell, now home again, has received a Deputation on the matter; and suggests improvements. "Country" which will take your muskets, means *County*. Three pounds, we perceive by calculation, will buy a war-saddle and pistols. Who the "Sir" is, guessable as some Chairman of this "Young Men and Maids" Society; and in what Town he sits, whether in Huntingdon itself or in another, — must remain forever uncertain. His Address, by negligence, has vanished; his affair wholly has vanished; the body of it gone all to air, and only the *soul* of it now surviving, and like to survive!

"*To* —— ——.

"[HUNTINGDON,] 2d August, 1643.

"SIR, — I understand by these Gentlemen the good affections of your Young Men and Maids; for which God is to be praised.

"I approve of the business: only I desire to advise you that your 'foot company' may be turned into a troop of horse; which indeed will, by God's blessing, far more advantage the Cause than two or three companies of foot; especially if your men be honest godly men, which by all means I desire. I thank God for stirring up the youth to cast in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore my advice is, that you would employ your Twelvescore Pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide fourscore horses; for £400 more will not raise a troop of horse. As for the muskets that are bought, I think the Country will take them of you. Pray raise honest godly men, and I will have them of my regiment. As for your Officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose; — and rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence* (London, 1849), iii. 56: the Original is Autograph; address quite gone; docketed "Colonel Cromwell's Letter to [in regard to] the Bachelors and Maids, 2d August, 1643, from Huntingdon."

LETTER XIV.

GAINSBOROUGH was directly taken, after this relief of it; Lord Willoughby could not resist the Newarkers with Newcastle at their head. Gainsborough is lost, Lincoln is lost; unless help come speedily, all is like to be lost. The following Letter, with its enclosure from the Lord Lieutenant Willoughby of Parham, speaks for itself. Read the Enclosure first.

"*To my noble Friend Colonel Cromwell, at Huntingdon: These.*

"BOSTON, 5th August, 1643.

"NOBLE SIR, — Since the business of Gainsborough, the hearts of our men have been so deaded that we have lost most of them by running away. So that we were forced to leave Lincoln upon a sudden: — and if I had not done it then, I should have been left alone in it. So that now I am at Boston; where we are very poor in strength; — so that without some speedy supply, I fear we shall not hold this long neither.

"My Lord General, I perceive, hath writ to you, To draw all the forces together. I should be glad to see it: for if that will not be, there can be no good to be expected. If you will endeavor to stop my Lord of Newcastle, you must presently draw them to him and fight him! For without we be masters of the field, we shall be pulled out by the ears, one after another.

"The Foot, if they will come on, may march very securely to Boston; which, to me, will be very considerable to your Association. For if the Enemy get that Town, which is now very weak for defence for want of men, I believe they will not be long out of Norfolk and Suffolk.

"I can say no more: but desire you to hasten; — and rest,

"Your servant,

"FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY."[1]

[1] Baker MSS. (Trinity-College Library, Cambridge), xxxiv. 429; is in Tanner MSS. too, together with the following.

"To my honored Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

"HUNTINGDON, 6th August, 1643.

"GENTLEMEN, — You see by this Enclosed how sadly your affairs stand. It 's no longer Disputing, but Out instantly all you can! Raise all your Bands;[1] send them to Huntingdon; — get up what Volunteers you can; hasten your Horses.

"Send these Letters to Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious and industrious! Almost all our Foot have quitted Stamford: there is nothing to interrupt an Enemy, but our Horse, that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means! — I am,

"Your faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

In the Commons Journals, *August 4th*,[3] are various Orders, concerning Colonel Cromwell and his affairs, of a comfortable nature: as, "That he shall have the Three Thousand Pounds, already levied in the Associated Counties, for payment of his men;" likewise privilege of "Free Quarter on the march he is now upon;" and lastly, "That the Six Associated Counties do forthwith raise two thousand men more" for his behoof and that of the Cause. On which occasion Speaker Lenthall, as we otherwise find, writes to him on the part of the House, in these encouraging terms: "The House hath commanded me to send you these enclosed Orders; and to let you know that nothing is more repugnant to the sense of this House, and dangerous to this Kingdom, than the unwillingness of their forces to march out of their several Counties."— "For yourself, they do exceedingly approve of your faithful endeavors to God and the Kingdom."[4]

[1] Trainbands.

[2] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 355; Tanner MSS. lxii. 239.

[3] *Commons Journals*, ii. 193.

[4] Tanner MSS. lxii. (i.), 224.

LETTER XV.

THE Committee's answer, "my return from you," will find Cromwell at Stamford; to which, as to the place of danger, he is already speeding and spurring. Here is his next Letter to these honored Friends:—

"To my honored Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

"[PETERBOROUGH,] 8th August, 1643.

"GENTLEMEN, — Finding our foot much lessened at Stamford, and having a great train and many carriages, I held it not safe to continue there, but presently after my return from you, I ordered the foot to quit that place and march into Holland [to Spalding]; which they did on Monday last.[1] I was the rather induced so to do because of the Letter I received from my Lord Willoughby, a copy whereof I sent you.

"I am now at Peterborough, whither I came this afternoon. I was no sooner come but Lieutenant-Colonel Wood sent me word, from Spalding, That the Enemy was marching, with twelve flying colors of horse and foot, within a mile of Swinstead: so that I hope it was a good providence of God that our foot were at Spalding.

"It much concerns your Association, and the Kingdom, that so strong a place as Holland is be not possessed by them. If you have any foot ready to march, send them away to us with all speed. I fear lest the Enemy should press in upon our foot: — he being thus far advanced towards you, I hold it very fit that you should hasten your horse at Huntingdon, and what you can speedily raise at Cambridge, unto me. I dare not go into Holland with my horse, lest the enemy should advance with his whole body of horse, this way, into your Association; but remain ready here, endeavoring[2] my Lord Grey's and the Northamptonshire horse towards me; that so, if we be able, we may fight the enemy, or retreat unto you, with our whole strength. I beseech you hasten your levies, what you can;

[1] Yesterday. [2] "but am ready endeavoring," in orig.

especially those of foot! Quicken all our friends with new letters upon this occasion; — which I believe you will find to be a true alarm. The particulars I hope to be able to inform you speedily of, more punctually; having sent, in all haste, to Colonel Wood for that purpose.

"The money I brought with me is so poor a pittance when it comes to be distributed amongst all my troops that, considering their necessity, — it will not half clothe them, they were so far behind, — if we have not more money speedily, they will be exceedingly discouraged. I am sorry you put me to it to write thus often. It makes it seem a needless importunity in me; whereas, in truth, it is a constant neglect of those that should provide for us. Gentlemen, make them able to live and subsist that are willing to spend their blood for you! — I say no more; but rest,

"Your faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Sir William Waller, whom some called William the Conqueror, has been beaten all to pieces on Lansdown Heath, about three weeks ago. The Fairfaxes too are beaten from the field; glad to get into Hull, — which Hotham the Traitor was about delivering to her Majesty, when vigilant persons laid him fast.[2] And, in the end of May, Earl Stamford was defeated in the Southwest; and now Bristol has been suddenly surrendered to Prince Rupert, — for which let Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes (says Mr. Prynne, still very zealous) be tried by Court-Martial, and if possible, shot.

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. 58.

[2] Of Hotham: 29th June, 1643 (Rushworth, v. 275, 276); — of the Fairfaxes, at Adderton Moor: 30th June (ib. 279); — of Waller: 13th July (ib. 286; Clarendon, ii. 376–379). Stratton Fight in Cornwall, defeat of Stamford by Hopton, was 16th May; Bristol is 23d July (Rushworth, v. 278, 289).

LETTERS XVI.-XVII.

In the very hours while Cromwell was storming the sand-hill near Gainsborough "by some tracks," honorable gentlemen at St. Stephen's were voting him Governor of the Isle of Ely. Ely in the heart of the Fens, a place of great military capabilities, is much troubled with "corrupt ministers," with "corrupt trainbands," and understood to be in a perilous state; wherefore they nominate Cromwell to take charge of it.[1] We understand his own Family to be still resident in Ely.

The Parliament affairs, this Summer, have taken a bad course; and, except it be in the Eastern Association, look everywhere declining. They have lost Bristol, their footing in the Southwest and in the North is mostly gone; Essex's Army has melted away, without any action of mark all Summer, except the *loss* of Hampden in a skirmish. In the beginning of August, the King breaks out from Oxford, very clearly superior in force; goes to settle Bristol; and might thence, it was supposed, have marched direct to London, if he had liked. He decides on taking Gloucester with him before he quit those parts. The Parliament, in much extremity, calls upon the Scots for help; who, under conditions, will consent.

In these circumstances, it was rather thought a piece of heroism in our old friend Lord Kimbolton, or Mandevil, now become Earl of Manchester, to accept the command of the Eastern Association: he is nominated "Sergeant-Major of the Associated Counties," 10th August, 1643; is to raise new force, infantry and cavalry; has four Colonels of Horse under him; Colonel Cromwell, who soon became his second in command, is one of them; Colonel Norton, whom we shall meet after-

[1] *Commons Journals*, iii. [illegible] July, 1643); iii. 166, 167, 180, &c. to 657 (9th October, 1644).

nothing; but Colonel Cromwell knows him, can recommend him as a man worth something: if Margery, to mount himself in this pressure, could "raise the horses from Malignants," in some measure, — were it not well?

"*To my noble Friends, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.*

[CAMBRIDGE, — September, 1643.]

"GENTLEMEN, — I have been now two days at Cambridge, in expectation to hear the fruit of your endeavors in Suffolk towards the public assistance. Believe it, you will hear of a storm in few days! You have no Infantry at all considerable; hasten your Horses; — a few hours may undo you, neglected. — I beseech you be careful what Captains of Horse you choose, what men be mounted: a few honest men are better than numbers. Some time they must have for exercise. If you choose godly honest men to be Captains of Horse, honest men will follow them; and they will be careful to mount such.

"The King is exceedingly strong in the West. If you be able to foil a force at the first coming of it, you will have reputation; and that is of great advantage in our affairs. God hath given it to our handful; let us endeavor to keep it. I had rather have a plain russet-coated Captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a Gentleman' and is nothing else. I honor a *Gentleman* that is so indeed! —

"I understand Mr. Margery hath honest men will follow him: if so, be pleased to make use of him; it much concerns your good to have conscientious men. I understand that there is an Order for me to have £3,000 out of the Association; and Essex hath sent their part, or near it. I assure you we need exceedingly. I hope to find your favor and respect. I protest, if it were for myself, I would not move you. That is all, from

"Your faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S. If you send such men as Essex hath sent, it will be to little purpose. Be pleased to take care of their ma

that such may come along with them as will be able to bring them to the main Body; and then I doubt not but we shall keep them, and make good use of them. — I beseech you, give countenance to Mr. Margery! Help him in raising his Troop; let him not want your favor in whatsoever is needful for promoting this work; — and *command* your servant. If he can raise the horses from Malignants, let him have your warrant: it will be of special service."[1]

LETTER XVII.

LISTING still; and with more trouble than ever. Matters go not well: "Nobody to *put on*," nobody to *push*; cash too is and remains defective: — here, however, is another glimpse of the *Ironsides*, first specific glimpse, which is something.

"*To my honored Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, at Lincoln's Inn: These present.*

"[EASTERN ASSOCIATION], 11th Sept. [1643].

"SIR, — Of all men I should not trouble you with money matters, — did not the heavy necessities my Troops are in, press me beyond measure. I am neglected exceedingly!

"I am now ready for[2] my march towards the Enemy; who hath entrenched himself over against Hull, my Lord Newcastle having besieged the Town. Many of my Lord of Manchester's Troops are come to me: very bad and mutinous, not to be confided in; — *they* paid to a week almost; *mine* noways provided for to support them, except by the poor Sequestrations of the County of Huntingdon! — My Troops increase. I have a lovely company; you would respect them, did you know them. They are no 'Anabaptists;' they are honest sober Christians: — they expect to be used as men!

"If I took pleasure to write to the House in bitterness,

[1] Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January, 1848).

[2] "——" ——— an ambiguous; "ready for" written over it.

I have occasion. [Of] the £3,000 allotted me, I cannot get the Norfolk part nor the Hertfordshire: it was gone before I had it. — I have minded your service to forgetfulness of my own and Soldiers' necessities. I desire not to seek myself: — [but] I have little money of my own to help my Soldiers. My estate is little. I tell you, the business of Ireland and England hath had of me, in money, between eleven and twelve hundred pounds; — therefore my Private can do little to help the Public. You have had my money: I hope in God I desire to venture my skin. So do mine. Lay weight upon their patience; but break it not! Think of that which may be a real help. I believe £5,000[1] is due.

"If you lay aside the thought of me and my Letter, I expect no help. Pray for

"Your true friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] There is no care taken how to maintain that Force of Horse and Foot raised and a-raising for my Lord of Manchester. He hath not one able to put on [that business]. The Force will fall if some help not. Weak counsels and weak actings undo all! — [*two words crossed out*]: — all will be lost, if God help not! Remember who tells you."[2]

In Lynn Regis there arose "distractions," last Spring; distractions ripening into open treason, and the seizure of Lynn by Malignant forces, — Roger L'Estrange, known afterwards as Sir Roger the busy Pamphleteer, being very active in it. Lynn lies strong amid its marshes; a gangrene in the heart of the Association itself. My Lord of Manchester is now, with all the regular Foot, and what utmost effort of volunteers the Country can make, besieging Lynn, does get it, at last, in a week hence. Ten days hence the Battle of Newbury is got; and much joy for Gloucester and it. But here in the Association, with such a weight of enemies upon us, and such

[1] Erased, as not the correct sum.

[2] Additional Ayscough MSS. 5015, art. 25: printed, with some errors, in *Annual Register*, xxxv. 358.

a stagnancy and staggering want of pith within us, things still look extremely questionable! —

Monday, 25th September. The House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines take the Covenant, the old Scotch Covenant, slightly modified now into a "Solemn League and Covenant;" in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.[1] They lifted up their hands *seriatim*, and then "stept into the chancel to sign." The List yet remains in Rushworth, — incorrect in some places. There sign in all about 220 Honorable Members that day. The whole Parliamentary Party, down to the lowest constable or drummer in their pay, gradually signed. It was the condition of assistance from the Scotch; who are now calling out "all fencible men from sixteen to sixty," for a third expedition into England. A very solemn Covenant, and Vow of all the People; of the awfulness of which, we, in these days of Custom-house oaths and loose regardless talk, cannot form the smallest notion. — Duke Hamilton, seeing his painful Scotch diplomacy end all in this way, flies to the King at Oxford, — is there "put under arrest," sent to Pendennis Castle near the Land's End.[2]

LETTER XVIII.

In Rushworth's List of Members covenanting in St. Margaret's Church on Monday, September 25th, the name of Oliver Cromwell stands visible: but it is an error; as this Letter and other good evidences still remain to show. Indeed some singular oscitancy must have overtaken the watchful Rushworth, on that occasion of the Covenant; or what is likelier, some inextricable shuffle had got among his Paper-masses there, when he came to redact them long after, — the indefatigable painful man! Thus he says furthermore, and again says, the signing took place "on September 22d," which was Friday;

[1] *Commons Journals*, iii. 252–254; Rushworth (incorrect in various particulars, — unusual with Rushworth), v. 475, 480; the Covenant itself, ib. 478.

[2] Burnet, *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*.

whereas the Rhadamanthine Commons Journals still testify, that on Friday, September 22d, there was merely order and appointment made to sign on the 25th; and that the signing itself took place, accordingly, on Monday, September 25th, as we have given it. With other errors, — incident to the exactest Rushworth, when his Paper-masses get shuffled! — Here is another entry of his, confirmable beyond disputing; which is of itself fatal to that of "Oliver Cromwell" among "those who signed the Covenant that day." Oliver Cromwell had quite other work to do than signing of Covenants, many miles away from him just now; and indeed, I guess, did not sign this one for many days and weeks to come; not till he got to his place in Parliament again, with more leisure on his hands than now.

Tuesday, "26th September. The Lord Willoughby" of Parham "and Colonel Cromwell came to Hull, to consult with the Lord Fairfax; but made no stay: and the same day, Sir Thomas Fairfax crossed Humber with Twenty Troops of Horse, to join with Cromwell's forces in Lincolnshire."[1] For the Marquis of Newcastle is begirdling, and ever more closely besieging, the Lord Fairfax in Hull; which has obliged him to ship his brave Son, with all the horse, across the Humber, in this manner: horse are useless here; under the Earl of Manchester, on the other side, they may be of use.

The landing took place at Saltfleet that same afternoon, say the Newspapers: here now is what followed thereupon, — successful though rather dangerous march into the safe parts of Lincolnshire, and continuance of the drillings, fightings, and enlistments there. Committee-men "Spring and Barrow" are known to us; of Margery and "the Malignants' horses" we have also had some inkling once.

"To his honored Friends, Sir William Spring and Mr. Barrow: These present.

"[HOLLAND, LINCOLNSHIRE,] 28th Sept. 1643.

"GENTLEMEN, — It hath pleased God to bring off Sir Thomas Fairfax his Horse over the river from Hull, being

[1] Rushworth, v. 280.

about One-and-twenty Troops of Horse and Dragoons. The Lincolnshire horse labored to hinder this work, being about Thirty-four Colors of Horse and Dragoons; we marched up to their landing-place, and the Lincolnshire Horse retreated.

"After they were come over, we all marched towards Holland; and when we came to our last quarter upon the edge of Holland, the Enemy quartered within four miles of us, and kept the field all night with his whole body: his intendment, as we conceive, was to fight us; — or hoping to interpose betwixt us and our retreat; having received, to his Thirty-four Colors of Horse, Twenty fresh Troops, Ten Companies of Dragoons;[1] and about a Thousand Foot, being General King's own Regiment. With these he attempted our guards and our quarters; and, if God had not been merciful, had ruined us before we had known of it; the Five Troops we set to keep the watch failing much of their duty. But we got to horse; and retreated in good order, with the safety of all our Horse of the Association; not losing four of them that I hear of, and we got five of theirs. And for this we are exceedingly bound to the goodness of God, who brought our troops off with so little loss.

"I write unto you to acquaint you with this; the rather that God may be acknowledged; and that you may help forward, in sending such force away unto us as lie unprofitably in your country. And especially that Troop of Captain Margery's, which surely would[2] not be wanting, now we so much need it!

"I hear there hath been much exception taken to Captain Margery and his Officers, for taking of horses. I am sorry you should discountenance those who (not to make benefit to themselves, but to serve their Country) are willing to venture their lives, and to purchase to themselves the displeasure of bad men, that they may do a Public benefit. I undertake not to justify all Captain Margery's actions: but his own conscience knows whether he hath taken the horses of any but Malignants; — and it were somewhat too hard to put it upon the consciences of your fellow Deputy Lieutenants, whether

[1] Word torn. [2] should.

they have not *freed* the horses of known Malignants? A fault not less, considering the sad estate of this Kingdom, than to take a horse from a known Honest man; the offence being against the Public, which is a considerable aggravation! I know not the measure every one takes of Malignants. I think it is not fit Captain Margery should be the judge: but if he, in this taking of horses, hath observed the plain character of a Malignant, and cannot be charged for one horse otherwise taken, — it had been better that some of the bitterness wherewith he and his have been followed had been spared! The horses that his Cornet [1] Boulry took, he will put himself upon that issue for them all.

"If these men be accounted 'troublesome to the Country,' I shall be glad you would send them all to me. I'll bid them welcome. And when they have fought for you, and endured some other difficulties of war which your 'honester' men will hardly bear, I pray you then let them go for honest men! I protest unto you, many of those men which are of your Country's choosing, under Captain Johnson, are so far from serving you, that, — were it not that I have honest Troops to master them, — although they be well paid, yet they are so mutinous that I may justly fear they would cut my throat! — Gentlemen, it may be it provokes some spirits to see such plain men made Captains of Horse. It had been well that men of honor and birth had entered into these employments: — but why do they not appear? Who would have hindered them? But seeing it was necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none; — but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment. And such, I hope, these will approve themselves to be. Let them therefore, if I be thought worthy of any favor, leave your Country with your good wishes and a blessing. I am confident they [2] will be well bestowed. And I believe before it be long, you will be in their debt; and then it will not be hard to quit scores.

"What arms you can furnish them withal, I beseech you do it. I have hitherto found your kindness great to me: — I

[1] "Coronett" in orig. [2] your wishes.

know not what I have done to lose it; I love it so well, and prize it so high, that I would do my best to gain more. You have the assured affection of

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S. — I understand there were some exceptions taken at a Horse that was sent to me, which was seized out of the hands of one Mr. Goldsmith of Wilby. If he be not by you judged a Malignant, and that you do not approve of my having of the Horse, I shall as willingly return him again as you shall desire. And therefore, I pray you, signify your pleasure to me herein under your hands. Not that I would, for ten thousand horses, have the Horse to my own private benefit, saving to make use of him for the Public: — for I will most gladly return the value of him to the State. If the Gentleman stand clear in your judgments, — I beg it as a special favor that, if the Gentleman be freely willing to let me have him for my money, let him set his own price: I shall very justly return him the money. Or if he be unwilling to part with him, but keeps him for his own pleasure, be pleased to send me an answer thereof: I shall instantly return him his Horse; and do it with a great deal more satisfaction to myself than keep him. — Therefore I beg it of you to satisfy my desire in this last request; it shall exceedingly oblige me to you. If you do it not, I shall rest very unsatisfied, and the Horse will be a burden to me so long as I shall keep him."[1]

The Earl of Manchester, recaptor of Lynn Regis lately, is still besieging and retaking certain minor strengths and Fen garrisons, — sweeping the intrusive Royalists out of those Southern Towns of Lincolnshire. This once done, his Foot once joined to Cromwell's and Fairfax's Horse, something may be expected in the Midland parts too.

[1] Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January, 1848).

WINCEBY FIGHT.

LINCOLNSHIRE, which has now become one of the Associated Seven,[1] and is still much overrun by Newarkers and Northern Papists, shall at last be delivered.

Hull siege still continues, with obstinate sally and onslaught; on the other hand, Lynn siege, which the Earl of Manchester was busy in, has prosperously ended; and the Earl himself, with his foot regiments, is now also here; united, in loose quarters, with Cromwell and Fairfax, in the Boston region, and able probably to undertake somewhat. Cromwell and Fairfax with the horse, we perceive, have still the brunt of the work to do. Here, after much marching and skirmishing, is an account of Winceby Fight, their chief exploit in those parts, which cleared the country of the Newarkers, General Kings, and renegade Sir John Hendersons; — as recorded by loud-spoken Vicars. In spite of brevity we must copy the Narrative. Cromwell himself was nearer death in this action than ever in any other; the victory too made its due figure, and "appeared in the world."

Winceby, a small upland Hamlet, in the Wolds, not among the Fens, of Lincolnshire, is some five miles west of Horncastle. The confused memory of this Fight is still fresh there; the Lane along which the chase went bears ever since the name of "*Slash* Lane," and poor Tradition maunders about it as she can. Hear Vicars, a poor human soul zealously prophesying as if through the organs of an ass, — in a not mendacious, yet loud-spoken, exaggerative, more or less asinine manner:[2] —

[1] 20th September, 1643, Husbands, ii. 327.

[2] Third form of Vicars: *God's Ark overtopping the World's Waves, or the Third Part of the Parliamentary Chronicle:* by John Vicars (London, printed by M. Simons and J. Meecock, 1646), p. 45. There are three editions or successive forms of this Book of Vicars's (see Bliss's Wood, *in voce*): it is always, unless the contrary be expressed, the *second* (of 1644) that we refer to here.

. . . "All that night," Tuesday, 10th October, 1643, "we were drawing our horse to the appointed rendezvous; and the next morning, being Wednesday, my Lord" Manchester "gave order that the whole force, both horse and foot, should be drawn up to Bolingbroke Hill, where he would expect the enemy, being the only convenient ground to fight with him. But Colonel Cromwell was no way satisfied that we should fight; our horse being extremely wearied with hard duty two or three days together.

"The enemy also drew, that" Wednesday "morning, their whole body of horse and dragooners into the field, being 74 colors of horse, and 21 colors of dragoons, in all 95 colors. We had not many more than half so many colors of horse and dragooners; but I believe we had as many men, — besides our foot, which indeed could not be drawn up until it was very late. The enemy's word was 'Cavendish;'" — he that was killed in the Bog; "and ours was 'Religion.' I believe that as we had no notice of the enemy's coming towards us, so they had as little of our preparation to fight with them. It was about twelve of the clock ere our horse and dragooners were drawn up. After that we marched about a mile nearer the enemy; and then we began to descry him, by little and little, coming towards us. Until this time we did not know we should fight; but so soon as our men had knowledge of the enemy's coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great mercy that they should now fight with him. Our men went on in several bodies, singing Psalms. Quarter-master-General Vermuyden with five troops had the forlorn hope, and Colonel Cromwell the van, assisted with other of my Lord's troops, and seconded by Sir T. Fairfax. Both armies met about Ixbie, if I mistake not the Town's name," — you do mistake, Mr. Vicars; it is Winceby, a mere hamlet and not a town.

"Both they and we had drawn up our dragooners; who gave the first charge; and then the horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell fell with brave resolution upon the enemy, immediately after their dragooners had given him the first volley; yet they were so nimble, as that, within half pistol-shot, they gave him

another: his horse was killed under him at the first charge, and fell down upon him; and as he rose up, he was knocked down again by the Gentleman who charged him, who 't was conceived was Sir Ingram Hopton: but afterwards he" the Colonel "recovered a poor horse in a soldier's hands, and bravely mounted himself again. Truly this first charge was so home-given, and performed with so much admirable courage and resolution by our troops, that the enemy stood not another; but were driven back upon their own body, which was to have seconded them; and at last put these into a plain disorder; and thus, in less than half an hour's fight, they were all quite routed, and" — driven along Slash Lane at a terrible rate, unnecessary to specify. Sir Ingram Hopton, who had been so near killing Cromwell, was himself killed. "Above a hundred of their men were found drowned in ditches," in quagmires that would not bear riding; the "dragooners now left on foot" were taken prisoners; the chase lasted to Horncastle or beyond it, — and Henderson the renegade Scot was never heard of in those parts more. My Lord of Manchester's foot did not get up till the battle was over.

This very day of Winceby Fight, there has gone on at Hull a universal sally, tough sullen wrestle in the trenches all day; with important loss to the Marquis of Newcastle; loss of ground, loss of lives, loss still more of invaluable guns, brass drakes, sackers, what not: — and on the morrow morning the Townsfolk, looking out, discern with emotion that there is now no Marquis, that the Marquis has marched away under cloud of night, and given up the siege. Which surely are good encouragements we have had; two in one day.

This will suffice for Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, of 11th October, 1643;[1] and leave the reader to imagine that Lincolnshire too was now cleared of the "Papist Army," as we violently nickname it, — all but a few Towns on the Western border, which will be successfully besieged when the Spring comes.

[1] Account of it from the other side, in Rushworth, v. 282; Hull Siege, &c. *ib.* 280.

LETTERS XIX.-XX.

In the month of January, 1643–4, Oliver, as Governor of Ely, is present for some time in that City; lodges, we suppose, with his own family there; doing military and other work of government: — makes a transient appearance in the Cathedral one day; memorable to the Reverend Mr. Hitch and us.

The case was this. Parliament, which, ever since the first meeting of it, had shown a marked disaffection to Surplices at Allhallowtide and "monuments of Superstition and Idolatry," and passed Order after Order to put them down, — has in August last come to a decisive Act on the subject, and specifically explained that go they must and shall.[1] Act of Parliament which, like the previous Orders of Parliament, could only have gradual partial execution, according to the humor of the locality; and gave rise to scenes. By the Parliament's directions, the Priest, Churchwardens, and proper officers were to do it, with all decency: failing the proper officers, *im*proper officers, military men passing through the place, these and such like, backed by a Puritan populace and a Puritan soldiery, had to do it; — not always in the softest manner. As many a *Querela*, Peter Heylin's (lying Peter's) *History*, and *Persecutio Undecima*, still testifies with angry tears. You cannot pull the shirt off a man, the skin off a man, in a way that will please him! — Our Assembly of Divines, sitting earnestly deliberative ever since June last,[2] will direct us what Form of Worship we are to adopt, — some form, it is to be hoped, not grown dramaturgic to us, but still awfully symbolic for us.

[1] 26th August, 1643 (Scobell, i. 53; *Commons Journals*, iii. 220): 2d November, 1642 (*Commons Journals*, and Husbands, ii. 119): 31st August, 1641; 23d January, 1641 (*Commons Journals*, in diebus).

[2] Bill for convocation of them, read a third time, 6th January, 1642–3 (*Commons Journals*, ii. 916); Act itself, with the Names, 13th June, 1643 (Scobell, i. 42–44).

Meanwhile let all Churches, especially all Cathedrals, be stript of whatever the general soul so much as suspects to be stage-property and prayer by machinery, — a thing we very justly hold in terror and horror, and dare not live beside! —

Ely Cathedral, it appears, had still been overlooked, — Ely, much troubled with scandalous ministers, as well as with disaffected trainbands, — and Mr. Hitch, under the very eyes of Oliver, persists in his Choir-service there. Here accordingly is an official Note, copies of which still sleep in some repositories.

LETTER XIX.

[*To the Reverend Mr. Hitch, at Ely: These.*]

"[ELY,] 10th January, 1643.

"MR. HITCH, — Lest the Soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your Choir-service, so unedifying and offensive: — and this as you shall answer it, if any disorder should arise thereupon.

"I advise you to catechise, and read and expound the Scripture to the people; not doubting but the Parliament, with the advice of the Assembly of Divines, will direct you farther. I desire your Sermons [too], where usually they have been, — but more frequent.

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Mr. Hitch paid no attention; persisted in his Choir-service: — whereupon enter the Governor of Ely with soldiers, "with a rabble at his heels," say the old *Querelas*. With a rabble at his heels, with his hat on, he walks up to the Choir; says audibly: "I am a man under Authority; and am commanded to dismiss this Assembly," — then draws back a little, that the Assembly may dismiss with decency. Mr. Hitch has paused

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 225: copied "from an old Copy, by a Country Rector," who has had some difficulty in reading the name of Hitch, and knows nothing farther about him or it.

for a moment; but seeing Oliver draw back, he starts again: "As it was in the beginning"—! "Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!"[1] said Oliver, in a voice still audible to this Editor; which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to. And so, "with his whole congregation," files out, and vanishes from the field of History.

Friday, 19th January. The Scots enter England by Berwick, 21,000 strong: on Wednesday they left Dunbar "up to the knees in snow;" such a heart of forwardness was in them.[2] Old Lesley, now Earl of Leven, was their General, as before; a Committee of Parliamenteers went with him. They soon drove in Newcastle's "Papist Army" within narrower quarters; in May, got Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax brought across the Humber to join them, and besieged Newcastle himself in York. Which, before long, will bring us to Marston Moor, and *Letter Twenty-first.*

In this same month of January, 22d day of it, directly after Hitch's business, Colonel Cromwell, now more properly Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Lieutenant to the Earl of Manchester in the Association, transiently appeared in his place in Parliament; complaining much of my Lord Willoughby, as of a backward General, with strangely dissolute people about him, a great sorrow to Lincolnshire;[3]—and craving that my Lord Manchester might be appointed there instead: which, as we see, was done; with good result.

LETTER XX.

About the end of next month, February, 1644, the Lieutenant-General, we find, has been in Gloucester, successfully convoying Ammunition thither; and has taken various strong-houses by the road,—among others, Hilsden-House in Buckinghamshire, with important gentlemen, and many prisoners;

[1] Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy* [illegible]

[2] Rushworth, v. 603–606.

which latter, "Walloons, French, and other outlandish men," appear in Cambridge streets in a very thirsty condition; and are, in spite of danger, refreshed according to ability by the loyal Scholars, and especially by "Mrs. Cumber's maid," with a temporary glass of beer.[1] In this expedition there had gone with Cromwell a certain Major-General Crawford, whom he has left behind in the Hilsden neighborhood; to whom there is a Letter, here first producible to modern readers, and connected therewith a tale otherwise known.

Letter Twentieth, which exists as a Copy, on old dim paper, in the Kimbolton Archives, addressed on the back of the sheet, with all reverence, *To the Earl of Manchester*, and forms a very opaque puzzle in that condition, — turns out, after due study, to have been a Copy *by* that Crawford of a Letter addressed to himself: Copy hastily written off, along with other hasty confused sheets still extant beside it, for the Earl of Manchester's use, on a certain Parliamentary occasion, which will by and by concern us too for a moment.

A "Lieutenant-Colonel," Packer I dimly apprehend is the name of him, has on this Hilsden-and-Gloucester expedition given offence to Major-General Crawford; who again, in a somewhat prompt way, has had Packer laid under arrest, under suspension at Cambridge; in which state Packer still painfully continues. And may, seemingly, continue: for here has my Lord of Manchester just come down with a Parliamentary Commission "to reform the University," a thing of immense noise and moment, and "is employed in regard of many occasions;" is, in fact, precisely in these hours,[2] issuing his Summonses to the Heads of Houses; and cannot spare an instant for Packer and his pleadings. Crawford is still in Buckinghamshire; nevertheless the shortest way for Packer will be to go to Crawford, and take this admonitory Letter from his superior in command:—

[1] *Querela* (in Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 370); *Cromwelliana*, p. 8 (5th March 1643).

[2] 11th March (Cooper, iii. 371; details in Neal, ii. 79–89).

[*To Major-General Crawford: These.*]

"CAMBRIDGE, 10th March [1643].[1]

"SIR, — The complaints you preferred to my Lord against your Lieutenant-Colonel, both by Mr. Lee and your own Letters, have occasioned his stay here: — my Lord being [so] employed, in regard of many occasions which are upon him, that he hath not been at leisure to hear him make his defence: which, in pure justice, ought to be granted him or any man before a judgment be passed upon him.

"During his abode here and absence from you, he hath acquainted me what a grief it is to him to be absent from his charge, especially now the regiment is called forth to action: and therefore, asking of me my opinion, I advised him speedily to repair unto *you*. Surely you are not well advised thus to turn off one so faithful to the Cause, and so able to serve you as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment; [cannot understand] if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin, — that this doth commend your election of men to serve as fit instruments in this work! —

"Ay, but the man 'is an Anabaptist.' Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the Public? 'He is indiscreet.' It may be so, in some things: we have all human infirmities. I tell you, if you had none but such 'indiscreet men' about you, and would be pleased to use them kindly, you would find as good a fence to you as any you have yet chosen.

"Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, — that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself: if you had done it when I advised you to it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way. It may be you judge otherwise; but I tell you my mind. — I desire you would receive

[1] In Appendix, No. 6: Letter from Oliver, notably busy, and not yet gone to Cambridge.

this man into your favor and good opinion. I believe, if he follow my counsel, he will deserve no other but respect from you. Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion. If there be any other offence to be charged upon him, — that must in a judicial way receive determination. I know you will not think it fit my Lord should discharge as Officer of the Field but in a regulate way. I question whether you or I have any precedent for that.

"I have not farther to trouble you: — but rest,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Adjoined to this Letter, as it now lies, — in its old repository at Kimbolton, copied and addressed in the enigmatic way above mentioned, — there is, written in a Clerk's hand, but corrected in the hand which copied the Letter, a confused loud-spoken recriminatory Narrative, of some length, about the Second Battle of Newbury; touching also, in a loud confused way, on the case of Packer and others: — evidently the raw-material of the Earl's *Speech in defence of himself*,[2] in the time of the *Self-denying Ordinance;* of which the reader will hear by and by. Assiduous Crawford had provided the Earl with these helps to prove Cromwell an insubordinate person, and what was equally terrible, a favorer of Anabaptists. Of the *Letter*, Crawford, against whom also there lay accusations, retains the Original; but furnishes this Copy; — of which, unexpectedly, we too have now obtained a reading.

This sharp Letter may be fancied to procure the Lieutenant-Colonel's reinstatement; who, we have some intimation, does march with his regiment again, in hopes to take the Western Towns of Lincolnshire. Indeed Lieutenant-Colonel Packer, if this were verily Packer as he seems to be, became a dis-

[1] Communicated, with much politeness, by the Duke of Manchester, from Family Papers at Kimbolton.

[2] *Rushworth*, v. 733–736.

tinguished Colonel afterwards, and gave Oliver himself some trouble with his Anabaptistries.[1] In the Letter itself, still more in the confused Papers adjoined to it, of Major-General Crawford's writing, there is evidence enough of smouldering fire-elements in my Lord's Eastern-Association Army! The Lieutenant-General Cromwell, one perceives, is justly suspected of a lenity for Sectaries, Independents, Anabaptists themselves, provided they be "men that fear God," as he phrases it. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn (Freeborn John), Lieutenant-Colonel Fleetwood risen from Captaincy now: these and others, in the Crawford Documents, come painfully to view in this Lincolnshire campaign and afterwards; with discontents, with "Petitions," and one knows not what; all tending to Sectarian courses, all countenanced by the Lieutenant-General.[2] Most distasteful to Scotch Crawford, to my Lord of Manchester, not to say criminal and unforgivable to the respectable Presbyterian mind.

Reverend Mr. Baillie is now up in Town again with the Scotch Commissioners, — for there is again a Scotch Commission here, now that their Army has joined us: Reverend Mr. Baillie, taking good note of things, has this pertinent passage some six months hence: "The Earl of Manchester, a sweet meek man, did formerly permit Lieutenant-General Cromwell to guide all the Army at his pleasure: the man Cromwell is a very wise and active head" — yes, Mr. Robert! — "universally well beloved as religious and stout; but a known Independent or favorer of Sects," — the issues of which might have been frightful! "But now our countryman Crawford has got a great hand with Manchester, stands high with all that are against Sects;" which is a blessed change indeed,[3] — and may partly explain this Letter and some other things to us!

Of Major-General Crawford, who was once a loud-sounding well-known man, but whose chance for being remembered much longer will mainly ground itself on a Letter he copied with very different views, let us say here what little needs to be

[1] Ludlow (London, 1721), [illegible]

[2] MS. by Crawford [illegible]

[3] Baillie, ii. 229 [illegible]

said. He is Scotch; of the Crawfords of Jordan-Hill, in Renfrewshire; has seen service in the German Wars, and is deeply conscious of it; — paints himself to us as a headlong audacious fighter, of loose loud tongue, much of a pedant and braggart, somewhat given to sycophancy too. Whose history may sum itself up practically in this one fact, That he helped Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester to quarrel; and his character in this other, That he knew Lieutenant-General Cromwell to be a coward. This he, Crawford, knew; had seen it; was wont to assert it, and could prove it. Nay once, in subsequent angry months, talking to the Honorable Denzil Holles in Westminster Hall, he asserted it within earshot of Cromwell himself; "who was passing into the House, and I am very sure did hear it, as intended;" — who, however, heard it as if it had been no affair of his at all; and quietly walked on, as if *his* affairs lay elsewhere than there![1] From which I too, the knowing Denzil, drew my inferences, — ignominious to the human character! — Poor Crawford, after figuring much among the Scotch Committee-men and Presbyterian Grandees for a time, joined or rejoined the Scotch Army under Lesley; and fell at the Siege of Hereford in 1645, fighting gallantly I doubt not, and was quiet thenceforth.[2]

In these same weeks there is going on a very famous Treaty once more, "Treaty of Uxbridge:" with immense apparatus of King's Commissioners and Parliament and Scotch Commissioners;[3] of which, however, as it came to nothing, there need nothing here be said. Mr. Christopher Love, a young eloquent divine, of hot Welsh blood, of Presbyterian tendency, preaching by appointment in the place, said, He saw no prospect of an agreement, he for one; "Heaven might as well think of agreeing with Hell;"[4] words which were remembered against Mr. Christopher. The King will have nothing to do with

[1] Holles's *Memoirs:* in Maseres's *Select Tracts* (London, 1815), i. 198.

[2] Wood's *Athenæ* (*Life*, p. 8); Baillie, ii. 235 and supra (correct fn. ii. 218 n. and Godwin, i. 380); Holles; Scotch Peerages; &c. &c.

[3] 29th Jan.–5th March, Rushworth, v. 844–946; Whitlocke, 122, 128.

[4] *Wood*, iii. 281; *Commons Journals*, &c.

Presbyterianism, will not stir a step without his Surplices at Allhallowtide; there remains only War; a supreme managing "Committee of Both Kingdoms;" combined forces, and war. On the other hand, his Majesty, to counterbalance the Scots, had agreed to a "Cessation in Ireland," sent for his "Irish Army" to assist him here, — and indeed already got them as good as ruined, or reduced to a mere marauding apparatus.[1] A new "Papist" or partly "Papist Army," which gave great scandal in this country. By much the remarkablest man in it was Colonel George Monk; already captured at Nantwich, and lodged in the Tower.

But now the Western Towns of Lincolnshire are all taken; Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax are across the Humber, joined with the Scots besieging York, where Major-General Crawford again distinguishes himself;[2] — and we are now at Marston Moor.

LETTER XXI.

MARSTON MOOR.

In the last days of June, 1644, Prince Rupert, with an army of some 20,000 fierce men, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle, who was now with a force of 6,000 besieged in York, by the united forces of the Scots under Leven, the Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and the Associated Counties under Manchester and Cromwell. On hearing of his approach, the Parliament Generals raised the Siege; drew out on the Moor of Long Marston, some four miles off, to oppose his coming. He avoided them by crossing the river Ouse; relieved York, Monday, 1st July; and might have re-

[1] Rushworth, v. 547 (Cessation, 15th [illegible] of Nantwich, and ruin of the Irish [illegible]

[2] Fires a mine without [illegible] and is disastrously repulsed (Rushw[illegible]

turned successful; but insisted on Newcastle's joining him, and going out to fight the Roundheads. The Battle of Marston Moor, fought on the morrow evening, Tuesday, 2d July, 1644, from 7 to 10 o'clock, was the result, — entirely disastrous for him.

Of this Battle, the bloodiest of the whole War, I must leave the reader to gather details in the sources indicated below;[1] or to imagine it in general as the most enormous hurly-burly, of fire and smoke, and steel-flashings and death-tumult, ever seen in those regions: the end of which, about ten at night, was "four thousand one hundred and fifty bodies" to be buried, and total ruin to the King's affairs in those Northern parts.

The Armies were not completely drawn up till after five in the evening; there was a ditch between them; they stood facing one another, motionless except the exchange of a few cannon-shots, for an hour and half. Newcastle thought there would be no fighting till the morrow, and had retired to his carriage for the night. There is some shadow of surmise that the stray cannon-shot which, as the following Letter indicates, proved fatal to Oliver's Nephew, did also, rousing Oliver's humor to the charging point, bring on the general Battle. "The Prince of Plunderers," invincible hitherto, here first tasted the steel of Oliver's Ironsides, and did not in the least like it. "The Scots delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire," — in the ancient summer gloaming there.

[*To my loving Brother, Colonel Valentine Walton: These.*]

"[LEAGUER BEFORE YORK,] 5th July, 1644.

"DEAR SIR, — It 's our duty to sympathize in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 164 (various accounts by eye-witnesses); no. 168, one by Simeon Ash, the Earl of Manchester's Chaplain; no. 167, &c.; Rushworth, v. 632: Carte's *Ormond Papers* (London, 1739), i. 56: Fairfax's *Memorials* (*Somers Tracts*, v. 389). Modern accounts are numerous, but of no value.

"Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favor from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The Left Wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God. —

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way: [1] but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army,

[1] I conclude, the poor Boy Oliver has already fallen in these Wars, — none of us knows where, though his Father well knew! — *Note to Third Edition:* In the *Squire Papers* (*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1847) is this passage: "Meeting Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle, Squire says, 'I thought he looked sad and wearied, for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed.'" — *Note of* 1857: see antea, p. 48 n.

of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays

"Your truly faithful and loving brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desborow and all friends with you."[1]

Colonel Valentine Walton, already a conspicuous man, and more so afterwards, is of Great-Staughton, Huntingdonshire, a neighbor of the Earl of Manchester's; Member for his County, and a Colonel since the beginning of the War. There had long been an intimacy between the Cromwell Family and his. His Wife, the Mother of this slain youth, is Margaret Cromwell, Oliver's younger Sister, next to him in the family series. "Frank Russel" is of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, eldest son of the Baronet there; already a Colonel; soon afterwards Governor of Ely in Oliver's stead.[2] It was the daughter of this Frank that Henry Cromwell, some ten years hence, wedded.

Colonel Walton, if he have at present some military charge of the Association, seems to attend mainly on Parliament; and this Letter, I think, finds him in Town. The poor wounded youth would have to lie on the field at Marston while the Battle was fought; the whole Army had to bivouac there, next to no food, hardly even water to be had. That of "Seeing the rogues run," occurs more than once at subsequent dates in these

[1] Seward's *Anecdotes* (London, 1798), i. 362; reproduced in Ellis's *Original Letters* (First Series), iii. 299. "Original once in the possession of Mr. Langton of Welbeck Street," says Ellis; — "in the Bodleian Library," says Stowell.

[2] *See Noble, ii.* 407, 408, — with vigilance against his blandness.

Wars:[1] who first said it, or whether anybody ever said it, must remain uncertain.

York was now captured in a few days: Prince Rupert had fled across into Lancashire, and so "south to Shropshire, to recruit again;" Marquis Newcastle with "about eighty gentlemen," disgusted at the turn of affairs, had withdrawn beyond seas. The Scots moved northward to attend the Siege of Newcastle, — ended it by storm in October next. On the 24th of which same month, 24th October, 1644, the Parliament promulgated its Rhadamanthine Ordinance, To "hang any Irish Papist taken in arms in this country;"[2] a very severe Ordinance, but not uncalled for by the nature of the "marauding apparatus" in question there.

LETTERS XXII.-XXIII.

THE next Two Letters represent the Army and Lieutenant-General got home to the Association again; and can be read with little commentary. "The Committee for the Isle of Ely," we are to remark, consists of Honorable Members connected with that region, and has its sittings in London. Of "Major Ireton" we shall hear farther; "Husband" also is slightly met with elsewhere; and "Captain Castle" grew, I think, to be Colonel Castle, and perished at the Storm of Tredah, some years afterwards.

LETTER XXII.

"For my noble Friends the Committee for the Isle of Ely: Present these.

"LINCOLN, 1st September, 1644.

"GENTLEMEN, — I understand that you have lately released some persons committed by Major Ireton and Captain Husband, and one committed by Captain Castle, — all [committed]

[1] *Ludlow.* [2] Rushworth, v. 783.

upon clear and necessary grounds as they are represented unto me; [grounds] rendering them as very enemies as any we have, and as much requiring to have them continued secured.

"I have given order to Captain Husband to see them re-committed to the hands of my Marshal, Richard White. And I much desire you, for the future, Not to entrench upon me so much as to release them, — or any committed in the like case by myself, or my Deputy and Commanders in the Garrison, — until myself or some Superior Authority[1] be satisfied in the cause, and do give order in allowance of their enlargement. For I profess I will be no Governor, nor engage any other under me to undertake such a charge, upon such weak terms! —

"I am so sensible of the need we have to improve the present opportunity of our being masters in the field and having no Enemy near the Isle, and to spare whatever charge we can towards the making of those Fortifications, which may render it more defensible hereafter if we shall have *more* need, — I shall desire you, for that end, to ease the Isle and Treasury from the superfluous charge of [having] two several Committees for the several parts of the Isle; and that one Committee, settled at March, may serve for the whole Isle.

"Wherefore I wish that one of your number may, in your courses, intend[2] and appear at that Committee, to manage and uphold it the better for all parts of the Isle. Resting upon your care herein, I remain,

"Your friend to serve you,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

[1] Not inferior!

[2] "intend" means "take pains;" March is a *Town* in the Ely region.

[3] Old Copy, now (January, 1846) on sale at Mr. Graves's, Pall-Mall: printed in the *Athenæum* of 13th December, 1845. Old copy, such as the Clerks of Honorable Members were wont to take of Letters read in the House, or officially elsewhere; — worth copying for certain parties, in a time without Newspapers like ours.

LETTER XXIII.

SLEAFORD is in Lincolnshire, a march farther South. Lieutenant-General Cromwell with the Eastern-Association Horse, if the "Foot" were once settled, — might not he dash down to help the Lieutenant-General Essex and his "Army in the West"? Of whom, and of whose sad predicament amid the hills of Cornwall there, we shall see the issue anon. Brother Walton, a Parliament-man, has written, we perceive, to Cromwell, suggesting such a thing; urging haste if possible. In Cromwell is no delay: but the Eastern-Association Army, horse or foot, is heavy to move, — beset, too, with the old internal discrepancies, Crawfordisms, scandals at Sectaries, and what not.

"*For Colonel Valentine Walton: These, in London.*

"SLEAFORD, 6th or 5th September [1644].

"SIR, — We do with grief of heart resent the sad condition of our Army in the West, and of affairs there. That business has our hearts with it; and truly had we wings, we would fly thither! So soon as ever my Lord and the Foot set me loose, there shall be in me no want to hasten what I can to that service.

"For indeed all other considerations are to be laid aside and to give place to *it*, as being of far more importance. I hope the Kingdom shall see that, in the midst of our necessities, we shall serve them without disputes. We hope to forget our wants, which are exceeding great, and ill cared for; and desire to refer the many slanders heaped upon us by false tongues to God, — who will, in due time, make it appear to the world that we study the glory of God, and the honor and liberty of the Parliament. For which we unanimously fight; without seeking our own interests.

"Indeed, we never find our men so cheerful as when there is work to do. I trust you will always hear so of them. The Lord is our strength, and in Him is all our hope. Pray for us. Present my love to my friends: I beg their prayers. The Lord *still bless you.*

"We have some amongst us much[1] slow in action:—if we could all intend our own ends less, and our ease too, our business in this Army would go on wheels for expedition! [But] because some of us are enemies to rapine and other wickednesses, we are said to be 'factious,' to 'seek to maintain our opinions in religion by force,'—which we detest and abhor. I profess I could never satisfy myself of the justness of this War, but from the Authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights: and in this Cause I hope to approve myself an honest man and single-hearted.

"Pardon me that I am thus troublesome. I write but seldom: it gives me a little ease to pour my mind, in the midst of calumnies, into the bosom of a friend. Sir, no man more truly loves you than

"Your brother and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

THREE FRAGMENTS OF SPEECHES.

SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

THE following Three small Fragments of Speeches will have to represent for us some six months of occasional loud debating, and continual anxious gestation and manipulation, in the Two Houses, in the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and in many other houses and places;—the ultimate outcome of which was the celebrated "Self-denying Ordinance," and "New Model" of the Parliament's Army; which indeed brings on an entirely New Epoch in the Parliament's Affairs.

Essex and Waller had, for the third or even fourth time, chiefly by the exertions of ever-zealous London, been fitted out with Armies; had marched forth together to subdue the West;—and ended in quite other results than that. The two Generals differed in opinion; did not march long together: Essex,

[1] "*much*" *is old for very.* [2] Seward's Anecdotes, ut supra, i. 362.

urged by a subordinate, Lord Roberts, who had estates in Cornwall and hoped to get some rents out of them,[1] turned down thitherwards to the left; Waller bending up to the right; — with small issue either way. Waller's last action was an indecisive, rather unsuccessful Fight, or day of skirmishing, with the King, at Cropredy Bridge on the border of Oxford and Northampton Shires,[2] three days before Marston Moor. After which both parties separated: the King to follow Essex, since there was now no hope in the North; Waller to wander London-wards, and gradually "lose his Army by desertion," as the habit of him was. As for the King, he followed Essex into Cornwall with effect; hemmed him in among the hills there, about Bodmin, Lostwithiel, Foy, with continual skirmishing, with ever-growing scarcity of victual; forced poor Essex to escape to Plymouth by the Fleet,[3] and *leave* his Army to shift for itself as best might be: the horse under Balfour to cut their way through; the foot under Skippon to lay down their arms, cease to be soldiers, and march away "with staves in their hands" into the wide world. This surrender was effected 1st September, 1644, two months after Marston Moor. The Parliament's and Cromwell's worst anticipation, in that quarter, is fulfilled.

The Parliament made no complaint of Essex; with a kind of Roman dignity, they rather thanked him. They proceeded to recruit Waller and him, summoned Manchester with Cromwell his Lieutenant-General to join them; by which three bodies, making again a considerable army, under the command of Manchester and Waller (for Essex lay "sick," or seeming to be sick), the King, returning towards Oxford from his victory, was intercepted at Newbury; and there, on Sunday, 27th October, 1644, fell out the *Second* Battle of Newbury.[4] Wherein his Majesty, after four hours' confused fighting, rather had the worse; yet contrived to march off, unmolested, "by moonlight, at 10 o'clock," towards Wallingford, and got

[1] Clarendon. [2] 29th June, 1644, Clarendon, ii. 655.

[3] His own distinct, downright and somewhat sulky Narrative, in Rushworth, v. 701.

[4] Clarendon, ii. 717.

safe home. Manchester refused to pursue; though urged by Cromwell, and again urged. Nay twelve days after, when the King came back, and openly revictualled Dennington Castle, an important strong-place hard by, — Manchester, in spite of Cromwell's urgency, still refused to interfere.

They, in fact, came to a quarrel here, these two: — and much else that was represented by them came to a quarrel; Presbytery and Independency, to wit. Manchester was reported to have said, If they lost this Army pursuing the King, they had no other; the King "might hang them all." To Cromwell and the thorough-going party, it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and "hanged," were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this Cause in a good way. Whereupon ensue some six months of very complex manipulation, and public and private consultation, which these Three Fragments of Speeches are here to represent for us.

I. *In the House of Commons, on Monday, 25th November*, 1644, *Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manchester, to this effect:* —

"That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the War by the sword; and [always] *for* such a Peace as a [thorough] victory would be a disadvantage to; — and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and [by] a continued series of carriage and actions answerable.

"That since the taking of York,[1] as if the Parliament had now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever tended to farther advantage upon the Enemy; [hath] neglected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too high, — especially at Dennington Castle.

[1] Directly after Marston Moor.

"That he hath drawn the Army into, and detained them in, such a posture as to give the Enemy fresh advantages; and this, before his conjunction with the other Armies,[1] by his own absolute will, against or without his Council of War, against many commands of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands; — and, *since* the conjunction, sometimes against the Councils of War, and sometimes by persuading and deluding the Council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another, and this again of a third, and at last by persuading [them] that it was not fit to fight at all."[2]

To these heavy charges, Manchester — furnished with his confused Crawford Documents, and not forgetting Letter *Twentieth* which we lately read — makes heavy answer, at great length, about a week after: of which we shall remember only this piece of countercharge, How his Lordship had once, in those very Newbury days, ordered Cromwell to proceed to some rendezvous with the horse, and Cromwell, very unsuitably for a Lieutenant-General, had answered, The horses were already worn off their feet; "if your Lordship want to have the *skins* of the horses, this is the way to get them!" — Through which small slit, one looks into large seas of general discrepancy in those old months! Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, in a moment of irritation surely, "There would never be a good time in England till we had done with Lords."[3] But the most appalling report that now circulates in the world is this, of his saying once, "If he met the King in battle, he would fire his pistol at the King as at another;" — pistol, at our poor semi-divine misguided Father fallen insane: a thing hardly conceivable to the Presbyterian human mind![4]

[1] Waller's and Essex's at Newbury.

[2] Rushworth, v. 732; *Commons Journals*, iii. 703–705.

[3] Rushworth, v. 734.

[4] Old Pamphlets *sæpius*, onwards to 1649.

II. *In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, 9th December, all sitting in Grand Committee, "there was a general silence for a good space of time," one looking upon the other to see who would break the ice, in regard to this delicate point of getting our Essexes and Manchesters softly ousted from the Army; a very delicate point indeed;—when Lieutenant-General Cromwell stood up, and spake shortly to this effect:—*

"It is now a time to speak, or forever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than To save a Nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition: which the long continuance of this War hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy, vigorous and effectual prosecution of the War,—casting off all lingering proceedings like [those of] soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war,—we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament.

"For what do the Enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the War speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This [that] I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those Commanders, Members of both Houses, who are yet in power: but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the Army be not put into another method, and the War more vigorously prosecuted, the People can bear the War no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonorable Peace.

"But this I would recommend to your prudence, Not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any Commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waiving a strict inquiry

into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy; which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our Mother Country, as no Members of either House will scruple to *deny* themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonor done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter."[1]

III. *On the same day, seemingly at a subsequent part of the debate, Lieutenant-General Cromwell said likewise, as follows:*

"MR. SPEAKER, — I am not of the mind that the calling of the Members to sit in Parliament will break, or scatter our Armies. I can speak this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in your Cause; and if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolize me, but look upon the Cause they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that Cause they fight for."[2]

To be brief, Mr. Zouch Tate, Member for Northampton, moved this day a Self-denying Ordinance; which, in a few days more, was passed in the Commons. It was not so easily got through the Lords; but there too it had ultimately to pass. One of the most important clauses was this, introduced not without difficulty, That religious men might now serve *without* taking the Covenant as a *first* preliminary, — perhaps they might take it by and by. This was a great ease to tender consciences; and indicates a deep split, which will grow wider and wider, in our religious affairs. The Scots Commissioners have sent for Whitlocke and Maynard to the Lord General's, to ask in judicious Scotch dialect, Whether there be not ground to prosecute Cromwell as an "incendiary"? "You ken varry weel!" — The two learned gentlemen shook their heads.[3]

[1] Rushworth, vi. 4. [2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 12.
[3] Whitlocke, iii. p. 111 (December, 1644).

This Self-denying Ordinance had to pass; it and the New Model wholly; by the steps indicated below.[1] Essex was gratified by a splendid Pension, — very little of it ever actually paid; for indeed he died some two years after: Manchester was put on the Committee of Both Kingdoms: the Parliament had its New-Model Army, and soon saw an entirely new epoch in its affairs.

LETTER XXIV.

BEFORE the old Officers laid down their commissions, Waller with Cromwell and Massey were sent on an expedition into the West against Goring and Company; concerning which there is some echo in the old Books and Commons Journals, but no definite vestige of it, except the following Letter, read in the House of Commons, 9th April, 1645; which D'Ewes happily had given his Clerk to copy. The Expedition itself, which proved successful, is now coming towards an end. Fairfax the new General is at Windsor all April; full of business, regimenting, discharging, enlisting, new-modelling.

LETTER XXIV.

"*For the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: Haste, Haste: These: At Windsor.*

"[SALISBURY,] 9th April (ten o'clock at night), 1645.

"SIR, — Upon Sunday last we marched towards Bruton in Somersetshire, which was General Goring's head-quarter: but he would no stand us; but marched away, upon our appearance, to Wells and Glastonbury. Whither we held it unsafe

[1] Rushworth, vi. 7, 8: Self-denying Ordinance *passed* in the Commons 19th December, and is sent to the Lords; Conference about it, 7th January; *rejected* by the Lords 15th January, — because "we do not know what *shape* the Army will now suddenly take." Whereupon, 21st January, "Fairfax is nominated General;" and on the 19th February, the New Model is completed and passed: "*This* is the shape the Army is to take." A second Self-denying Ordinance, now introduced, got itself finally passed 3d April, 1645.

to follow him; lest we should engage our Body of Horse too far into that enclosed country, not having foot enough to stand by them; and partly because we doubted the advance of Prince Rupert with his force to join with Goring; having some notice from Colonel Massey of the Prince his coming this way.

"General Goring hath [Sir Richard] Greenvil in a near posture to join with him. He hath all their Garrisons in Devon, Dorset and Somersetshire, to make an addition to him. Whereupon, Sir William Waller having a very poor Infantry of about 1,600 men, — lest they, being so inconsiderable, should engage[1] our Horse, — we came from Shaftesbury to Salisbury to secure our Foot; to prevent our being necessitated to a too unequal engagement, and to be nearer a communication with our friends.

"Since our coming hither, we hear Prince Rupert is come to Marshfield, a market-town not far from Trowbridge. If the enemy advance all together, how far we may be endangered, — that I humbly offer to you; entreating you to take care of us, and to send us with all speed such an assistance, to Salisbury, as may enable us to keep the field and repel the enemy, if God assist us: at least to secure and countenance us so, as that we be not put to the shame and hazard of a retreat; which will lose the Parliament many friends in these parts, who will think themselves abandoned on our departure from them. Sir, I beseech you send what Horse and Foot you can spare towards Salisbury, by way of Kingscleere, with what convenient expedition may be. Truly we look to be attempted upon every day.

"These things being humbly represented to your knowledge and care, I subscribe myself,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

In Carte's Ormond Papers (i. 79) is a Letter of the same date on the same subject, somewhat illustrative of this. See also Commons Journals *in die*.

[1] entangle or encumber.

[2] D'Ewes MSS. vol. v. p. 189; p. 445 of Transcript.

LETTERS XXV.–XXVII.

PRINCE RUPERT had withdrawn without fighting; was now at Worcester with a considerable force, meditating new infall. For which end, we hear, he has sent 2,000 men across the country to his Majesty at Oxford, to convoy "his Majesty's person and the Artillery" over to Worcester to him, both of which objects are like to be useful there. The Committee of Both Kingdoms order the said Convoy to be attacked.

"The charge of this service they recommended particularly to General Cromwell, who, looking on himself now as discharged of military employment by the New Ordinance, which was to take effect within few days, and to have no longer opportunity to serve his country in that way, — was, the night before, come to Windsor, from his service in the West, to kiss the General's hand and take leave of him: when, in the morning ere he was come forth of his chamber, those commands, than which he thought of nothing less in all the world, came to him from the Committee of Both Kingdoms."[1]

"The night before" must mean, to all appearance, the 22d of April. How Cromwell instantly took horse; plunged into Oxfordshire, and on the 24th, at Islip Bridge, attacked and routed this said Convoy; and the same day, "merely by dragoons" and fierce countenance, took Bletchington House, for which poor Colonel Windebank was shot, so angry were they: all this is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth;[2] and here now is Cromwell's own account of it:

[1] Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva* (London, 1647), p. 10. Sprigge was one of Fairfax's Chaplains; his Book, a rather ornate work, gives florid but authentic and sufficient account of this New-Model Army in all its features and operations, by which "England" had "come alive again." A little sparing in dates; but correct where they are given. None of the old Books is better worth reprinting. — For some glimmer of notice concerning Joshua Sprigge himself, see Wood *in voce*, — and disbelieve altogether that "Nat. Fiennes" had anything to do with this Book.

[2] *vi.* 23, 24.

LETTER XXV.

"COMMITTEE of Both Kingdoms," first set up in February gone a year, when the Scotch Army came to help, has been the Executive in the War-department ever since; a great but now a rapidly declining authority. Sits at Derby House: Four Scotch; Twenty-one English, of whom Six a quorum. Johnston of Warriston is the notablest Scotchman; among the leading English are Philip Lord Wharton and the Younger Vane.[1]

"Watlington" is in the Southeast nook of Oxfordshire; a day's march from Windsor. "Major-General Browne" commands at Abingdon; a City Wood-merchant once; a zealous soldier, of Presbyterian principles at present. The rendezvous at Watlington took place on Wednesday night; the 25th of April is Friday.

"To the Right Honorable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House: These.

"BLETCHINGTON, 25th April, 1645.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, — According to your Lordships' appointment, I have attended your Service in these parts; and have not had so fit an opportunity to give you an account as now.

"So soon as I received your commands, I appointed a rendezvous at Watlington. The body being come up, I marched to Wheatley Bridge, having sent before to Major-General Browne for intelligence; and it being market-day at Oxford, from whence I likewise hoped, by some of the market-people, to gain notice where the Enemy was.

"Towards night I received certain notice by Major-General Browne, that the Carriages were not stirred, that Prince Maurice was not here; and by some Oxford scholars, that

[1] List, and light as to its appointment, in *Commons Journals* (7th Feb. 1643–4), iii. 391; Baillie, ii. 141 et sæpius. Its Papers and Correspondence, a curious set of records, lie in very tolerable order in the State-Paper Office.

there were Four Carriages and Wagons ready in one place, and in another Five; all, as I conceived, fit for a march.[1]

"I received notice also that the Earl of Northampton's Regiment was quartered at Islip; wherefore in the evening I marched that way, hoping to have surprised them; but, by the mistake and failing of the forlorn-hope, they had an alarm there, and to all their quarters, and so escaped me; by means whereof they had time to draw all together.

"I kept my body all night at Islip: and, in the morning, a party of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, the Lord Wilmot's, and the Queen's, came to make an infall upon me. Sir Thomas Fairfax's Regiment[2] was the first that took the field; the rest drew out with all possible speed. That which is the General's Troop charged a whole squadron of the Enemy, and presently broke it. Our other Troops coming seasonably on, the rest of the Enemy were presently put into confusion; so that we had the chase of them three or four miles; wherein we killed many, and took near two hundred prisoners, and about four hundred horse.

"Many of them escaped towards Oxford and Woodstock; divers were drowned; and others got into a strong House in Bletchington, belonging to Sir Thomas Cogan; wherein Colonel Windebank kept a garrison with near two hundred men. Whom I presently summoned; and after a long Treaty he went out, about twelve at night, with these Terms here enclosed; leaving us between two and three hundred muskets, besides horse-arms, and other ammunition, and about three-score-and-eleven horses more.

"This was the mercy of God; and nothing is more due than a real acknowledgment. And though I have had greater mercies, yet none clearer: because, in the first [place], God brought them to our hands when we looked not for them; and delivered them out of our hands when we laid a reasonable design to surprise them, and which we carefully endeavored. His mercy appears in this also, That I did much doubt the

[1] "marsh," out towards Worcester.

[2] "which was once mine," he might have added, but modestly does not; only alluding to it from afar, in the next sentence.

storming of the House, it being strong and well manned, and I having few dragoons, and this being not my business; — and yet we got it.

"I hope you will pardon me if I say, God is not enough owned. We look too much to men and visible helps: this hath much hindered our success. But I hope God will direct all to acknowledge Him alone in all [things].

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Poor Windebank was shot by sudden Court-martial, so enraged were they at Oxford, — for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young Wife, they said, she and other "ladies on a visit there," that had confused poor Windebank: he set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism.[2] The Son of Secretary Windebank, who fled beyond seas long since.

LETTER XXVI.

How Cromwell, sending off his new guns and stores to Abingdon, now shot across westward to "Radcot Bridge" or "Bampton-in-the-Bush;" and on the 26th gained a new victory there; and on the whole made a rather brilliant sally of it: — this too is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth; but only the concluding unsuccessful part of this, the fruitless Summons to Farringdon, has left any trace in autograph.

"*To the Governor of the Garrison in Farringdon.*

"29th April, 1645.

"SIR, — I summon you to deliver into my hands the House wherein you are, and your Ammunition, with all things else

[1] Pamphlet, in *Parliamentary History*, xiii. 459: read in the House, Monday, 28th April (*Commons Journals*, iv. 124). — Letter to Fairfax on the same subject, Appendix, No. 7.

[2] Heath's *Chronicle, p. 122.*

there; together with your persons, to be disposed of as the Parliament shall appoint. Which if you refuse to do, you are to expect the utmost extremity of war. I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

THIS Governor, "Roger Burgess," is not to be terrified with fierce countenance and mere dragoons; he refuses. Cromwell condenses himself about Farringdon Town, "sends for infantry" (but, we fear, gets none), and again summons:—

LETTER XXVII.

To the same; same date.

"SIR,—I understand by forty or fifty poor men whom you forced into your House, that you have many there whom you cannot arm, and who are not serviceable to you.

"If these men should perish by your means, it were great inhumanity surely. Honor and honesty require this, That though you be prodigal of your own lives, yet not to be so of theirs. If God give you into my hands, I will not spare a man of you, if you put me to a storm.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Roger Burgess, still unawed, refuses; Cromwell waits for infantry from Abingdon "till 3 next morning," then storms; loses fourteen men, with a captain taken prisoner;—and draws away, leaving Burgess to crow over him. The Army, which rose from Windsor yesterday, gets to Reading this day, and he must hasten thither.[3]

Yesterday, Wednesday, Monthly-fast day, all Preachers, by Ordinance of Parliament, were praying for "God's merciful assistance to this New Army now on march, and His blessing upon their endeavors."[4] Consider it; actually "praying"! It was a capability old London and its Preachers and Populations had; to us the incrediblest.

[1] Rushworth, vi. 26.

[2] Ibid.

[3] For Bampton, &c. see Appendix, No. 7.

[4] Rushworth, vi. 25

LETTER XXVIII.

By Letter Twenty-eighth it will be seen that Lieutenant-General Cromwell has never yet resumed his Parliamentary duty. In fact, he is in the Associated Counties, raising force; "for protection of the Isle of Ely," and other purposes. To Fairfax and his Officers, to the Parliament, to the Committee of Both Kingdoms, to all persons, it is clear that Cromwell cannot be dispensed with. Fairfax and the Officers petition Parliament[1] that he may be appointed their Lieutenant-General, Commander-in-Chief of the Horse. There is a clear necessity in it. Parliament, the Commons somewhat more readily than the Lords, continue, by instalments of "forty days," of "three months," his services in the Army; and at length grow to regard him as a constant element there. A few others got similar leave of absence, similar dispensation from the Self-denying Ordinance. Sprigge's words, cited above, are no doubt veracious; yet there is trace of evidence[2] that Cromwell's continuance in the Army had, even by the framers of the Self-denying Ordinance, been considered a thing possible, a thing desirable. As it well might! To Cromwell himself there was no overpowering felicity in getting out to be shot at, except where wanted; he very probably, as Sprigge intimates, did let the matter in silence take its own course.

[*To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*]

"Huntingdon, 4th June, 1645.

"Sir, — I most humbly beseech you to pardon my long silence. I am conscious of the fault, considering the great obligations lying upon me. But since my coming into these parts, I have been busied to secure that part of the Isle of Ely where I conceived most danger to be.

"Truly I found it in a very ill posture: and it is yet but weak; without works, ammunition or men considerable, — and

[1] Their Letter (Newspapers, 9th–16th June), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 18.

[2] Godwin's *History of the Commonwealth* (London, 1824), i. 405.

of money least: and then, I hope, you will easily conceive of the defence: and God has preserved us all this while to a miracle. The party under Vermuyden waits the King's Army, and is about Deeping; has a command to join with Sir John Gell, if he commands him. So [too] the Nottingham Horse. I shall be bold to present you with intelligence as it comes to me.

"I am bold to present this as my humble suit: That you would be pleased to make Captain Rawlins, this Bearer, a Captain of Horse. He has been so before; was nominated to the Model; is a most honest man. Colonel Sidney leaving his regiment, if it please you to bestow *his* Troop on him, I am confident he will serve you faithfully. So, by God's assistance will

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

The "Vermuyden" mentioned here, who became Colonel Vermuyden, is supposed to be a son of the Dutch Engineer who drained the Fens. "Colonel Sidney" is the celebrated Algernon; he was nominated in the "Model," but is "leaving his regiment;" having been appointed Governor of Chichester.[2] Captain Rawlins does obtain a Company of Horse; under "Colonel Sir Robert Pye."[3]—Colonel Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, has a Foot-Regiment here. Hugh Peters is "Chaplain to the Train."

BY EXPRESS.

FAIRFAX, with his New-Model Army, has been beleaguering Oxford for some time past; but in a loose way, and making small progress hitherto. The King, not much apprehensive about Oxford, is in the Midland Counties; has just stormed

[1] Rushworth, vi. (London, 1701), p. 37.

[2] *Commons Journals*, iv. 136 (9th May, 1645).

[3] Army-List, in Sprigge (p. 330).

Leicester ("last night of May," says Clarendon,[1] a terrible night, and still more terrible "daybreak" and day following it), which perhaps may itself relieve Oxford. His Majesty is since at halt, or in loose oscillating movement, "hunting" on the hills, "driving large herds of cattle before him," — nobody, not even himself, yet knows whitherward. Whitherward? This is naturally a very agitating question for the neighboring populations; but most of all, intensely agitating for the Eastern Association, — though Cromwell, in that Huntingdon Letter, occupied with Ely and other Garrisons, seems to take it rather quietly. But two days later, we have trace of him at Cambridge, and of huge alarm round him there. Here is an old Piece of Paper still surviving; still emblematic of old dead days and their extinct agitations, when once we get to decipher it! They are the Cambridge Committee that write; "the Army about Oxford," we have seen, is Fairfax's.

[*To the Deputy-Lieutenants of Suffolk: These.*]

"CAMBRIDGE, 6th June, 1645.

"GENTLEMEN, — The cloud of the Enemy's Army hanging still upon the borders, and drawing towards Harborough, make some supposals that they aim at the Association. In regard whereof, we having information that the Army about Oxford was not yesterday advanced, albeit it was ordered so to do, we thought meet to give you intelligence thereof; — and therewith earnestly to propound to your consideration, That you will have in readiness what Horse and Foot may be had, that so a proportion may be drawn forth for this service, such as may be expedient.

"And because we conceive that the exigence may require Horse and Dragoons, we desire That all your Horse and Dragoons may hasten to Newmarket; where they will receive orders for farther advance, according as the motion of the Enemy and of our Army shall require. And To allow both the several Troops of Dragoons and Horse one week's pay, to be laid down by the owner; which shall be repaid out of the

[1] ii. 857.

public money out of the County; the pay of each Trooper being 14 shillings per week, and of a Dragoon 10*s.* 6*d.* per week.

"Your servants,

"H. MILDMAY, W. SPRING,
W. HEVENINGHAM, MAURICE BARROW,
TI. MIDLTON (*sic*), NATHANIEL BACON,
FRANCIS RUSSELL,
OLIVER CROMWELL,
HUM. WALCOT,
ISAAK PULLER,
ED . . . [*illegible*].

"[P.S.] The Place of Rendezvous for the Horse and Dragoons is to be at Newmarket; and for the Foot Bury. — Since the writing hereof, we received certain intelligence that the Enemy's Body, with 60 carriages, was upon his march towards the Association, 3 miles on this side Harborough, last night at 4 of the clock."[1]

The Original, a hasty, blotted Paper, with the Signatures in two unequal columns (as imitated here), and with the Postscript crammed hurriedly into the corner, and written from another ink-bottle as is still apparent, — represents to us an agitated scene in the old Committee-rooms at Cambridge that Friday. In *Rushworth* (see vi. 36–38), of the same date, and signed by the same parties, with some absentees (Oliver among them, probably now gone on other business) and more new arrivals, — is a Letter to Fairfax himself, urging him to speed over, and help them in their peril. They say, "We had formerly written to the Counties to raise their Horse and Dragoons, and have now written," as above for one instance, "to quicken them." — The Suffolk and other Horse, Old Ironsides not hindmost, did muster; and in about a week' hence, there came other news from "this side Harborough last night"!

[1] Original, long stationary at Ipswich, is now (Jan. 1849) the property of John Wodderspoon, Esq., Mercury Office, Norwich.

LETTER XXIX.

NASEBY.

THE old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the Northwestern border of Northamptonshire; some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire; nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of some eight hundred souls; clay cottages for laborers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off Southwards into two long streets: the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods; a "hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time," — which has, like Hudibras's breeches, "been at the Siege of Bullen." The ground is upland, moor-land, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England: gentle Dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel;* "Navesby, quasi *Navels*by, from being" &c.: Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the Western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the Eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of "Hills," "Rutput Hill," "Mill Hill," "Dust Hill," and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time: but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad blunt clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last

battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model Army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. "Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;" but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged downhill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him, — and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the Association two days before, "amid shouts from the whole Army:" he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's Infantry a ruin; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, "broke all asunder," — never to reassemble more. The chase went through Harborough; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some "surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before," and give the Roundheads battle.

Ample details of this Battle, and of the movements prior and posterior to it, are to be found in Sprigge, or copied with some abridgment into Rushworth; who has also copied a strange old Plan of the Battle; half plan, half picture, which the Sale-Catalogues are very chary of, in the case of Sprigge. By assiduous attention, aided by this Plan, as the old names yet stick to the localities, the Narrative can still be, and has lately been, pretty accurately verified, and the Figure of the old Battle dimly brought back again.[1] The reader shall imagine it, for the present. — On the crown of Naseby Height stands a modern Battle-monument; but, by an unlucky oversight, it is above a mile to the east of where the Battle really was. There are likewise two modern Books about Naseby and its Battle; both of them without value.

The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the Height still partly called "Mill Hill," as in Rushworth's time, a mile and half from Naseby; the King's Army, on a parallel "Hill," its back to Harborough; — with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have

[1] Appendix, No. 8.

been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds;* — some of which, one to my knowledge, have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, — and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world! — "A stack of dead bodies, perhaps about 100, had been buried in this Trench; piled as in a wall, a man's length thick: the skeletons lay in courses, the heads of one course to the heels of the next; one figure, by the strange position of the bones, gave us the hideous notion of its having been thrown in *before* death! We did not proceed far: — perhaps some half-dozen skeletons. The bones were treated with all piety; watched rigorously, over Sunday, till they could be covered in again."[1] Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear! —

At this Battle Mr. John Rushworth, our Historical Rushworth, had unexpectedly, for some instants, sight of a very famous person. Mr. John is Secretary to Fairfax; and they have placed him to-day among the Baggage-wagons, near Naseby Hamlet, above a mile from the fighting, where he waits in an anxious manner. It is known how Prince Rupert broke our left wing, while Cromwell was breaking their left. "A gentleman of Public Employment in the late Service near Naseby" writes next day, "Harborough, 15th June, 2 in the morning," a rough graphic Letter in the Newspapers,[2] wherein is this sentence:

. . . "A party of theirs, that broke through the left wing of horse, came quite behind the rear to our Train; the Leader of them, being a person somewhat in habit like the General, in a red montero, as the General had. He came as a friend; our commander of the guard of the Train went with his hat in

[1] MS. *penes me.*

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 212, § 26, p. 2: the punctual contemporaneous Collector has named him with his pen: "Mr. Rushworth's Letter, being the *Secretary to his* Excellency."

his hand, and asked him, How the day went? thinking it had been the General: the Cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked him and the rest, If they would have quarter? They cried No; gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy deliverance," — without doubt.

There were taken here a good few "ladies of quality in carriages;" — and above a hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tattery camp-followers "with long skean-knives about a foot in length," which they well knew how to use; upon whom I fear the Ordinance against Papists pressed hard this day.[1] The King's Carriage was also taken, with a Cabinet and many Royal Autographs in it, which when printed made a sad impression against his Majesty, — gave, in fact, a most melancholy view of the veracity of his Majesty, "On the word of a King."[2] All was lost! —

Here is Cromwell's Letter, written from Harborough, or "Haverbrowe" as he calls it, that same night; after the hot Battle and hot chase were over. The original, printed long since in Rushworth, still lies in the British Museum, — with "a strong steady signature," which one could look at with interest. "The Letter consists of two leaves; much worn, and now supported by pasting; red seal much defaced; is addressed on the second leaf:" —

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*

"HARBOROUGH, 14th June, 1645.

"SIR, — Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

"We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us; both Armies engaged. We, after three hours' fight very doubtful, at last routed his Army; killed and

[1] Whitlocke.

[2] *The King's Cabinet opened; or Letters taken in the Cabinet at Naseby Field (London, 1645)*: — reprinted in *Harleian Miscellany* (London, 1810), v. 514.

took about 5,000, — very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the Enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

"Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honor: and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way: — and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester, — not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the Earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. "Harborough Church" is getting "filled with prisoners," while Oliver writes, — and an immense contemporaneous tumult everywhere going on!

The "honest men who served you faithfully" on this occasion are the considerable portion of the Army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian Party, rigorous for their own formula, call "Schismatics," "Sectaries," "Anabaptists," and other hard

[1] *Harl. MSS. no. 7502, art. 5, p. 7*; Rushworth, vi. 45.

names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in "order" because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch-dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that! — Cromwell naturally became the head of this Schismatic Party, intent to grow not as Dutch-dragons, but as real trees; a Party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men.

The King stayed but a few hours in Leicester; he had taken Leicester, as we saw, some days before, and now it was to be re-taken from him some days after: — he stayed but a few hours here; rode on, that same night, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which he reached "at daybreak," — poor wearied King! — then again swiftly Westward, to Wales, to Ragland Castle, to this place and that; in the hope of raising some force, and coming to fight again; which, however, he could never do.[1] Some ten months more of roaming, and he, "disguised as a groom," will be riding with Parson Hudson towards the Scots at Newark.

The New-Model Army marched into the Southwest; very soon "relieved Colonel Robert Blake" (Admiral Blake), and many others; — marched to ever new exploits and victories, which excite the pious admiration of Joshua Sprigge; and very soon swept all its enemies from the field, and brought this War to a close.[2]

The following Letters exhibit part of Cromwell's share in that business, and may be read with little commentary.

[1] *Iter Carolinum;* being a succinct Relation of the necessitated Marches, Retreats and Sufferings of his Majesty Charles the First, from 10th January, 1641, till the time of his Death, 1648: Collected by a daily Attendant upon his Sacred Majesty during all the said time. London, 1660. — It is reprinted in *Somers Tracts* (v. 263), but, as usual there, without any editing except a nominal one, though it somewhat needed more.

[2] A Journal of every day's March of the Army under his Excellency Sir *Thomas Fairfax* (in Sprigge, p. 331).

LETTER XXX.

THE CLUBMEN.

THE victorious Army, driving all before it in the Southwest, where alone the King had still any considerable fighting force, found itself opposed by a very unexpected enemy, famed in the old Pamphlets by the name of *Clubmen*. The design was at bottom Royalist; but the country-people in these regions had been worked upon by the Royalist Gentry and Clergy, on the somewhat plausible ground of taking up arms to defend themselves against the plunder and harassment of *both* Armies. The great mass of them were Neutrals; there even appeared by and by various transient bodies of "Clubmen" on the Parliament side, whom Fairfax entertained occasionally to assist him in pioneering and other such services. They were called Clubmen, not, as M. Villemain supposes,[1] because they united in *Clubs*, but because they were armed with rough country weapons, mere bludgeons if no other could be had. Sufficient understanding of them may be gained from the following Letter of Cromwell, prefaced by some Excerpts.

From Rushworth: "Thursday, July 3d, Fairfax marched from Blandford to Dorchester, 12 miles; a very hot day. Where Colonel Sidenham, Governor of Weymouth, gave him information of the condition of those parts; and of the great danger from the Club-risers;" a set of men "who would not suffer either contribution or victuals to be carried to the Parliament's garrisons. And the same night Mr. Hollis of Dorsetshire, the chief leader of the Clubmen, with some others of their principal men, came to Fairfax: and Mr. Hollis owned himself to be one of their leaders; affirming that it was fit the

[1] Our French friends ought to be informed that M. Villemain's Book on Cromwell is, unluckily, a rather ignorant and shallow one. — Of M. Guizot, on the other hand, we are to say that his Two Volumes, so far as they go, are the fruit *of real ability and solid* studies applied to those Transactions.

people should show their grievances and their strength. Fairfax treated them civilly, and promised they should have an answer the next morning. For they were so strong at that time, that it was held a point of prudence to be fair in demeanor towards them for a while; for if he should engage with General Goring and be put to the worst, these Clubmen would knock them on the head as they should fly for safety. — That which they desired from him was a safe-conduct for certain persons to go to the King and Parliament with Petitions: "[1] which Fairfax in a very mild but resolute manner *refused*.

From Sprigge,[2] copied also into Rushworth with some inaccuracies: "On Monday, August 4th, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, having intelligence of some of their places of rendezvous for their several divisions, went forth" from Sherborne "with a party of Horse to meet these Clubmen; being well satisfied of the danger of their design. As he was marching towards Shaftesbury with the party, they discovered some colors upon the top of a high Hill, full of wood and almost inaccessible. A Lieutenant with a small party was sent to them to know their meaning, and to acquaint them that the Lieutenant-General of the Army was there; whereupon Mr. Newman, one of their leaders, thought fit to come down, and told us, The intent was to desire to know why the gentlemen were taken at Shaftesbury on Saturday? The Lieutenant-General returned him this answer: That he held himself not bound to give him or them an account; what was done was by Authority; and they that did it were not responsible to them that had none: but not to leave them wholly unsatisfied, he told him, Those persons so met had been the occasion and stirrers of many tumultuous and unlawful meetings; for which they were to be tried by law; which trial ought not by them to be questioned or interrupted. Mr. Newman desired to go up to return the answer; the Lieutenant-General with a small party went with him; and had some conference with the people to this purpose: That whereas they pretended to meet there to save their goods, they took a very ill course for that: to leave their

[1] Rushworth, vi. 52. [2] pp. 78, 79.

houses was the way to *lose* their goods; and it was offered them, That justice should be done upon any who offered them violence: and as for the gentlemen taken at Shaftesbury, it was only to answer some things they were accused of, which they had done contrary to law and the peace of the Kingdom. — Herewith they seeming to be well satisfied, promised to return to their houses; and accordingly did so.

"These being thus quietly sent home, the Lieutenant-General advanced farther, to a meeting of a greater number, of about 4,000, who betook themselves to Hambledon Hill, near Shrawton. At the bottom of the Hill ours met a man with a musket, and asked, Whither he was going? he said, To the Club Army; ours asked, What he meant to do? he asked, What they had to do with that? Being required to lay down his arms, he said He would first lose his life; but was not so good as his word, for though he cocked and presented his musket, he was prevented, disarmed, and wounded, but not" — Here, however, is Cromwell's own Narrative: —

"*To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament's Forces* [*at Sherborne: These*].

"[SHAFTESBURY,] 4th August, 1645.

"SIR, — I marched this morning towards Shaftesbury. In my way I found a party of Clubmen gathered together, about two miles on this side of the Town, towards you; and one Mr. Newman in the head of them, — who was one of those who did attend you at Dorchester, with Mr. Hollis. I sent to them to know the cause of their meeting: Mr. Newman came to me; and told me, That the Clubmen in Dorset and Wilts, to the number of ten thousand, were to meet about their men who were taken away at Shaftesbury, and that their intendment was to secure themselves from plundering. To the first I told them, That although no account was due to them, yet I knew the men were taken by your authority, to be tried judicially for raising a Third Party in the Kingdom; and if they should be found guilty, they must suffer according to the nature of their offence; if innocent, I assured them you would acquit them. *Upon this they* said, If they have deserved punish-

ment, they would not have anything to do with them; and so were quieted as to that point. For the other [point], I assured them, That it was your great care, not to suffer them in the least to be plundered, and that they should defend themselves from violence, and bring to your Army such as did them any wrong, where they should be punished with all severity: upon this, very quietly and peaceably they marched away to their houses, being very well satisfied and contented.

"We marched on to Shaftesbury, where we heard a great body of them was drawn together about Hambledon Hill;—where indeed near two thousand were gathered. I sent [up] a forlorn-hope of about fifty Horse; who coming very civilly to them, they fired upon them; and ours desiring some of them to come to me, were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old Camps,[1] upon a very high Hill: I sent one Mr. Lee[2] to them, To certify the peaceableness of my intentions, and To desire them to peaceableness, and to submit to the Parliament. They refused, and fired at us. I sent him a second time, To let them know, that if they would lay down their arms, no wrong should be done them. They still (through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile Ministers) refused; I commanded your Captain-Lieutenant to draw up to them, to be in readiness to charge; and if upon his falling on, they would lay down arms, to accept them and spare them. When we came near, they refused his offer, and let fly at him; killed about two of his men, and at least four horses. The passage not being for above three abreast, kept us out: whereupon Major Desborow wheeled about; got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them;—I believe killed not twelve of them, but cut very many [and put them all to flight]. We have taken about 300; many of which are poor silly creatures, whom if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutiful for time to come, and 'will be hanged before they come out again.'

[1] Roman Camps (Gough's *Camden*, i. 52).

[2] "One Mr. Lee, who, upon the approach of ours, had come from them." *(Sprigge, p. 79.)*

"The ringleaders which we have, I intend to bring to you. They had taken divers of the Parliament soldiers prisoners, besides Colonel Fiennes his men; and used them most barbarously; bragging They hoped to see my Lord Hopton, and that he is to command them. They expected from Wilts great store; and gave out they meant to raise the siege at Sherborne, when [once] they were all met. We have gotten great store of their arms, and they carried few or none home. We quarter about ten miles off, and purpose to draw our quarters near to you to-morrow.

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

"On Tuesday at night, August 5th, the Lieutenant-General" Cromwell "with his party returned to Sherborne," where the General and the rest were very busy besieging the inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives.

"This work," which the Lieutenant General had now been upon, continues Sprigge, "though unhappy, was very necessary." [2] No messenger could be sent out but he was picked up by these Clubmen; these once dispersed, "a man might ride very quietly from Sherborne to Salisbury." The inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives (a thrasonical person known to the readers of Evelyn), after due battering, was now soon stormed: whereupon, by Letters found on him, it became apparent how deeply Royalist this scheme of Clubmen had been; "Commissions for raising regiments of Clubmen;" the design to be extended over England at large, "yea into the Associated Counties." However, it has now come to nothing; and the Army turns Northward to the Siege of Bristol, where Prince Rupert is doing all he can to entrench himself.

[1] Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 20). [2] Sprigge, p. 81.

LETTER XXXI.

STORM OF BRISTOL.

"On the Lord's Day, September 21, according to Order of Parliament, Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter on the taking of Bristol was read in the several Congregations about London, and thanks returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city. The Letter of the renowned Commander is well worth observation."[1] For the Siege itself, and what preceded and followed it, see, besides this Letter, Rupert's own account,[2] and the ample details of Sprigge copied with abridgment by Rushworth: Sayer's *History of Bristol* gives Plans, and all manner of local details, though in a rather vague way.

[*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*]

"Bristol, 14th September, 1645.

"Sir, — It has pleased the General to give me in charge to represent unto you a particular account of the taking of Bristol; the which I gladly undertake.

"After the finishing of that service at Sherborne, it was disputed at a council of war, Whether we should march into the West or to Bristol? Amongst other arguments, the leaving so considerable an enemy at our backs, to march into the heart of the Kingdom, the undoing of the country about Bristol, which was [already] exceedingly harassed by the Prince his being thereabouts but a fortnight; the correspondency he might hold in Wales; the possibility of uniting the Enemy's forces where they pleased, and especially of drawing to an head the disaffected Clubmen of Somerset, Wilts and Dorset,

[1] *Newspapers* (*Cromwelliana*, p. 24). [2] Rushworth, vi. 69, &c.

when once our backs were towards them: these considerations, together with [the hope of] taking so important a place, so advantageous for the opening of trade to London, — did sway the balance, and beget that conclusion.

"When we came within four miles of the City, we had a new debate, Whether we should endeavor to block it up, or make a regular siege? The latter being overruled, Colonel Welden with his brigade marched to Pile Hill, on the South side of the City, being within musket-shot thereof: — where in a few days they made a good quarter, overlooking the City. Upon our advance, the enemy fired Bedminster, Clifton, and some other villages lying near to the City; and would have fired more, if our unexpected coming had not hindered. The General caused some Horse and Dragoons under Commissary-General Ireton to advance over Avon, to keep in the enemy on the North side of the Town, till the foot could come up: and after a day, the General, with Colonel Montague's and Colonel Rainsborough's Brigades, marched over at Kensham to Stapleton, where he quartered that night. The next day, Colonel Montague, having this post assigned with his brigade, To secure all between the Rivers Froom and Avon; he came up to Lawford's Gate,[1] within musket-shot thereof. Colonel Rainsborough's post was near to Durdham Down, whereof the Dragoons and three regiments of Horse made good a post upon the Down, between him and the River Avon, on his right hand. And from Colonel Rainsborough's quarters to Froom River, on his left, a part of Colonel Birch's, and [the whole of] General Skippon's regiment were to maintain that post.

"These posts thus settled, our Horse were forced to be upon exceeding great duty; to stand by the Foot, lest the Foot, being so weak in all their posts, might receive an affront. And truly herein we were very happy, that we should receive so little loss by sallies; considering the paucity of our men to make good the posts, and strength of the Enemy within. By sallies (which were three or four) I know not that we lost thirty men, in all the time of our siege. Of officers of quality,

[1] *One of the Bristol Gates.*

only Colonel Okey was taken by mistake (going [of himself] to the Enemy, thinking they had been friends), and Captain Guilliams slain in a charge. We took Sir Bernard Astley; and killed Sir Richard Crane, — one very considerable with the Prince.

"We had a council of war concerning the storming of the Town, about eight days before we took it; and in that there appeared great unwillingness to the work, through the unseasonableness of the weather, and other apparent difficulties. Some inducement to bring us thither had been the report of the good affection of the Townsmen to us; but that did not answer expectation. Upon a second consideration, it was overruled for a storm. And all things seemed to favor the design; — and truly there hath been seldom the like cheerfulness to any work like to this, after it was once resolved upon. The day and hour of our storm was appointed to be on Wednesday morning the Tenth of September, about one of the clock. We chose to act it so early because we hoped thereby to surprise the Enemy. With this resolution also, to avoid confusion and falling foul one upon another, That when [once] we had recovered[1] the Line and Forts upon it, we should not advance farther till day. The General's signal unto a storm, was to be, The firing of straw, and discharging four pieces of cannon at Pryor's Hill Fort.

"The signal was very well perceived of all; — and truly the men went on with great resolution; and very presently recovered the Line, making way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Montague and Colonel Pickering, who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work, well filled with men and cannon, presently entered; and with great resolution beat the Enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon. Their expedition was such that they forced the Enemy from their advantages, without any considerable loss to themselves. They laid down the bridges for the Horse to enter; — Major Desborow commanding the Horse; who very gallantly seconded

[1] *recovered* means "taken," "got possession of:" *the Line* is a new earthen work outside the walls; very deficient in height, according to Rupert's account.

the Foot. Then our Foot advanced to the City Walls; where they possessed the Gate against the Castle Street: whereinto were put a hundred men; who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller with his own and the General's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate, towards Avon River; and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade.

"During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort, and the Line downwards towards Froom; and the Major-General's regiment being to storm towards Froom River, Colonel Hammond possessed the Line immediately, and beating the enemy from it, made way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it; and fought near three hours for it. And indeed there was great despair of carrying the place; it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof; but his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibleness and difficulty, he would not give it over. The Enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they plied with round and case shot upon our men: his Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. [But now] Colonel Hammond being entered the Line (and [here] Captain Ireton,[1] with a forlorn of Colonel Rich's regiment, interposing with his Horse between the Enemy's Horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke his arm), — by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond, they did storm the Fort on that part which was inward; [and so] Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the Fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword.

"And as this was the place of most difficulty, so [it was] of most loss to us on that side, — and of very great honor to the undertaker. The Horse [too] did second them with great resolution: both these Colonels do acknowledge that *their* interposition between the Enemy's Horse and their Foot was a

[1] This is not the famous Ireton; this is his Brother. "Commissary-General Ireton," *as we have seen (p. 234)*, is also here; he is not wedded yet.

great means of obtaining of this strong Fort. Without which all the rest of the Line to Froom River would have done us little good: and indeed neither Horse nor Foot could have stood in all that way, in any manner of security, had not the Fort been taken. — Major Bethel's were the first Horse that entered the Line; who did behave himself gallantly; and was shot in the thigh, had one or two shot more, and had his horse shot under him. Colonel Birch with his men, and the Major-General's regiment, entered with very good resolution where their post was; possessing the Enemy's guns, and turning them upon them.

"By this, all the Line from Pryor's Hill Fort to Avon (which was a full mile), with all the forts, ordnance and bulwarks, were possessed by us; — save one, wherein were about two hundred and twenty men of the Enemy; which the General summoned, and all the men submitted.

"The success on Colonel Welden's side did not answer with this. And although the Colonels, and other the officers and soldiers both Horse and Foot, testified as much resolution as could be expected, — Colonel Welden, Colonel Ingoldsby, Colonel Herbert, and the rest of the Colonels and Officers, both of Horse and Foot, doing what could be well looked for from men of honor, — yet what by reason of the height of the works, which proved higher than report made them, and the shortness of the ladders, they were repulsed, with the loss of about a hundred men. Colonel Fortescue's Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and Major Cromwell[1] dangerously shot: and two of Colonel Ingoldsby's brothers hurt; with some Officers.

"Being possessed of thus much as hath been related, the Town was fired in three places by the Enemy; which we could not put out. Which begat a great trouble in the General and us all; fearing to see so famous a City burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make farther advantage of our success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the General to desire a treaty for the surrender of the Town. To which the General

[1] A cousin.

agreed; and deputed Colonel Montague, Colonel Rainsborough, and Colonel Pickering for that service; authorizing them with instructions to treat and conclude the Articles, — which [accordingly] are these enclosed. For performance whereof hostages were mutually given.

"On Thursday about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out; having a convoy of two regiments of Horse from us; and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to, which he had liberty to do by his Articles.

"The cannon which we have taken are about a hundred and forty mounted; about a hundred barrels of powder already come to our hands, with a good quantity of shot, ammunition, and arms. We have found already between two and three thousand muskets. The Royal Fort had victual in it for a hundred and fifty men, for three hundred and twenty days; the Castle victualled for nearly half so long. The Prince had in Foot of the Garrison, as the Mayor of the City informed me, two thousand five hundred, and about a thousand Horse, besides the Trained Bands of the Town, and Auxiliaries a thousand, some say a thousand five hundred. — I hear but of one man that hath died of the plague in all our Army, although we have quartered amongst and in the midst of infected persons and places. We had not killed of ours in the Storm, nor in all this Siege, two hundred men.

"Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

"It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valor so much mention is made: — their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, That in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It 's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It 's their honor that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this *service know, that* faith and prayer obtained this City

for you: I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that He have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe, have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual, in the Body, and to the Head.[1] For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peace-sake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands, — for the terror of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that, — he knows not the Gospel: if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

These last paragraphs are, as the old Newspapers say, "very remarkable." If modern readers suppose them to be "cant," it will turn out an entire mistake. I advise all modern readers not only to believe that Cromwell here means what he says; but even to try how *they*, each for himself in a new dialect, could mean the like, or something better! —

Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol amid seas of angry human faces, glooming unutterable things upon him; growling audibly, in spite of his escort, "Why not hang *him!*" For indeed the poor Prince had been necessitated to much plunder; commanding "the elixir of the Blackguardism of the Three King-

[1] "Head" means *Christ*; "Body" is *True Church of Christ*.

[2] *Rushworth*, vi. 85; Sprigge, pp. 112–118.

doms," with very insufficient funds for most part!— He begged a thousand muskets from Fairfax on this occasion, to assist his escort in protecting him across the country to Oxford, promising, on his honor, to return them after that service. Fairfax lent the muskets; the Prince did honorably return them, what he had of them,—honorably apologizing that so many had "deserted" on the road, of whom neither man nor musket were recoverable at present.

LETTERS XXXII.-XXXV.

From Bristol the Army turned Southward again, to deal with the yet remaining force of Royalism in that quarter. Sir Ralph Hopton, with Goring and others under him, made stubborn resistance; but were constantly worsted, at Langport, at Torrington, wheresoever they rallied and made a new attempt. The Parliament Army went steadily and rapidly on; storming Bridgewater, storming all manner of Towns and Castles; clearing the ground before them: till Sir Ralph was driven into Cornwall; and, without resource or escape, saw himself obliged next spring[1] to surrender, and go beyond seas. A brave and honorable man; respected on both sides; and of all the King's Generals the most deserving respect. He lived in retirement abroad; taking no part in Charles Second's businesses; and died in honorable poverty before the Restoration.

The following Three Letters[2] are what remain to us concerning Cromwell's share in that course of victories. He was present in various general or partial Fights from Langport to Bovey Tracey; became especially renowned by his Sieges, and took many Strong Places besides those mentioned here.

[1] Truro, 14th March, 1645-6 (Rushworth, vi. 110).

[2] Appendix, No. 9, contains Two more · Battle of Langport, and Summons to Winchester (*Note of* 1857).

LETTER XXXII.

[*To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*]

[WINCHESTER, 6th October, 1645.]

"SIR, — I came to Winchester on the Lord's day, the 28th of September; with Colonel Pickering, — commanding his own, Colonel Montague's, and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments. After some dispute with the Governor, we entered the Town. I summoned the Castle; was denied; whereupon we fell to prepare batteries, — which we could not perfect (some of our guns being out of order) until Friday following. Our battery was six guns; which being finished, — after firing one round, I sent in a second summons for a treaty; which they refused. Whereupon we went on with our work, and made a breach in the wall near the Black Tower; which, after about 200 shot, we thought stormable; and purposed on Monday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, the Governor beat a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed unto it; and sent Colonel Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed Articles.

"Sir, this is the addition of another mercy. You see God is not weary in doing you good: I confess, Sir, His favor to you is as visible, when He comes by His power upon the hearts of your enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when He gives courage to your soldiers to attempt hard things. His goodness in this is much to be acknowledged: for the Castle was well manned with six hundred and eighty horse and foot, there being near two hundred gentlemen, officers, and their servants; well victualled, with fifteen hundred-weight of cheese, very great store of wheat and beer; near twenty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It's very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm. We have not lost twelve men: this is repeated to you, that God may have all the praise, for it's all His due. Sir, I rest, your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

[1] *Spriggs, p. 128;* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 25); Rushworth, vi. 91.

"Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Secretary," who brings this Letter, gets £50 for his good news.[1] By Sprigge's account,[2] he appears to have been "Mr. Hugh Peters," this Secretary. Peters there makes a verbal Narrative of the affair, to Mr. Speaker and the Commons, which, were not room so scanty, we should be glad to insert.

It was at this surrender of Winchester that certain of the captive enemies having complained of being plundered contrary to Articles, Cromwell had the accused parties, six of his own soldiers, tried: being all found guilty, one of them by lot was hanged, and the other five were marched off to Oxford, to be there disposed of as the Governor saw fit. The Oxford Governor politely returned the five prisoners, "with an acknowledgment of the Lieutenant-General's nobleness."[3]

LETTER XXXIII.

BASING House, Pawlet Marquis of Winchester's Mansion, stood, as the ruined heaps still testify, at a small distance from Basingstoke in Hampshire. It had long infested the Parliament in those quarters; and been especially a great eye-sorrow to the "Trade of London with the Western Parts." With Dennington Castle at Newbury, and this Basing House at Basingstoke, there was no travelling the western roads, except with escort, or on sufferance. The two places had often been attempted; but always in vain. Basing House especially had stood siege after siege, for four years; ruining poor Colonel This and then poor Colonel That; the jubilant Royalists had given it the name of *Basting* House: there was, on the Parliament side, a kind of passion to have Basing House taken. The Lieutenant-General, gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of; firing incessantly, 200 or 500 shot at some given point till he see a hole made; and then storming like a fire-flood:—he perhaps may manage it.

[1] *Commons Journals*, 7th October, 1645.
[2] *p. 129.* [3] Sprigge, p. 138.

"*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*

"BASINGSTOKE, 14th October, 1645.

"SIR, — I thank God, I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for the storm: Colonel Dalbier was to be on the north side of the House next the Grange; Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed, this morning, after six of the clock: the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon; which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two Houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the New House, passed through, and got the gate of the Old House; whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.

"In the mean time Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the Enemy kept his Court of Guard; — which, with great resolution, they recovered; beating the Enemy from a whole culverin, and from that work: which having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house-wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honor and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously.

"We have had little loss: many of the Enemy are men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst whom the Marquis [of Winchester himself] and Sir Robert Peak, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, with much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement.

"I humbly offer to you, to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons: It will ask about eight hundred men to manage it; it is no frontier; the country is poor about it; the place exceedingly ruined by our batteries and mortar-*pieces, and by* a fire which fell upon the place since our taking

it. If you please to take the Garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbier, and to make a strong Quarter at Newbury with three or four troops of horse, — I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts; inasmuch as Newbury lies upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford or Farringdon into these parts; and by lying there, will make the trade most secure between Bristol and London for all carriages. And I believe the gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will with more cheerfulness contribute to maintain a garrison on the frontier than in their bowels, which will have less safety in it.

"Sir, I hope not to delay, but to march towards the West to-morrow; and to be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgment to you, That if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of Foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your Army; else, believe me, Sir, it may not be able to answer the work you have for it to do.

"I intrusted Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this Garrison, whom God safely delivered to us, to our great joy; but to his loss of almost all he had, which the Enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness: God exceedingly abounds in His goodness to us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet; and until He hath brought forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor Kingdom. Wherein desires to serve God and you, with a faithful heart,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Colonel Hammond, whom we shall by and by see again, brought this good news to London, and had his reward, of £200;[2] Mr. Peters also, being requested "to make a relation

[1] Sprigge, pp. 137-139; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 27); and Harl. MSS. 787.

[2] *Commons Journals* (15th Oct. 1645), iv. 309.

to the House of Commons, spake as follows." The reader will like to hear Mr. Peters for once, a man concerning whom he has heard so many falsehoods, and to see an old grim scene through his eyes. Mr. Peters related: —

"That he came into Basing House some time after the storm," on Tuesday, 14th of October, 1645; — "and took a view first of the works; which were many, the circumvallation being above a mile in compass. The Old House had stood (as it is reported) two or three hundred years, a nest of Idolatry; the New House surpassing that in beauty and stateliness; and either of them fit to make an emperor's court.

"The rooms before the storm (it seems), in both Houses, were all completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; 400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of flitches; cheese proportionable; with oatmeal, beef, pork; beer divers cellars-full, and that very good," — Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.

"A bed in one room, furnished, which cost £1,300. Popish books many, with copes, and such utensils. In truth, the House stood in its full pride; and the Enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. In the several rooms and about the House, there were slain seventy-four, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her railing," poor lady, "provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a farther passion. There lay dead upon the ground, Major Cuffle; — a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist: slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman," — all men know him; "and Robinson the Player, who, a little before the storm, was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament and our Army. Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely; — yet not uncivilly, considering the action in hand.

"The plunder of the soldiers continued till Tuesday night: one soldier had a Hundred and Twenty Pieces in gold for his *share; others* plate, others jewels; — among the rest, one got

three bags of silver, which (he being not able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common pillage amongst the rest, and the fellow had but one half-crown left for himself at last. — The soldiers sold the wheat to country-people; which they held up at good rates awhile; but afterwards the market fell, and there were some abatements for haste. After that, they sold the household stuff; whereof there was good store, and the country loaded away many carts; and they continued a great while, fetching out all manner of household stuff, till they had fetched out all the stools, chairs, and other lumber, all which they sold to the country-people by piecemeal.

"In all these great buildings, there was not one iron bar left in all the windows (save only what were on fire), before night. And the last work of all was the lead; and by Thursday morning, they had hardly left one gutter about the House. And what the soldiers left, the fire took hold on; which made more than ordinary haste; leaving nothing but bare walls and chimneys in less than twenty hours; — being occasioned by the neglect of the Enemy in quenching a fire-ball of ours at first." — What a scene!

"We know not how to give a just account of the number of persons that were within. For we have not quite three hundred prisoners; and it may be, have found a hundred slain, — whose bodies, some being covered with rubbish, came not at once to our view. Only, riding to the House on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them, nor they to us. Amongst those that we saw slain, one of their officers lying on the ground, seeming so exceeding tall, was measured; and from his great toe to his crown was 9 feet in length" (*sic*).

"The Marquis being pressed, by Mr. Peters arguing with him," which was not very chivalrous in Mr. Peters, "broke out and said, 'That if the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost;' — meaning with these Papists; comforting himself in this disaster, 'that Basing House was called *Loyalty*.' But he was soon silenced in the question concerning *the King* and Parliament; and could only hope

'that the King might have a day again.' — And thus the Lord was pleased in a few hours to show us what mortal seed all earthly glory grows upon; and how just and righteous the ways of God are, who takes sinners in their own snares, and lifteth up the hands of His despised people.

"This is now the Twentieth garrison that hath been taken in, this Summer, by this Army; — and, I believe most of them the answers of the prayers, and trophies of the faith, of some of God's servants. The Commander of this Brigade," Lieutenant-General Cromwell, "had spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm; — and seldom fights without some Text of Scripture to support him. This time he rested upon that blessed word of God written in the Hundred and Fifteenth Psalm, eighth verse, *They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.* Which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished."[1]

"Mr. Peters presented the Marquis's own Colors, which he brought from Basing; the Motto of which was, *Donec pax redeat terris;* the very same as King Charles gave upon his Coronation-money, when he came to the Crown."[2] — So Mr. Peters; and then withdrew, — getting by and-by £200 a year settled on him.[3]

This Letter was read in all Pulpits next Sunday, with thanks rendered to Heaven, by order of Parliament. Basing House is to be carted away; "whoever will come for brick or stone shall freely have the same for his pains."[4]

[1] "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory; for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the Heathen say, Where is now their God? Our God is in the Heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased! — Their Idols are silver and gold; the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat! They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." — These words, awful as the words of very God, were in Oliver Cromwell's heart that night.

[2] Sprigge, pp. 139–141. [3] Whitlocke.

[4] *Commons Journals*, iv. 309.

Among the names of the Prisoners taken here one reads that of *Inigo Jones*, — unfortunate old Inigo. Vertue, on what evidence I know not, asserts farther that Wenceslaus Hollar, with his graving tools and unrivalled graving talent, was taken here.[1] The Marquis of Winchester had been addicted to the Arts, — to the Upholsteries perhaps still more. A magnificent kind of man; whose "best bed," now laid bare to general inspection, excited the wonder of the world.

LETTER XXXIV.

FAIRFAX, with the Army, is in Devonshire; the following Letter will find him at Tiverton; Cromwell marching that way, having now ended Basing. It is ordered in the Commons House that Cromwell be thanked; moreover that he now attack Dennington Castle, of which we heard already at Newbury. These messages, as I gather, reached him at Basing, late "last night," — Wednesday, 15th, the day they were written in London.[2] Thursday morning early, he marched; has come ("came," he calls it) as far as Wallop; purposes still to make a forced march "to Langford House to-night" (probably with horse only, and leave the foot to follow); — answers meanwhile his messages *here* (see next Letter), and furthermore writes this: —

"*To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army:*[3] *Haste: These.*

"WALLOP, 16th October, 1645.

"SIR, — In to-day's march I came to Wallop, twenty miles from Basing, towards you. Last night I received this enclosed from the Speaker of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; and to which I returned an Answer, a copy whereof I have also sent enclosed to you.

[1] *Life of Hollar.* [2] *Commons Journals* (iv. 309), 15th Oct. 1645.

[3] Marching from Collumpton to Tiverton, while Cromwell writes (Spriggs, p. 226).

"I perceive that it's their desire to have the place[1] taken in. But truly I could not do other than let them know what the condition of affairs in the West is, and submit the business to them and you. I shall be at Langford House to-night, if God please. I hope the work will not be long. If it should, I will rather leave a small part of the Foot (if Horse will not be sufficient to take it in), than be detained from obeying such commands as I shall receive. I humbly beseech you to be confident that no man hath a more faithful heart to serve you than myself, nor shall be more strict to obey your commands than

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Sir, I beseech you to let me know your resolution in this business with all the possible speed that may be; because whatsoever I be designed to, I wish I may speedily endeavor it, time being so precious for action in this season."[2]

Langford House, whither Oliver is now bound, hoping to arrive to-night, is near Salisbury. He did arrive accordingly; drew out part of his brigade, and summoned the place;—here is his own most brief account of the business.

LETTER XXXV.

"To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker to the Honorable House of Commons: These.

"SALISBURY, 17th October (12 at night), 1645.

"SIR,—I gave you an account, the last night, of my marching to Langford House. Whither I came this day, and immediately sent them in a Summons. The Governor desired I should send two Officers to treat with him; and I accordingly appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Hewson and Major Kelsey there

[1] Dennington Castle.

[2] *Sloane MSS* 1519, fol. 61.—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand.

unto. The Treaty produced the Agreement, which I have here enclosed to you.

"The General, I hear, is advanced as far West as Collumpton, and hath sent some Horse and Foot to Tiverton. It is earnestly desired that more Foot might march up to him; — it being convenient that we stay [here] a day for our Foot that are behind and coming up.

"I wait your answer to my Letter last night from Wallop: I shall desire that your pleasure may be speeded to me; — and rest, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Basing is black ashes, then; and Langford is ours, the Garrison "to march forth to-morrow at twelve of the clock, being the 18th instant."[2] And now the question is, Shall we attack Dennington or not? —

Colonel Dalbier, a man of Dutch birth, well known to readers of the old Books, is with Cromwell at present; his Second in command. It was from Dalbier that Cromwell first of all learned the mechanical part of soldiering; he had Dalbier to help him in drilling his Ironsides; so says Heath, credible on such a point. Dennington Castle was not besieged at present; it surrendered next Spring to Dalbier.[3] Cromwell returned to Fairfax; served through Winter with him in the West, till all ended there.

About a month before the date of this Letter, the King had appeared again with some remnant of force, got together in Wales; with intent to relieve Chester, which was his key to Ireland: but this force too he saw shattered to pieces on Rowton Heath, near that City.[4] He had also had an eye towards the great Montrose in Scotland, who in these weeks was blazing at his highest there: but him too David Lesley

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 229, art. 19 (no. 42 of *The Weekly Account*).

[2] Sprigge, p. 145. [3] 1st April, 1646 (Rushworth, vi. 252).

[4] 24th September, 1645 (Rushworth, vi. 117; Lord Digby's account of it, *Ormond Papers, ii. 90*).

with dragoons, emerging from the mist of the Autumn morning, on Philipshaugh near Selkirk, had, in one fell hour, trampled utterly out. The King had to retire to Wales again; to Oxford and obscurity again.

On the 14th of next March, as we said, Sir Ralph Hopton surrendered himself in Cornwall.[1] On the 22d of the same month, Sir Jacob Astley, another distinguished Royalist General, the last of them all, — coming towards Oxford with some small force he had gathered, — was beaten and captured at Stow among the Wolds of Gloucestershire:[2] surrendering himself, the brave veteran said, or is reported to have said, "You have now done your work, and may go to play, — unless you will fall out among yourselves."

On Monday night, towards twelve of the clock, 27th April, 1646, the King in disguise rode out of Oxford, somewhat uncertain whitherward, — at length towards Newark and the Scots Army.[3] On the Wednesday before, Oliver Cromwell had returned to his place in Parliament.[4] Many detached Castles and Towns still held out, Ragland Castle even till the next August; scattered fires of an expiring conflagration, that need to be extinguished with effort and in detail. Of all which victorious sieges, with their elaborate treaties and moving accidents, the theme of every tongue during that old Summer, let the following one brief glimpse, notable on private grounds, suffice us at present.

Oxford, the Royalist metropolis, a place full of Royalist dignitaries, and of almost inexpugnable strength, had it not been so disheartened from without, — was besieged by Fairfax himself in the first days of May. There was but little fighting, there was much negotiating, tedious consulting of Parliament and King; the treaty did not end in surrender till Saturday, 20th June. And now, dated on the Monday before, at Holton, a country Parish in those parts, there is this still legible in the old Church Register, — intimately interesting to some friends of ours! "HENRY IRETON, Com-

[1] Hopton's own account of it, *Ormond Papers*, ii. 109–126.
[2] Rushworth, vi. 139–141.
[3] *Ibid. vi. 267; Iter Carolinum.* [4] Cromwelliana, p. 31.

missary-General to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and BRIDGET, Daughter to Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the Horse to the said Sir Thomas Fairfax, — were married, by Mr. Dell, in the Lady Whorwood her House in Holton, 15th June, 1646. — ALBAN EALES, Rector."[1]

Ireton, we are to remark, was one of Fairfax's Commissioners on the Treaty for surrendering Oxford, and busy under the walls there at present: Holton is some five miles east of the City; Holton House we guess by various indications to have been Fairfax's own quarter. Dell, already and afterwards well known, was the General's Chaplain at this date. Of "the Lady Whorwood" I have traces, rather in the Royalist direction; her strong moated House, very useful to Fairfax in those weeks, still stands conspicuous in that region, though now under new figure and ownership; drawbridge become *fixed*, deep ditch now dry, moated island changed into a flower-garden; — "rebuilt in 1807." Fairfax's Lines, we observe, extended "from Headington Hill to Marston," several miles in advance of Holton House, then "from Marston across the Cherwell, and over from that to the Isis on the North side of the City;" southward and elsewhere, the besieged, "by a dam at St. Clement's Bridge, had laid the country all under water:"[2] — in such scene, with the treaty just ending and general Peace like to follow, did Ireton welcome his Bride, — a brave young damsel of twenty-one; escorted, doubtless by her Father among others, to the Lord General's house; and there, by the Rev. Mr. Dell, solemnly handed over to new destinies!

This wedding was on Monday, 15th June; on Saturday came the final signing of the treaty: and directly thereupon, on Monday *next*, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice took the road, with their attendants, and their passes to the sea-coast; a sight for the curious. On Tuesday "there went about 300 persons,

[1] Parish Register of Holton (copied, Oct. 1846). Poor Noble (i. 134) seems to have copied this same Register, and to have misread his own Note: giving instead of Holton *Nalton*, an imaginary place; and instead of June *January*, an impossible date. See antea, p. 69; postea, Letter XLI. p. 247.

[2] *Rushworth, vi. 279–285.*

mostly of quality;" and on Wednesday all the Royalist force, "3,000 [or say 2,000] to the Eastward, 500 to the North;" with "drums beating, colors flying," for the last time; all with passes, with agitated thoughts and outlooks: and in sacred Oxford, as poor Wood intimates,[1] the abomination of desolation supervened! — Oxford surrendering with the King's sanction quickened other surrenders; Ragland Castle itself, and the obstinate old Marquis, gave in before the end of August: and the First Civil War, to the last ember of it, was extinct.

The Parliament, in these circumstances, was now getting itself "recruited," — its vacancies filled up again. The Royalist Members, who had deserted three years ago, had been, without much difficulty, successively "disabled," as their crime came to light: but to issue new writs for new elections, while the quarrel with the King still lasted, was a matter of more delicacy; this too, however, had at length been resolved upon, the Parliament Cause now looking so decidedly prosperous, in the Autumn of 1645. Gradually, in the following months, the new Members were elected, above two hundred and thirty of them in all. These new Members, "Recruiters," as Anthony Wood and the Royalist world reproachfully call them, were, by the very fact of their standing candidates in such circumstances, decided Puritans all, — Independents many of them. Colonel, afterwards Admiral Blake (for Taunton), Ludlow, Ireton (for Appleby), Algernon Sidney, Hutchinson known by his Wife's *Memoirs*, were among these new Members. Fairfax, on his Father's death some two years hence, likewise came in.[2]

[1] *Fasti*, ii. 58, sec. edit.

[2] The Writ is issued 16th March, 1647-8 (*Commons Journals*).

PART III.

BETWEEN THE CIVIL WARS.

1646–1648.

LETTERS XXXVI.–XLII.

THE conquering of the King had been a difficult operation; but to make a Treaty with him now when he was conquered, proved an impossible one. The Scots, to whom he had fled, entreated him, at last, "with tears" and "on their knees," to take the Covenant, and sanction the Presbyterian worship, if he could not adopt it; on that condition they would fight to the last man for him: on no other condition durst or would a man of them fight for him. The English Presbyterians, as yet the dominant party, earnestly entreated to the same effect. In vain, both of them. The King had other schemes: the King, writing privately to Digby before quitting Oxford, when he had some mind to venture privately on London, as he ultimately did on the Scotch Camp, to raise Treaties and Caballings there, had said, "— endeavoring to get to London; being not without hope that I shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to side with me for extirpating one another, that I shall be really King again."[1] Such a man is not easy to make a Treaty with, — on the word of a King! In fact, his Majesty, though a belligerent party who had not now one soldier on foot, considered himself still a tower of strength; as indeed he was; all men having a to us inconceivable reverence for him, till bitter Necessity and he together

[1] Oxford, 26th March, 1646; Carte's *Life of Ormond*, iii. (London, 1735), p. 452.

drove them away from it. Equivocations, spasmodic obstinacies, and blindness to the real state of facts, must have an end. —

The following Seven Letters, of little or no significance for illustrating public affairs, are to carry us over a period of most intricate negotiation; negotiation with the Scots, managed manfully on both sides, otherwise it had ended in quarrel; negotiations with the King; infinite public and private negotiations; — which issue at last in the Scots marching home with £200,000 as "a fair instalment of their arrears," in their pocket; and the King marching, under escort of Parliamentary Commissioners, to Holmby House in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, "on £50 a day,"[1] and await the destinies there.

LETTER XXXVI.

Knyvett, of Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk, is one of the unfortunate Royalist Gentlemen whom Cromwell laid sudden hold of at Lowestoff some years ago, and lodged in the Castle of Cambridge, — suddenly snuffing out their Royalist light in that quarter. Knyvett, we conclude, paid his "contribution," or due fine, for the business; got safe home again; and has lived quieter ever since. Of whom we promise the reader some transitory glimpse once more.[2]

Here accordingly is a remarkable Letter to him, now first adjusted to its right place in this Series. The Letter used to be in the possession of the Lords Berners, whose ancestor this Knyvett was, one of whose seats this Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk still is. With them, however, there remains nothing but a Copy now, and that without date, and otherwise not quite correct. Happily it had already gone forth in print with date and address in full; — has been found among the lumber and innocent marine-stories of *Sylvanus Urban*, communicated, in an incidental way, by "a Gentleman at Shrewsbury," who, in 1787, had got possession of it, — honestly, we hope; and to the comfort of readers here.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 244. [2] Antea, p. 134.

"*For my noble Friend Thomas Knyvett, Esquire, at his House at Ashwellthorpe: These.*

"LONDON, 27th July, 1646.

"SIR, — I cannot pretend any interest in you for anything I have done, nor ask any favor for any service I may do you. But because I am conscious to myself of a readiness to serve any gentleman in all possible civilities, I am bold to be beforehand with you to ask your favor on behalf of your honest poor neighbors of Hapton, who, as I am informed, are in some trouble, and are likely to be put to more, by one Robert Browne your Tenant, who, not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may.

"Truly nothing moves me to desire this more than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age; and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion; — which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons or estates, will not be found an apt remedy. Sir, it will not repent you to protect those poor men of Hapton from injury and oppression: which that you would is the effect of this Letter. Sir, you will not want the grateful acknowledgment, nor utmost endeavors of requital from

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Hapton is a Parish and Hamlet some seven or eight miles south of Norwich, in the Hundred of Depwade; it is within a mile or two of this Ashwellthorpe; which was Knyvett's residence at that time. What "Robert Browne your Tenant" had in hand or view against these poor Parishioners of Hapton, must, as the adjoining circumstances are all obliterated, remain somewhat indistinct to us. We gather in general that the Parishioners of Hapton were a little given to Sectarian, Inde-

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1787), liv. 337.

pendent notions; which Browne, a respectable Christian of the Presbyterian strain, could not away with. The oppressed poor Tenants have contrived to make their case credible to Lieutenant-General Cromwell, now in his place in Parliament again; — have written to him; perhaps clubbed some poor sixpences, and sent up a rustic Deputation to him: and he, "however the respectable Presbyterian world may interpret it, is not ashamed to solicit for them:" with effect, either now or soon.

LETTER XXXVII.

"*For his Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Forces:*[1] *These.*

"[LONDON,] 31st July, 1646.

"SIR, — I was desired to write a Letter to you by Adjutant Fleming. The end of it is, To desire your Letter in his recommendation. He will acquaint you with the sum thereof, more particularly what the business is. I most humbly submit to your better judgment, when you hear it from him.

"Craving pardon for my boldness in putting you to this trouble, I rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Adjutant Fleming is in Sprigge's Army-List. I suppose him to be the Fleming who, as Colonel Fleming, in Spring 1648, had rough service in South Wales two years afterwards; and was finally defeated, — attempting to "seize a Pass" near Pembroke Castle, then in revolt under Poyer; was driven into a Church, and there slain, — some say, slew himself.[3]

Of Fleming's present "business" with Fairfax, whether it

[1] At Ragland, or about leaving Bath for the purpose of concluding Ragland Siege (Rushworth, vi. 293).

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 70.

[3] *Rushworth*, vii. 1097, 38: — a little "before" 27th March, 1648.

were to solicit promotion here, or continued employment in Ireland, nothing can be known. The War, which proved to be but the "First War," is now, as we said, to all real intents, ended: Ragland Castle, the last that held out for Charles, has been under siege for some weeks; and Fairfax, who had been "at the Bath for his health," was now come or coming into those parts for the peremptory reduction of it.[1] There have begun now to be discussions and speculations about sending men to Ireland;[2] about sending Massey (famed Governor of Gloucester) to Ireland with men, and then also about disbanding Massey's men.

Exactly a week before, 24th July, 1646, the united Scots and Parliamentary Commissioners have presented their "Propositions" to his Majesty at Newcastle: Yes or No, is all the answer they can take. They are most zealous that he should say Yes. Chancellor Loudon implores and prophesies in a very remarkable manner: "All England will rise against you; they," these Sectarian Parties, "will process and depose you, and set up another Government," unless you close with the Propositions. His Majesty, on the 1st of August (writing at Newcastle, in the same hours whilst Cromwell writes this in London), answers in a haughty way, No.[3]

LETTER XXXVIII.

August 10th. The Parliamentary commissioners have returned, and three of the leading Scots with them, — to see what is now to be done. The "Chancellor" who comes with Argyle is Loudon, the Scotch Chancellor, a busy man in those years. Fairfax is at Bath; and "the Solicitor," St. John the Ship-money Lawyer, is there with him.

[1] Ibid. vi. 293; — Fairfax's first Letter from Ragland is of 7th August; 14th August he dates from Usk; and Ragland is surrendered on the 17th.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, April, 1646, p. 31.

[3] Rushworth, *vi. 319–321.*

"*For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General: These.*

"London, 10th August, 1646.

"Sir, — Hearing you were returned from Ragland to the Bath, I take the boldness to make this address to you.

"Our Commissioners sent to the King came this night to London.[1] I have spoken with two of them, and can only learn these generals, That there appears a good inclination in the Scots to the rendition of our Towns, and to their march out of the Kingdom. When they bring in their Papers, we shall know more. Argyle, and the Chancellor, and Dunfermline are come up. Duke of Hamilton is gone from the King into Scotland. I hear that Montrose's men are *not* disbanded. The King gave a very general answer. Things are not well in Scotland; — would they were in England! We are full of faction and worse.

"I hear for certain that Ormond has concluded a Peace with the Rebels. Sir, I beseech you command the Solicitor to come away to us. His help would be welcome. — Sir, I hope you have not cast me off. Truly I may say, none more affectionately honors nor loves you. You and yours are in my daily prayers. You have done enough to command the uttermost of,

"Your faithful and most obedient servant,

"Oliver Cromwell.[2]

"[P. S.] I beseech you, my humble service may be presented to your Lady.

"[P.S. 2d.][3] The money for disbanding Massey's men is gotten, and you will speedily have directions about them from the Commons House."

"Our Commissioners" to Charles at Newcastle, who have returned "this night," were: Earls Pembroke and Suffolk, from the Peers; from the Commons, Sir Walter Earle (Wey-

[1] *Commons Journals*, 11 Aug. 1646. [2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 63.

[3] This second Postscript has been squeezed in *above* the other, and is evidently written *after* it.

mouth), Sir John Hippesley (Cockermouth), Robert Goodwin (East Grinstead, Sussex), Luke Robinson (Scarborough).[1]

"Duke of Hamilton:" the Parliamentary Army found him in Pendennis Castle, — no, in St. Michael's Mount Castle, — when they took these places in Cornwall lately. The Parliament has let him loose again; — he has begun a course of new diplomacies, which will end still more tragically for him.

Ormond is, on application from the Parliament, ostensibly ordered by his Majesty not to make peace with the outlaw Irish rebels; detestable to all men: — but he of course follows his own judgment of the necessities of the case, being now nearly over with it himself, and the King under restraint unable to give any real "orders." The truth was, Ormond's Peace, odious to all English Protestants, had been signed and finished in March last; with this condition among others, That an Army of 10,000 Irish were to come over and help his Majesty; which truth is now beginning to ooze out. A new Ormond Peace: — not materially different I think from the late very sad Glamorgan one; which had been made in secret, through the Earl of Glamorgan, in Autumn last; and then, when by ill chance it came to light, had needed to be solemnly denied in Winter following, and the Earl of Glamorgan to be thrown into prison to save appearances! On the word of an unfortunate King![2] — It would be a comfort to understand farther, what the fact soon proves, that this new Peace also will not hold; the Irish Priests and Pope's Nuncios disapproving of it. Even while Oliver writes, an Excommunication or some such Document is coming out, signed "Frater O'Farrel," "Abbas O'Teague," and the like names: poor Ormond going to Kilkenny, to join forces with the Irish rebels, is treacherously set upon, and narrowly escapes death by them.[3]

Concerning "the business of Massey's men," there are some

[1] Rushworth, vi. 309, where the proposals are also given.

[2] Rushworth, vi. 242, 239–247; Birch's *Inquiry concerning Glamorgan*; Carte's *Ormond*; &c. Correct details in Godwin, ii. 102–124.

[3] Rushworth, vi. 416; Carte's *Life of Ormond*.

notices in Ludlow.[1] The Commons had ordered Fairfax to disband them, and sent the money, as we see here; whereupon the Lords ordered him, Not. Fairfax obeyed the Commons; apologized to the Lords, — who had to submit, as their habit was. Massey's Brigade was of no particular religion; Massey's Miscellany, — "some of them will require passes to Æthiopia," says ancient wit. But Massey himself was strong for Presbyterianism, for strict Drill-sergeantcy and Anti-heresy of every kind: the Lords thought his Miscellany and he might have been useful.

LETTER XXXIX.

His Excellency, in the following Letter, is Fairfax; John Rushworth, worthy John, we already know! Fairfax has returned to the Bath, still for his health; Ragland being taken, and the War ended.

"*For John Rushworth, Esquire, Secretary to his Excellency, at the Bath: These.*

"The House [of Commons], 26 Aug. [1646].

"Mr. Rushworth, — I must needs entreat a favor on the behalf of Major Lilburn; who has a long time wanted employment, and by reason good his necessities may grow upon him.

"You should do very well to move the General to take him into favorable thoughts. I know a reasonable employment will content him. As for his honesty and courage, I need not speak much of [that], seeing he is so well known both to the General and yourself.

"I desire you answer my expectation herein so far as you may. You shall very much oblige, Sir,

"Your real friend and servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

[1] *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow* (London, 1722), ii. 181.

[2] *Sloane MSS.* 1519, fol. 71: — Signature alone is Oliver's.

This is not "Freeborn John," the Sectarian Lieutenant-Colonel once in my Lord of Manchester's Army; the Lilburn whom Cromwell spoke for, when Sir Philip Warwick took note of him; the John Lilburn "who could not live without a quarrel; who if he were left alone in the world would have to divide himself in two, and set the John to fight with Lilburn, and the Lilburn with John!" Freeborn John is already a Lieutenant-Colonel by title; was not in the New Model at all; is already deep in quarrels, — lying in limbo since August last, for abuse of his old master Prynne.[1] He has quarrelled, or is quarrelling, with Cromwell too; calls the Assembly of Divines an Assembly of *Dry-vines;* — will have little else but quarrelling henceforth. — This is the Brother of Freeborn John; one of his two Brothers. Not Robert, who already is or soon becomes a Colonel in the New Model, and does not "want employment." This is Henry Lilburn: appointed, probably in consequence of this application, Governor of Tynemouth Castle: revolting to the Royalists, his own Soldiers slew him there, in 1648. These Lilburns were from Durham County.

LETTER XL.

"DELINQUENTS," conquered Royalists, are now getting themselves fined, according to rigorous proportions, by a Parliament Committee, which sits, and will sit long, at Goldsmiths' Hall, making that locality very memorable to Royalist gentlemen.[2]

The Staffordshire Committee have sent a Deputation up to Town. They bring a Petition; very anxious to have £2,000 out of their Staffordshire Delinquents from Goldsmiths' Hall, or even £4,000, — to pay off their forces, and send them to Ireland; which lie heavy on the County at present.

[1] Wood, iii. 353.

[2] The proceedings of it, all now in very superior order, still lie in the State-Paper Office.

"*For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax* [*General of the Parliament's Army*]: *These.*

"[London,] 6th October, 1646.

"Sir, — I would be loath to trouble you with anything; but indeed the Staffordshire Gentlemen came to me this day, and with more than ordinary importunity did press me to give their desires furtherance to you. Their Letter will show what they entreat of you. Truly, Sir, it may not be amiss to give them what ease may well be afforded, and the sooner the better, especially at this time.[1]

"I have no more at present, but to let you know the business of your Army is like to come on to-morrow. You shall have account of that business so soon as I am able to give it. I humbly take leave, and rest,

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

The Commons cannot grant the prayer of this Petition;[3] Staffordshire will have to rest as it is for some time. "The business of your Army" did come on "to-morrow;" and assessments for a new six months were duly voted for it, and other proper arrangements made.[4]

LETTER XLI.

Colonel Ireton, now Commissary-General Ireton, was wedded, as we saw, to Bridget Cromwell on the 15th of June last. A man "able with his pen and his sword;" a distinguished man. Once B.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and Student

[1] "and the sooner," &c.: these words are inserted above the line, by way of *caret* and afterthought.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 72: — Oliver's own hand. — Note, his Signature seems generally to be *Oliver* Cromwell, not *O.* Cromwell; to which practice we conform throughout, though there are exceptions to it.

[3] 7th December, 1646, *Commons Journals*, v. 3.

[4] *7th October, 1646, Commons Journals*, iv. 687.

of the Middle Temple; then a gentleman trooper in my Lord General Essex's Life-guard; now Colonel of Horse, soon Member of Parliament; rapidly rising. A Nottinghamshire man; has known the Lieutenant-General ever since the Eastern-Association times. Cornbury House, not now conspicuous on the maps, is discoverable in Oxfordshire, disguised as *Blandford Lodge*, — not too far from the Devizes, at which latter Town Fairfax and Ireton have just been, disbanding Massey's Brigade. The following Letter will require no commentary.

"For my beloved Daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, General's Quarters: These.

"LONDON, 25th October, 1646.

"DEAR DAUGHTER, — I write not to thy Husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed[1] at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your Friends at Ely are well: your Sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind; bewailing it: she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less[2] in desire, — less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he[3] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy Husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

[1] not in the mood at this time, having other matters in view.

[2] *less* is an adjective; to *go*, in such case, signifies to become, as "go mad," &c.

[3] thy Husband.

"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am

"Thy dear Father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Bridget Ireton is now Twenty-two. Her Sister Claypole (Elizabeth Cromwell) is five years younger. They were both wedded last Spring. "Your Friends at Ely" will indicate that the Cromwell Family was still resident in that City;[2] though, I think, they not long afterwards removed to London. Their first residence here was King Street, Westminster;[3] Oliver for the present lodges in Drury Lane: fashionable quarters both, in those times.

General Fairfax had been in Town only three days before, attending poor Essex's Funeral: a mournful pageant, consisting of "both the Houses, Fairfax and all the Civil and Military Officers then in Town, the Forces of the City, a very great number of coaches and multitudes of people;" with Mr. Vines to preach;—regardless of expense, £5,000 being allowed for it.[4]

LETTER XLII.

THE intricate Scotch negotiations have at last ended. The paying of the Scots their first instalment, and getting them to march away in peace, and leave the King to our disposal, is the great affair that has occupied Parliament ever since his

[1] "A Copy of Oliver Cromwell's Letter to his Daughter Ireton, exactly taken from the Original." Harleian MSS. no. 6988, fol. 224 (not mentioned in Harleian Catalogue).—In another Copy sent me, which exactly corresponds, is this Note: "Memo: The above Lett^r of Oliver Cromwell Jno Caswel Merch^t of London had from his Mother Linington, who had it from old Mrs. Warner, who liv'd with Oliver Cromwell's Daughter.—And was Copied from the Original Letter, which is in the hands of John Warner Esqr of Swanzey, by Chas Norris, 25th Mar: 1749."

[2] See also Appendix, No. 8, last Letter there (*Note to Third Edition*).

[3] *Cromwelliana*, p. 60. [4] Rushworth, vi. 239; Whitlocke, p. 230.

Majesty refused the Propositions. Not till Monday, the 21st December, could it be got "perfected," or "almost perfected." After a busy day spent in the Commons House on that affair,[1] Oliver writes the following Letter to Fairfax. The "Major-General" is Skippon. Fairfax, "since he left Town," is most likely about Nottingham, the head-quarters of his Army, which had been drawing rather Northward, ever since the King appeared among the Scots. Fairfax came to Town 12th November, with great splendor of reception; left it again "18th December."

On the morrow after that, 19th December, 1646, the Londoners presented their Petition, not without tumult; complaining of heavy expenses and other great grievances from the Army; and craving that the same might be, so soon as possible, disbanded, and a good Peace with his Majesty made.[2] The first note of a very loud controversy which arose between the City and the Army, between the Presbyterians and the Independents, on that matter. Indeed, the humor of the City seems to be getting high; impatient for "a just peace," now that the King is reduced. On Saturday, 6th December, it was ordered that the Lord Mayor be apprised of tumultuous assemblages which there are, "to the disturbance of the peace;" and be desired to quench them, — if he can.

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies: These.

"[LONDON,] 21st December, 1646.

"SIR, — Having this opportunity by the Major-General to present a few lines unto you, I take the boldness to let you know how our affairs go on since you left Town.

"We have had a very long Petition from the City: how it strikes at the Army, and what other aims it has, you will see by the contents of it; as also what is the prevailing temper at this present, and what is to be expected from men. But this is our comfort, God is in Heaven, and He doth what

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 22, 23.

[2] *King's Pamphlets, small 4to*, no. 290 (cited by Godwin, ii. 269).

pleaseth Him; His and only His counsel shall stand, whatsoever the designs of men, and the fury of the people be.

"We have now, I believe, almost[1] perfected all our business for Scotland. I believe Commissioners will speedily be sent down to see agreements performed: it's intended that Major-General Skippon have authority and instructions from your Excellency to command the Northern Forces, as occasion shall be, and that he have a Commission of Martial Law. Truly I hope that the having the Major-General to command[2] this Party will appear to be a good thing, every day more and more.

"Here has been a design to steal away the Duke of York from my Lord of Northumberland: one of his own servants, whom he preferred to wait on the Duke, is guilty of it; the Duke himself confessed so. I believe you will suddenly hear more of it.

"I have no more to trouble you [with]; but praying for you, rest,

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

Skippon, as is well known, carried up the cash, £200,000, to Newcastle successfully, in a proper number of wagons; got it all counted there, "bags of £100, chests of £1,000" (5th–16th January, 1646–7); after which the Scots marched peaceably away.

The little Duke of York, entertained in a pet-captive fashion at St. James's, did not get away at this time; but managed it by and by, with help of a certain diligent intriguer and turncoat called Colonel Bamfield;[4] of whom we may hear farther.

[1] "almost" is inserted with a *caret*.

[2] At this point, the bottom of the page being reached, Oliver takes to the broad margin, and writes the remainder there lengthwise, continuing till there is barely room for his signature, on the outmost verge of the sheet; which, as we remarked already, is a common practice with him in writing Letters:—he is always loath to turn the page;—having *no blotting-paper* at that epoch: having only sand to dry his ink with, and a natural indisposition to pause till he finish!

[3] *Sloane MSS.* 1519, fol. 78, p. 147.

[4] Clarendon, iii. 128.

On Thursday, 11th February, 1646–7, on the road between Mansfield and Nottingham, — road between Newcastle and Holmby House, — "Sir Thomas Fairfax went and met the King; who stopped his horse: Sir Thomas alighted, and kissed the King's hand; and afterwards mounted, and discoursed with the King as they passed towards Nottingham." [1] The King had left Newcastle on the 3d of the month; got to Holmby, or Holdenby, on the 13th; — and "there," says the poor *Iter Carolinum*, "during pleasure." —

LETTERS XLIII.-XLIV.

BEFORE reading these two following Letters, read this Extract from a work still in Manuscript, and not very sure of ever getting printed: —

"The Presbyterian 'Platform' of Church Government, as recommended by the Assembly of Divines or 'Dry-Vines,' has at length, after unspeakable debatings, passings and repassings through both Houses, and soul's-travail not a little, about 'ruling-elders,' 'power of the keys,' and such like, — been got *finally* passed, though not without some melancholy shades of Erastianism, or 'the Voluntary Principle,' as the new phrase runs. The Presbyterian Platform is passed by Law; and London and other places, busy 'electing their ruling-elders,' are just about ready to set it actually on foot. And now it is hoped there will be some 'uniformity' as to that high matter.

"Uniformity of free-growing healthy forest-trees is good; uniformity of clipt Dutch-dragons is not so good! The question, Which of the two? is by no means settled, — though the Assembly of Divines, and majorities of both Houses, would fain think it so. The general English mind, which, loving good order in all things, loves regularity even at a high price, could be content with this Presbyterian scheme, which we call

[1] Whitlocke, p. 242; *Iter Carolinum* (in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 274): Whitlocke's date, *as usual, is inexact.*

the Dutch-dragon one; but a deeper portion of the English mind inclines decisively to growing in the forest-tree way,—and indeed will shoot out into very singular excrescences, Quakerisms and what not, in the coming years. Nay already we have Anabaptists, Brownists, Sectaries and Schismatics springing up very rife: already there is a Paul Best, brought before the House of Commons for Socinianism; nay we hear of another distracted individual who seemed to maintain, in confidential argument, that 'God was mere Reason.'[1] There is like to be need of garden-shears, at this rate! The devout House of Commons, viewing these things with a horror inconceivable in our loose days, knows not well what to do. London City cries, 'Apply the shears!'—the Army answers, 'Apply them *gently;* cut off nothing that is sound!' The question of garden-shears, and how far you are to apply them, is really difficult;—the settling of *it* will lead to very unexpected results. London City knows with pain, that there are 'many persons in the Army who have never yet taken the Covenant;' the Army begins to consider it unlikely that certain of them will ever take it!"—

These things premised, we have only to remark farther, that the House of Commons meanwhile, struck with devout horror, has, with the world generally, spent Wednesday, the 10th of March, 1646–7, as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation for Blasphemies and Heresies.[2] Cromwell's Letter, somewhat remarkable for the grieved mind it indicates, was written next day. Fairfax with the Army is at Saffron Walden in Essex; there is an Order this day[3] that he is to quarter where he sees best. There are many Officers about Town; soliciting payments, attending private businesses: their tendency to Schism, to Anabaptistry and Heresy, or at least to undue tolerance for all that, is well known. This Fast-day, it would seem, is regarded as a kind of covert rebuke to them. Fast-day was Wednesday; this is Thursday evening:—

[1] Whitlocke. [2] Ibid. p. 243.
[3] *Commons Journals*, v. 110.

LETTER XLIII.

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army [at Saffron Walden]: These.

[London, 11 March, 1646.]

"Sir, — Your Letters about your head-quarters, directed to the Houses,[1] came seasonably, and were to very good purpose. There want not, in all places, men who have so much malice against the Army as besots them: the late Petition, which suggested a dangerous design upon the Parliament in [your] coming to those quarters[2] doth sufficiently evidence the same: but they got nothing by it, for the Houses did assoil the Army from all suspicion, and have left you to quarter where you please.[3]

"Never were the spirits of men more embittered than now. Surely the Devil hath but a short time. Sir, it's good the heart be fixed against all this. The naked simplicity of Christ, with that wisdom He is pleased to give, and patience, will overcome all this. That God would keep your heart as He has done hitherto, is the prayer of

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

"[P. S.][4] I desire my most humble service may be presented to my Lady. — Adjutant Allen desires Colonel Baxter, some time Governor of Reading, may be remembered. I humbly desire Colonel Overton may not be out of your remembrance. He is a deserving man, and presents his humble services to you. — Upon the Fast-day, divers soldiers were raised (as I heard), both horse and foot, near 200 in Covent Garden, To

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 110, 11th March, 1646 (Letter is dated Saffron Walden, 9th March).

[2] Saffron Walden, in the Eastern Association: "*Not* to quarter in the Eastern Association," had the Lords, through Manchester their Speaker, lately written (*Commons Journals*, infrà); but without effect.

[3] *Commons Journals*, v. 110, 11th March, 1646.

[4] Written across *on the* margin, according to custom.

prevent us soldiers from cutting the Presbyterians' throats. These are fine tricks to mock God with."[1]

This flagrant insult to "us soldiers," in Covent Garden and doubtless elsewhere, as if the zealous Presbyterian Preacher were not safe from violence in bewailing Schism, — is very significant. The Lieutenant-General himself might have seen as well as "heard" it, — for he lived hard by, in Drury Lane I think; but was of course at his own Church, bewailing Schism too, though not in so strait-laced a manner. —

Oliver's Sister Anna, Mrs. Sewster, of Wistow, Huntingdonshire, had died in these months, 1st November, 1646.[2] Among her little girls is one, Robina, for whom there is a distinguished Scotch Husband in store; far off as yet, an "Ensign in the French Army" as yet, William Lockhart by name; of whom we may hear more.

This Letter lies contiguous to Letter XXXIV. in the Sloane Volume: Letter XXXIV. is sealed conspicuously with red wax; this Letter, as is fit, with black. The Cromwell crest, "lion with ring on his fore-gamb," — the same big seal, — is on both.

LETTER XLIV.

COMMONS JOURNALS, 17th March, 1646: "*Ordered*, That the Committee of the Army do write unto the General, and acquaint him that this House takes notice of his care in ordering that none of the Forces under his Command should quarter nearer than Five-and-twenty Miles of this City: That notwithstanding his care and directions therein, the House is informed that some of his Forces are quartered much nearer than that; and To desire him to take course that his former Orders, touching the quartering of his Forces no nearer than Twenty-five Miles, may be observed."

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 62.

[2] See *antea*, p. 21; and Noble, i. 99.

"*To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*

"[London,] 19th March, 1646.

"Sir, — This enclosed Order I received; but, I suppose, Letters from the Committee of the Army to the effect of this are come to your hands before this time. I think it were very good that the distance of Twenty-five Miles be very strictly observed; and they are to blame that have exceeded the distance, contrary to your former appointment. This Letter I received this evening from Sir William Massam,[1] a Member of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; his House being much within that distance of Twenty-five Miles of London. I have sent the Officers down, as many as I could well light of.

"Not having more at present, I rest,

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

The troubles of the Parliament and Army are just beginning. The order for quartering beyond twenty-five miles from London, and many other "orders," were sadly violated in the course of this season. "Sir W. Massam's House," "Otes in Essex," is a place known to us since the beginning of these *Letters*.

The Officers ought really to go down to their quarters in the Eastern Counties; Oliver has sent them off, as many of them as he "could well light of."

The Presbyterian System is now fast getting into action: on the 20th May, 1647, the Synod of London, with due Prolocutor or Moderator, met in St. Paul's.[3] In Lancashire too the System is fairly on foot; but I think in other English Counties it was somewhat lazy to move, and never came rightly into action, owing to impediments. — Poor old Laud is condemned of treason, and beheaded, years ago; the Scots, after Marston

[1] Massam.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 74.

[3] *Rushworth, vi. 469*; Whitlocke (p. 249) dates wrong.

Fight, pressing heavy on him; Prynne too being very ungrateful. That "performance" of the Service to the Hyperborean populations in so exquisite a way has cost the Artist dear! He died very gently; his last scene much the best, for himself and for us. The two Hothams also, and other traitors, have died.

ARMY MANIFESTO.

Our next entirely authentic Letter is at six months' distance: a hiatus not unfrequent in this Series; but here most especially to be regretted; such a crisis in the affairs of Oliver and of England transacting itself in the interim. The Quarrel between City and Army, which we here see begun; the split of the Parliament into two clearly hostile Parties of Presbyterians and Independents, represented by City and Army; the deadly wrestle of these two Parties, with victory to the latter, and the former flung on its back, and its "Eleven Members" sent beyond Seas: all this transacts itself in the interim, without autograph note or indisputably authentic utterance of Oliver's to elucidate it for us. We part with him laboring to get the Officers sent down to Saffron Walden; sorrowful on the Spring Fast-day in Covent Garden: we find him again at Putney in Autumn; the insulted Party now dominant, and he the most important man in it. One Paper which I find among the many published on that occasion, and judge pretty confidently, by internal evidence, to be of his writing, is here introduced; and there is no other that I know of.

How this Quarrel between City and Army, no agreement with the King being for the present possible, went on waxing; developing itself more and more visibly into a Quarrel between Presbyterianism and Independency; attracting to the respective sides of it the two great Parties in Parliament and in England generally: all this the reader must endeavor to imagine for himself, — very dimly, as matters yet stand. In books, in *Narratives old* or new, he will find little satisfaction in regard

to it. The old Narratives, written all by baffled enemies of Cromwell,[1] are full of mere blind rage, distraction and darkness; the new Narratives, believing only in "Machiavelism," &c. disfigure the matter still more. Common History, old and new, represents Cromwell as having underhand, — in a most skilful and indeed prophetic manner, — fomented or originated all this commotion of the elements; steered his way through it by "hypocrisy," by "master-strokes of duplicity," and such like. As is the habit hitherto of History.

"The fact is," says a Manuscript already cited from, "poor History, contemporaneous and subsequent, has treated this matter in a very sad way. Mistakes, misdates; exaggerations, unveracities, distractions; all manner of misseeings and misnotings in regard to it, abound. How many grave historical statements still circulate in the world, accredited by Bishop Burnet and the like, which on examination you will find melt away into after-dinner rumors, — gathered from ancient red-nosed Presbyterian gentlemen, Harbottle Grimston and Company, sitting over claret under a Blessed Restoration, and talking to the loosely recipient Bishop in a very loose way! Statements generally with some grain of harmless truth, misinterpreted by those red-nosed honorable persons frothed up into huge bulk by the loquacious Bishop above mentioned, and so set floating on Time's Stream. Not very lovely to us, they, nor the red-noses they proceeded from! I do not cite them here; I have examined most of them; found not one of them fairly believable; wondered to see how already in one generation, earnest Puritanism being hung on the gallows or thrown out in St. Margaret's Churchyard, the whole History of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow all manner of nonsense concerning it. Ask for dates, ask for proofs: Who saw it, heard it; when was it, where? A misdate, of itself, will do much. So accurate a man as Mr. Godwin, generally very accurate in such matters, makes 'a master-stroke of duplicity' merely by mistake of dating:[2] the thing when

[1] Holles's *Memoirs*; Waller's *Vindication of his Character*; Clement Walker's *History of Independency*; &c. &c.

[2] *Godwin, ii. 300, — citing* Walker, p. 31 (should be p. 33).

Oliver did say it, was a credible truth, and no master-stroke or stroke of any kind!

"'Master-strokes of duplicity;' 'false protestations;' 'fomenting of the Army discontents:' alas, alas! It was not Cromwell that raised these discontents; not he, but the elemental Powers! Neither was it, I think, 'by master-strokes of duplicity' that Cromwell steered himself victoriously across such a devouring chaos; no, but by *continuances* of noble manful *simplicity*, I rather think, — by meaning one thing before God, and meaning the same before men, not as a weak but as a strong man does. By conscientious resolution; by sagacity, and silent wariness and promptitude; by religious valor and veracity, — which, however it may fare with *foxes*, are really, after all, the grand source of clearness for a *man* in this world!" — We here close our Manuscript.

Modern readers ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly Faith at work in this Controversy; that on both sides, more especially on the Army's side, here lay the central element of all; modifying all other elements and passions; — that this Controversy was, in several respects, very different from the common wrestling of Greek with Greek for what are called "Political objects"! — Modern readers, mindful of the French Revolution, will perhaps compare these Presbyterians and Independents to the Gironde and the Mountain. And there is an analogy; yet with differences. With a great difference in the situations; with the difference, too, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which is always considerable; and then with the difference between believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable!

A few dates, and chief summits of events, are all that can be indicated here, to make our "Manifesto" legible.

From the beginnings of this year 1647 and earlier, there had often been question as to what should be done with the Army. The expense of such an Army, between twenty and thirty thousand men, was great; the need of it, Royalism being now subdued, seemed small; besides, it was known that there were *many in it* who "had never taken the Covenant," and were

never likely to take it. This latter point, at a time when Heresy seemed rising like a hydra,[1] and the Spiritualism of England was developing itself in really strange ways, became very important too, — became gradually most of all important, and the soul of the whole Controversy.

Early in March, after much debating, it had been got settled that there should be twelve thousand men employed in Ireland,[2] which was now in sad need of soldiers. The rest were, in some good way, to be disbanded. The "way," however, and whether it might really be a good way, gave rise to considerations. — Without entering into a sea of troubles, we may state here in general that the things this Army demanded were strictly their just right: Arrears of pay, "three-and-forty weeks" of hard-earned pay; indemnity for acts done in War; and clear discharge according to contract, not service in Ireland except under known Commanders and conditions, — "our old Commanders," for example. It is also apparent that the Presbyterian party in Parliament, the leaders of whom were, several of them, Colonels of the *Old* Model, did not love this victorious Army; that indeed they disliked and grew to hate it, useful as it had been to them. Denzil Holles, Sir William Waller, Harley, Stapleton, these men, all strong for Presbyterianism, were old unsuccessful Colonels or Generals under Essex; and for very obvious reasons looked askance on this Army, and wished to be, so soon as possible, rid of it. The first rumor of a demur or desire on the part of the Army, rumor of some Petition to Fairfax by his Officers as to the "way" of their disbanding, was by these Old-Military Parliament-men very angrily repressed; nay, in a moment of fervor, they proceeded to decree that whoever had, or might have, a hand in promoting such Petition in the Army was an "Enemy to the State, and a Disturber of the Public Peace," — and sent forth the same in a "Declaration of the 30th of March," which became very celebrated afterwards. This unlucky "Declaration," Waller says, was due to Holles, who smuggled it one evening through a thin House. "Enemies to the State, Disturbers of the Peace:" it

[1] See Edwards's *Gangræna* (London, 1646), for many furious details of it.
[2] 6th March, *Commons Journals*, v. 107.

the Independent Party, for his interest with the Soldiers. One day, noticing the "high carriages" of Holles and Company, he whispers Edmund Ludlow who sat by him, "These men will never leave till the Army pull them out by the ears!"[1] Holles and Company, who at present rule in Parliament, pass a New Militia Ordinance for London; put the Armed Force of London into hands more strictly Presbyterian.[2] There have been two London Petitions against the Army, and two London Petitions covertly in favor of it; the Managers of the latter, we observe, have been put in prison.

May 8th. A new and more promising Deputation, Cromwell at the head of it. "Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Skippon," proceed again to Saffron Walden; investigate the claims and grievances of the Army;[3] engage, as they had authority to do, that real justice shall be done them; and in a fortnight return with what seems an agreement and settlement; for which Lieutenant-General Cromwell receives the thanks of the House.[4] The House votes what *it* conceives to be justice, "eight weeks of pay" in ready money, bonds for the rest, — and so forth. Congratulations hereupon; a Committee of Lords and Commons are ordered to go down to Saffron Walden, to *see* the Army disbanded.

May 28th. On arriving at Saffron Walden, they find that their notions of what is justice, and the Army's notions, differ widely. "Eight weeks of pay," say the Army; "we want nearer eight times eight!" Disturbances in several of the quarters: — at Oxford the men seize the disbanding-money as *part* of payment, and will not disband till they get the whole. A meeting of Adjutators, by authority of Fairfax, convenes at Bury St. Edmund's, — a regular Parliament of soldiers, "each common man paying fourpence to meet the expense:" it is agreed that the Army's quarters shall be "contracted," brought closer together; that on Friday next, 4th of June, there shall

[1] Ludlow, i. 189; see Whitlocke, p. 252.

[2] 4th May, 1647, *Commons Journals*, v. 160: — "Thirty-one Persons," their names given.

[3] Letters from them, in Appendix, No. 10.

[4] *May 21st, Commons Journals*, v. 181.

be a Rendezvous, or General Assembly of all the Soldiers, there to decide on what they will do.[1]

June 4th and 5th. The Newmarket Rendezvous, "on Kentford Heath," a little east of Newmarket, is held; a kind of Covenant is entered into, and other important things are done: —but elsewhere in the interim a thing still more important had been done. On Wednesday, June 2d, Cornet Joyce, — once a London tailor they say, evidently a very handy active man, — he and five hundred common troopers, a volunteer Party, not expressly commanded by anybody, but doing what they know the whole Army wishes to be done, sally out of Oxford, where things are still somewhat disturbed; proceed to Holmby House; and, after two days of talking, bring "the King's Person" off with them. To the horror and despair of the Parliament Commissioners in attendance there; but clearly to the satisfaction of his Majesty, — who hopes, in this new shuffle-and-deal, some good card will turn up for him; hopes, with some ground, "the Presbyterians and Independents *may* now be got to extirpate one another." His Majesty rides willingly; the Parliament Commissioners accompany, wringing their hands: — to Hinchinbrook, that same Friday night; where Colonel Montague receives them with all hospitality, entertains them for two days. Colonel Whalley with a strong party, deputed by Fairfax, had met his Majesty; offered to deliver him from Joyce, back to Holmby and the Parliament; but his Majesty positively declined. — Captain Titus, *quasi* Tighthose, very well known afterwards, arrives at St. Stephen's with the news; has £50 voted him "to buy a horse," for his great service; and fills all men with terror and amazement. The Honorable Houses agree to "sit on the Lord's day;" have Stephen Marshall to pray for them; never were in such a plight before. The Controversy, at this point, has risen from Economical into Political: Army Parliament in the Eastern Counties against Civil Parliament in Westminster; and, "How the Nation shall be settled" between them; whether its growth shall be in the forest-tree fashion, or in the clipt Dutch-dragon fashion? —

[1] *Rushworth*, pp. 496–510.

Monday, June 7th. All Officers in the House are ordered forthwith to go down to their regiments. Cromwell, without order, not without danger of detention, say some, has already gone: this same day, "General Fairfax, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, and the chief men of the Army," have an interview with the King, "at Childerley House, between Huntingdon and Cambridge:" his Majesty will not go back to Holmby; much prefers "the air" of these parts, the air of Newmarket for instance; and will continue with the Army.[1] Parliament Commissioners, with new Votes of Parliament, are coming down; the Army must have a new Rendezvous, to meet them. New Rendezvous at Royston, more properly on Triploe Heath near Cambridge, is appointed for Thursday; and in the interim a "Day of Fasting and Humiliation" is held by all the soldiers, — a real Day of Prayer (very inconceivable in these days), For God's enlightenment as to what should now be done.

Here is Whitlocke's account of the celebrated Rendezvous itself, — somewhat abridged from Rushworth, and dim enough; wherein, however, by good eyes a strange old Historical Scene may be discerned. The new Votes of Parliament do not appear still to meet "the just desires" of the Army; meanwhile let all things be done decently and in order.

"The General had ordered a Rendezvous at Royston;" properly on Triploe Heath, as we said; on Thursday, 10th June, 1647: the Force assembled was about twenty-one thousand men, the remarkablest Army that ever wore steel in this world. "The General and the Commissioners rode to each Regiment. They first acquainted the General's Regiment with the Votes of the Parliament; and Skippon," one of the Commissioners, "spake to them to persuade a compliance. An Officer of the Regiment made answer, That the Regiment did desire that their answer might be returned *after* perusal of the Votes by some select Officers and Agitators, whom the Regiment had chosen; and said, This was the motion of the Regiment.

"He desired the General and Commissioners to give him leave to ask the whole Regiment if this *was* their answer.

[1] Rushworth, vi. 549.

Leave being given, they cried 'All.' Then he put the question, If any man were of a contrary opinion he should say, No; — and not one man gave his 'No.' — The Agitators, in behalf of the soldiers, pressed to have the question put at once, Whether the Regiment did acquiesce and were satisfied with the Votes?" The Agitators knew well what the answer would have been! — "But in regard the other way was more orderly, and they might after perusal proceed more deliberately, that question was laid aside.

"The like was done in the other Regiments; and all were very unanimous; and always after the Commissioners had done reading the Votes, and speaking to each Regiment, and had received their answer, all of them cried out, 'Justice, Justice!'" — not a very musical sound to the Commissioners.

"A Petition was delivered in the field to the General, in the name of 'many well-affected people in Essex;' desiring, That the Army might *not* be disbanded; in regard the Commonwealth had many enemies, who watched for such an occasion to destroy the good people."[1]

Such, and still dimmer, is the jotting of dull authentic Bulstrode, — drowning in official oil, and somnolent natural pedantry and fat, one of the remarkablest scenes our History ever had: An Armed Parliament, extra-official, yet not without a kind of sacredness, and an Oliver Cromwell at the head of it; demanding with one voice, as deep as ever spake in England, "Justice, Justice!" under the vault of Heaven.

That same afternoon, the Army moved on to St. Albans, nearer to London; and from the Rendezvous itself, a joint Letter was despatched to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, which the reader is now at last to see. I judge it, pretty confidently, by evidence of style alone, to be of Cromwell's own writing. It differs totally in this respect from any other of those multitudinous Army-Papers; which were understood, says Whitlocke, to be drawn up mostly by Ireton, "who had a subtle working brain;" or by Lambert, who also had got some tincture of Law and other learning, and did not want for brain. They are very able Papers, though now very dull ones. This

[1] *Whitlocke*, p. 255.

is in a far different style; in Oliver's worst style; his style when he writes in haste, — and not in haste of the pen merely, for that seems always to have been a most rapid business with him; but in haste before the matter had matured itself for him, and the real kernels of it got parted from the husks. A style of composition like the structure of a block of oak-root, — as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong! Read attentively, this Letter can be understood, can be believed: the tone of it, the "voice" of it, reminds us of what Sir Philip Warwick heard; the voice of a man risen justly into a kind of *chant*, — very dangerous for the City of London at present.

"*To the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London: These.*

"Royston, 10th June, 1647.

"Right Honorable and Worthy Friends, — Having, by our Letters and other Addresses presented by our General to the Honorable House of Commons, endeavored to give satisfaction of the clearness of our just Demands; and [having] also, in Papers published by us, remonstrated the grounds of our proceedings in prosecution thereof; — all of which being published in print, we are confident [they] have come to your hands, and received at least a charitable construction from you.

"The sum of all these our Desires as Soldiers is no other than this: Satisfaction to our undoubted Claims as Soldiers; and reparation upon those who have, to the utmost, improved all opportunities and advantages, by false suggestions, misrepresentations and otherwise, for the destruction of this Army with a perpetual blot of ignominy upon it. Which [injury] we should not value, if it singly concerned our own particular [persons]; being ready to deny ourselves in this, as we have done in other cases, for the Kingdom's good: but under this pretence, we find, no less is involved than the overthrow of the privileges both of Parliament and People; — and that rather than they[1] shall fail in their designs, or we receive what in the eyes of all good men is [our] just right, the King-

[1] The Presbyterian leaders in Parliament, Holles, Stapleton, Hurley, *Waller, &c.*

dom is endeavored to be engaged in a new War. [In a new War,] and this singly by those who, when the truth of these things shall be made to appear, will be found to be the authors of those [said] evils that are feared; — and who have no other way to protect *themselves* from question and punishment but by putting the Kingdom into blood, under the pretence of their honor of and their love to the Parliament. As if that were dearer to them than to us; or as if they had given greater proof of their faithfulness to it than we.

"But we perceive that, under these veils and pretences, they seek to interest in their design the City of London: — as if that City ought to make good their miscarriages, and should prefer a few self-seeking men before the welfare of the Public. And indeed we have found these men so active to accomplish their designs, and to have such apt instruments for their turn in that City, that we have cause to suspect they may engage many therein upon mistakes, — which are easily swallowed, in times of such prejudice against them [1] that have given (we may speak it without vanity) the most public testimony of their good affections to the Public, and to that City in particular.

"[As] for the thing we insist upon as Englishmen, — and surely our being Soldiers hath not stript us of that interest, although our malicious enemies would have it so, — we desire a Settlement of the Peace of the Kingdom and of the Liberties of the Subject, according to the Votes and Declarations of Parliament, which, *before* we took arms, were, by the Parliament, used as arguments and inducements to invite us and divers of our dear friends out; some of whom have lost their lives in this War. Which being now, by God's blessing, finished, — we think we have as much right to demand, and desire to see, a happy Settlement, as we have to our money and [to] the other common interest of Soldiers which we have insisted upon. We find also the ingenuous and honest People, in almost all parts of the Kingdom where we come, full of the sense of ruin and misery if the Army should be disbanded *before* the Peace of the Kingdom, and those other things before mentioned, have a full and perfect Settlement.

[1] Oblique for "us."

join in a Note.[1] They demurred; withdrew; again returned; in fine, had to "ask leave to retire for six months," on account of their health, we suppose. They retired swiftly in the end; to France; to deep concealment, — to the Tower otherwise.

The history of these six weeks, till they did retire and the Army had its way, we must request the reader to imagine for himself. Long able Papers, drawn by men of subtle brain and strong sincere heart: the Army retiring always to a safe distance when their Demands are agreed to; straightway advancing if otherwise, — which rapidly produces an agreement. A most remarkable Negotiation; conducted with a method, a gravity and decorous regularity beyond example in such cases. The "shops" of London were more than once "shut;" tremor occupying all hearts: — but no harm was done. The Parliament regularly paid the Army; the Army lay coiled round London and the Parliament, now advancing, now receding; saying in the most respectful emblematic way, "Settlement with us and the Godly People, or ——!" — The King, still with the Army, and treated like a King, endeavored to play his game, "in meetings at Woburn" and elsewhere; but the two Parties could not be brought to extirpate one another for his benefit.

Towards the end of July, matters seemed as good as settled: the Holles "Declaration," that "blot of ignominy," being now expunged from the Journals;[2] the Eleven being out; and now at last, the New Militia Ordinance for London (Presbyterian Ordinance brought in by Holles on the 4th of May) being revoked, and matters in that quarter set on their old footing again. The two Parties in Parliament seem pretty equal in numbers; the Presbyterian Party, shorn of its Eleven, is

[1] Denzil Holles (Member for Dorchester), Sir Philip Stapleton (Boroughbridge), Sir William Waller (Andover), Sir William Lewis (Petersfield), Sir John Clotworthy (Malden), Recorder Glynn (Westminster), Mr. Anthony Nichols (Bodmin); these Seven are old Members, from the beginning of the Parliament; — the other Four are "recruiters," elected since 1645: Major-General Massey (Wootton-Basset), Colonel Walter Long (Ludgershall), Colonel Edward Harley (Herefordshire), Sir John Maynard (Lostwithiel).

[2] *Asterisks still* in the place of it, Commons Journals, 29th March, 1647.

cowed down to the due pitch; and there is now prospect of fair treatment for all the Godly Interest, and such a Settlement with his Majesty as may be the best for that. Towards the end of July, however, London City, torn by factions but Presbyterian by the great majority, rallies again in a very extraordinary way. Take these glimpses from contemporaneous Whitlocke; and rouse them from their fat somnolency a little.

July 26th. Many young men and Apprentices of London came to the House in a most rude and tumultuous manner; and presented some particular Desires. Desires. That the Eleven may come back; that the Presbyterian Militia Ordinance be *not* revoked, — that the Revocation of it be revoked. Desire, in short, That there be no peace made with Sectaries, but that the London Militia may have a fair chance to fight them! — Drowsy Whitlocke continues; almost as if he were in Paris in the eighteenth century: "The Apprentices and many other rude boys and mean fellows among them came into the House of Commons; and kept the Door open and their hats on; and called out as they stood, 'Vote, Vote,' and in this arrogant posture stood till the votes passed in that way, To repeal the Ordinance for change of the Militia," &c. "In the evening about seven o'clock, some of the Common Council came down to the House:" but finding the Parliament and Speaker already *had* been forced, they, with Common-Council men, ordered their Apprentices to go home again, the work they had set them upon being now finished. This disastrous scene fell out on Monday, 26th July, 1647. The Houses, on the morrow morning, without further sitting, adjourned till Friday next.

On Friday next, — behold, the Two Speakers, "with the Mace," and many Members of both Houses, have withdrawn; and the Army, lately at Bedford, is on quick march towards London! Alarming pause. "About noon," however, the Remainders of the Two Houses, reinforced by the Eleven who reappear for the last time, proceed to elect new Speakers "by the City Mace;" order, above all, that there be a vigorous

[1] Whitlocke, p. 268.

enlistment of forces under General Massey, General Poyntz, and others. "St. James's Fields" were most busy all Saturday, all Monday; shops all shut; drums beating in all quarters; a most vigorous enlistment going on. Presbyterianism will die with harness on its back. Alas, news come that the Army is at Colnebrook, advancing towards Hounslow; news come that they have rendezvoused at Hounslow, and received the Speakers and fugitive Lords and Commons with shouts. Tuesday, 3d August, 1647, was such a day as London and the Guildhall never saw before or since! Southwark declares that it will not fight; sends to Fairfax for Peace and a "sweet composure;" comes to the Guildhall in great crowds petitioning for Peace; — at which sight, General Poyntz, pressing through for orders about his enlistments, loses his last drop of human patience; "draws his sword" on the whining multitudes, "slashes several persons, whereof some die." The game is nearly up. Look into the old Guildhall on that old Tuesday night; the palpitation, tremulous expectation; wooden Gog and Magog themselves almost sweating cold with terror: —

"General Massey sent out scouts to Brentford: but ten men of the Army beat thirty of his; and took a flag from a Party of the City. The City Militia and Common Council sat late; and a great number of people attended at Guildhall. When a scout came in and brought news, That the Army made a halt; or other good intelligence, — they cry, 'One and all!' But if the scouts reported that the Army was advancing nearer them, then they would cry as loud, 'Treat, treat, treat!' So they spent most part of the night. At last they resolved to send the General an humble Letter, beseeching him that there might be a way of composure."[1]

On Friday morning was "a meeting at the Earl of Holland's House in Kensington" (the Holland House that yet stands), and prostrate submission by the Civic Authorities and Parliamentary Remainders; after which the Army marched "three deep by Hyde Park" into the heart of the City, "with boughs of laurel in their hats;" — and it was all ended. Fair treatment for all the Honest Party: and the Spiritualism of Eng-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 265.

land shall not be forced to grow in the Presbyterian fashion, however it may grow. Here is another entry from somnolent Bulstrode. The Army soon changes its head-quarters to Putney;[1] one of its outer posts is Hampton Court, where his Majesty, obstinate still, but somewhat despondent now of getting the two Parties to extirpate one another, is lodged.

Saturday, "*September* 18*th*. After a Sermon in Putney Church, the General, many great Officers, Field-Officers, inferior Officers and Adjutators, met in the Church; debated the Proposals of the Army" towards a Settlement of this bleeding Nation; "altered some things in them;—and were very full of the Sermon, which had been preached by Mr. Peters."[2]

LETTERS XLV.-LVIII.

THESE Fourteen Letters, touching slightly on public affairs, with one or two glimpses into private, must carry us, without commentary, in a very dim way, across to the next stage in Oliver's History and England's: the Flight of the King from Hampton Court and the Army, soon followed by the actual breaking out of the Second Civil War.

LETTER XLV.

WILLIAMS, Archbishop of York, "hasty hot Welsh Williams,"—whom we once saw, seven years ago, as Bishop of Lincoln, getting jostled in Palace-yard, protesting thereupon, and straightway getting lodged in the Tower,[3]—is to concern us again for one moment. A man once very radiant to men, as obscure as he has now grown: a most high-riding far-shining Solar Luminary in that epoch; obscure to no man in England for thirty years last past! A man of restless mercurial vivacity, of endless superficial dexterity and ingenuity, of next to no real wisdom;—very fit to have swift promotions and sudden

[1] 26th August, Rushworth, vii. 791. [2] Whitlocke, p. 272.
[3] Antea, *p. 118.*

eclipses in a Stuart Court; not worthy of much memory otherwise. Of his rapid rises, culminations, miraculous faculties and destinies, to us all useless, indifferent and extinct, let there be silence here, — reference to Bishop Hacket and the Futile Ingenuities.[1]

Archbishop Williams — for he got delivered from the Tower at that time, and recovered favor, and was "enthroned Archbishop at York" while his Majesty was raising his War-standard there — found, after a while, that there was little good to be got of his Archbishophood; that his best weapon would be, not the crosier, but the linstock and cannon-rammer, at present: he went to his Welsh estate of Aberconway, and "procuring a Commission from his Majesty," fortified Conway Castle "at his own expense," and invited the neighboring gentry to lodge their plate and valuables there, as in a place of security. Good; — for the space of a year or two. But now, some time ago, in the death-throes of the late War, while North Wales was bestirring itself as in last-agony for his Majesty's behoof, — there came a certain Colonel Sir John Owen, of whom we shall hear again: he, this Owen, came before Castle Conway with large tumultuary force; demanded the same in his Majesty's name, to be governed by him Sir John Owen, as essential for his Majesty's occasions at that time. High-sniffing, indignant refusal on the part of Williams: impetuous capture and forcible possession on the part of Owen. Hot Williams, blown all to flame hereby, applied to Colonel Mitton, the Parliamentary Colonel of those parts; said to him, "Expel me this intolerable Owen; Owen out, I will hold this Castle for the Parliament and you, — his Majesty seems nearly done with fighting now." A thing difficult to explain completely to the Royalist mind: Bishop Hacket has his own adoe with it; and in stupid Saunderson[2] and others it is one loud howl, "Son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" —

Explained or not, "my Lord of York" does hold Conway Castle, on those terms, at this date; is taking a certain charge

[1] Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams* (a considerable Folio, London, 1712); Philips's *Life of Williams* (an Octavo Abridgment of that); &c.

[2] *History of Charles I.*

of North Wales in his busy way; and has even been corresponding with Cromwell, on the subject. They had known one another in old years: Buckden, the Bishop of Lincoln's House, is in the neighborhood of Huntingdon; where Cromwell, it is understood, used occasionally to wait upon him; pleading for oppressed Lecturers and the like, — the Bishop having, from political or other biases, a kind of lenity for Puritans.

Cromwell is very brief with him here; courteous as to an old neighbor rather in eclipse; but evidently wishing to have no unnecessary business with the Governor of Conway. We see he could on occasion jocosely claim "kindred" with him, as himself a "Williams:" and that perhaps is the chief interest of this small Document, which the reader will now abundantly understand.

"*For the Right Honorable my Lord of York: These.*

"[PUTNEY,] 1st September, 1647.

"MY LORD, — Your Advices will be seriously considered by us. We shall endeavor, to our uttermost, so to settle the affairs of North Wales as, to the best of our understandings, does most conduce to the public good thereof and of the whole. And that without private respect, or to the satisfaction of any humor, — which has been too much practised on the occasion of our Troubles.

"The Drover you mentioned will be secured, as far as we are able, in his affairs, if he come to ask it. Your Kinsman shall be very welcome: I shall study to serve him for Kindred's sake; among whom let not be forgotten, my Lord,

"Your cousin and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

My Lord of York still lived some year or two in Conway Castle; saw his enemy Sir John Owen in trouble enough; but died before long, — chiefly of broken heart for the fate of his Majesty, thinks Bishop Hacket. A long farewell to him.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1789), lix. 877.

LETTER XLVI.

THE Marquis of Ormond, a man of distinguished integrity, patience, activity and talent, had done his utmost for the King in Ireland, so long as there remained any shadow of hope there. His last service, as we saw, was to venture secretly on a Peace with the Irish Catholics, — Papists, men of the Massacre of 1641, men of many other massacres, falsities, mad blusterings and confusions, — whom all parties considered as sanguinary Rebels, and regarded with abhorrence. Which Peace, we saw farther, Abbas O'Teague and others threatening to produce excommunication on it, the "Council of Kilkenny" broke away from, — not in the handsomest manner. Ormond, in this Spring of 1647, finding himself reduced to "seven barrels of gunpowder" and other extremities, without prospect of help or trustworthy bargain on the Irish side, — agreed to surrender Dublin, and what else he had left, rather to the Parliament than to the Rebels; his Majesty, from England, secretly and publicly advising that course. The Treaty was completed: "Colonel Michael Jones," lately Governor of Chester, arrived with some Parliamentary Regiments, with certain Parliamentary Commissioners, on the 7th of June:[1] the surrender was duly effected, and Ormond withdrew to England.

A great English force had been anticipated; but the late quarrel with the Army had rendered that impossible. Jones, with such inadequate force as he had, made head against the Rebels; gained "a great victory" over them on the 8th of August, at a place called Dungan Hill, not far from Trim:[2] "the most signal victory we had yet gained;" for which there was thankfulness enough. — Four days before that Sermon by Hugh Peters, followed by the military conclave in Putney Church, Cromwell had addressed this small Letter of Congratulation to Jones, whom, by the tone of it, he does not seem to have as yet personally known: —

[1] Carte's *Ormond*, i. 603.
[2] Rushworth, vii. 779; Carte, ii. &.

"*For the Honorable Colonel Jones, Governor of Dublin, and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in Leinster: These.*

"[PUTNEY,] 14th September, 1647.

"SIR, — The mutual interest and agreement we have in the same Cause[1] give me occasion, as to congratulate, so [likewise] abundantly to rejoice in God's gracious Dispensation unto you and by you. We have, both in England and Ireland, found the immediate presence and assistance of God, in guiding and succeeding our endeavors hitherto; and therefore ought, as I doubt not both you and we desire, to ascribe the glories of all to Him, and to improve all we receive from Him unto Him alone.

"Though, it may be, for the present a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them; yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity, and innocency from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the Public Good. And as you are an instrument herein, so we shall, as becometh us, upon all occasions, give you your due honor. For my own particular, — wherein I may have your commands to serve you, you shall find none more ready than he that sincerely desires to approve himself,

"Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Michael Jones is the name of this Colonel; there are several Colonel Joneses; difficult to distinguish. One of them, Colonel *John* Jones, Member for Merionethshire, and known too in Ireland, became afterwards the Brother-in-law of Cromwell; and ended tragically as a Regicide in 1661. Colonel Michael gained other signal successes in Ireland; welcomed Oliver into it in 1649; and died there soon after of a fever.

[1] Word uncertain to the Copyist; sense not doubtful.

[2] MS. Volume of Letters in Trinity-College Library, Dublin (marked: F. 3. 18), fol. 62. Autograph; docketed by Jones himself, of whom the Volume contains *other memorials*.

One of the remarkablest circumstances of this new Irish Campaign is, that Colonel Monk, George Monk, is again in it. He was taken prisoner, fresh from Ireland, at Nantwich, three years ago. After lying three years in the Tower, seeing his Majesty's affairs now desperate, he has consented to take the Covenant, embark with the Parliament; and is now doing good service in Ulster.

LETTER XLVII.

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax: These.

"PUTNEY, 13th October, 1647.

"SIR, — The case concerning Captain Middleton hears[1] ill; inasmuch as it is delayed, upon pretences, from coming to a trial. It is not, I humbly conceive, fit that it should stay any longer. The Soldiers complain thereof, and their witnesses have been examined. Captain Middleton, and some others for him, have made stay thereof hitherto.

"I beseech your Excellency to give order it may be tried on Friday, or Saturday at farthest, if you please; and that so much may be signified to the Advocate.

"Sir, I pray excuse my not-attendance upon you. I feared [to] miss the House a day, where it 's very necessary for me to be. I hope your Excellency will be at the Head-quarter to-morrow, where, if God be pleased, I shall wait upon you. I rest,

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Captain Middleton and his case have vanished completely out of the records; whether it was tried on Saturday, and how decided, will never now be known. Doubtless Fairfax "signified" somewhat to the Advocate about it, but let us not ask

[1] *sounds.* [2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 20.

what. "The Advocate" is called "John Mills, Esquire, Judge-Advocate;"[1] whose military Law-labors have mostly become silent now. The former Advocate was Dr. Dorislaus; of whom also a word. Dr. Dorislaus, by birth Dutch; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex's campaignings; known afterwards on the King's Trial; and finally, for that latter service, assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain high-flying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch several of them. The Portraits represent him as a man of heavy, deep-wrinkled, elephantine countenance, pressed down with the labors of life and law; the good ugly man here found his quietus.

The business in the House, "where it 's necessary for me to be" without miss of a sitting, is really important, or at least critical, in these October days: Settlement of Army arrears, duties and arrangements; Tonnage and Poundage; business of the London Violence upon the Parliament (pardoned for the most part); business of Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburn, now growing very noisy; — above all things, final Settlement with the King, if that by any method could be possible. The Army-Parliament too still sits; "Council of War" with its Adjutators meeting frequently at Putney.[2] In the House, and out of the House, Lieutenant-General Cromwell is busy enough.

This very day, "Wednesday, 13th October, 1647," we find him deep in debate "On the *farther* establishment of the Presbyterial Government" (for the law is still loose, the Platform, except in London, never fairly on foot); and Teller on no fewer than three divisions. *First*, Shall the Presbyterian Government be limited to three years? Cromwell answers *Yea*, in a House of *73*; is beaten by a majority of 3. *Second*, Shall there be a limit of time to it? Cromwell again answers *Yea;* beats, this time, by a majority of 14, in a House now of *74* (some individual having dropt in). *Third*, Shall the limit be seven years? Cromwell answers *Yea;* and in a House still of 74 is beaten by 8. It is finally got settled that the limit of time shall be "to the end of the next Session of Parliament after the end of this present Session," — a very vague

[1] Sprigge, p. 326. [2] Rushworth, vii. 849, &c.

Period, "this present session[1] having itself already proved rather long! Note, too, this is not yet a Law; it is only a Proposal to be made to the King, if his Majesty will concur, which seems doubtful. Debating enough! — Saturday last there was a call of the House, and great quantities of absent Members; "*ægrotantes*," fallen ill, a good many of them, — sickness being somewhat prevalent in those days of waiting upon Providence.[1]

LETTER XLVIII.

[*For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*]

"PUTNEY, 22d October, 1647.

"SIR, — Hearing the Garrison of Hull is most distracted in the present government, and that the most faithful and honest Officers have no disposition to serve there any longer under the present Governor; and that it is their earnest desires, with all the trusty and faithful inhabitants of the Town, to have Colonel Overton sent to them to be your Excellency's Deputy over them, — I do humbly offer to your Excellency, Whether it might not be convenient that Colonel Overton be speedily sent down; that so that Garrison may be settled in safe hands. And that your Excellency would be pleased to send for Colonel Overton, and confer with him about it. That either the Regiment [now] in the Town may be so regulated as your Excellency may be confident that the Garrison may be secured by them; or otherwise it may be drawn out, and his own Regiment in the Army be sent down thither with him. — But I conceive, if the Regiment in Hull can be made serviceable to your Excellency, and included in the Establishment, it will be better to continue it there, than to bury a Regiment of your Army in the Garrison.

"Sir, the expedient will be very necessary, in regard of the

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 329; ib. 332.

present distractions here. This I thought fit to offer to your Excellency's consideration. I shall humbly take leave to subscribe myself, your Excellency's

"Humble [and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL]."[1]

After Hotham's defection and execution, the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, who had valiantly defended the place, was appointed Governor of Hull; which office had subsequently been conferred on the Generalissimo Sir Thomas, his Son; and was continued to him, on the readjustment of all Garrisons in the Spring of this same year.[2] Sir Thomas therefore was express Governor of Hull at this time. Who the Substitute or Deputy under him was, I do not know. Some Presbyterian man; unfit for the stringent times that had arrived, when no algebraic formula, but only direct vision of the relations of things would suffice a man.

Colonel Overton was actually appointed Governor of Hull: there is a long Letter from the Hull people about Colonel Overton's laying free billet upon them, a Complaint to Fairfax on the subject, next year.[3] He continued long in that capacity; zealously loyal to Cromwell and his cause,[4] till the Protectorship came on. His troubles afterwards, and confused destinies, may again concern us a little.

This Letter is written only three weeks before the King took his flight from Hampton Court. One spark illuminating (very faintly) that huge dark world, big with such results, in the Army's quarters about Putney, and elsewhere!

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 82:—Signature, and all after "humble" is torn off. The Letter is not an autograph; it has been dictated, apparently in great haste.

[2] 13th March, 1646–7 (*Commons Journals*, v. 111).

[3] 4th March, 1647–8 (Rushworth, vii. 1020).

[4] Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*. *Milton State-Papers* (London, 1743), pp. 10, 24, 161,—where the Editor calls him Colonel *Richard* Overton; his name was Robert: "Richard Overton" is a "Leveller," unconnected with him; "*Colonel* Richard Overton" is a non-existence.

LETTER XLIX.

THE immeasurable Negotiations with the King, "Proposals of the Army," "Proposals of the Adjutators of the Army," still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debatings and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past, — suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapor, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King.

Cromwell and the Chief Officers have for some time past ceased frequenting his Majesty or Hampton Court; such visits being looked upon askance by a party in the Army: they have left the matter to Parliament; only Colonel Whalley, with due guard, and Parliament Commissioners, keep watch "for the security of his Majesty." In the Army, his Majesty's real purpose becoming now apparent, there has arisen a very terrible "Levelling Party;" a class of men demanding punishment not only of Delinquents, and Deceptive Persons who have involved this Nation in blood, but of the "Chief Delinquent:" minor Delinquents getting punished, how should the Chief Delinquent go free? A class of men dreadfully in earnest; — to whom a King's Cloak is no impenetrable screen; who within the King's Cloak discern that there is a Man, accountable to a God! The Chief Officers, except when officially called, keep distant: hints have fallen that his Majesty is not out of danger. — In the Commons Journals this is what we read: —

"*Friday, 12th November*, 1647. A Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, of 11th November, twelve at night, was read; signifying the escape of the King; who went away about 9 o'clock yesterday" evening.[1]

Cromwell, we suppose, lodging in head-quarters about Put-

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 356.

ney, had been roused on Thursday night by express That the King was gone; had hastened off to Hampton Court; and there about "twelve at night" despatched a Letter to Speaker Lenthall. The Letter, which I have some confused recollection of having, somewhere in the Pamphletary Chaos, seen in full, refuses to disclose itself at present except as a Fragment: —

[*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*]

[HAMPTON COURT, Twelve at night, 11th November, 1647.]

"[SIR,] . . . Majesty . . . withdrawn himself . . . at nine o'clock.

"The manner is variously reported; and we will say little of it at present, but That his Majesty was expected at supper, when the Commissioners and Colonel Whalley missed him; upon which they entered the Room: — they found his Majesty had left his cloak behind him in the Gallery in the Private Way. He passed, by the back stairs and vault, towards the Water-side.

"He left some Letters upon the table in his withdrawing room, of his own handwriting; whereof one was to the Commissioners of Parliament attending him, to be communicated to both Houses [and is here enclosed]. . . .

[OLIVER CROMWELL.]"[1]

We do not give his Majesty's Letter "here enclosed:" it is that well-known one where he speaks, in very royal style, still every inch a King, Of the restraints and slights put upon him, — men's obedience to their King seeming much abated of late. So soon as *they* return to a just temper, "I shall instantly break through this cloud of retirement, and show myself ready to be *Pater Patriæ*," — as I have hitherto done.

[1] Rushworth, vii. 871.

LETTER L.

THE Ports are all ordered to be shut; embargo laid on ships. Read in the Commons Journals again: "*Saturday, 13th Nov.* Colonel Whalley was called in; and made a particular Relation of all the circumstances concerning the King's going away from Hampton Court. He did likewise deliver in a Letter directed unto him from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, concerning some rumors and reports of some design of danger to the person and life of the King: The which was read. *Ordered*, That Colonel Whalley do put in writing the said Relation, and set his hand to it; and That he do leave a Copy of the said Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell."[1]

Colonel Whalley's Relation exists; and a much fuller Relation and pair of Relations concerning this Flight and what preceded and followed it, as viewed from the Royalist side, by two parties to the business, exist:[2] none of which shall concern us here. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to Whalley also exists; a short insignificant Note: here it is, fished from the Dust-Abysses, which refuse to disclose the other. Whalley is "Cousin Whalley," as we may remember; Aunt Frances's and the Squire of Kerton's Son, — a Nottinghamshire man.[3]

[*For my beloved Cousin, Colonel Whalley, at Hampton Court: These.*]

[PUTNEY, November, 1647.]

"DEAR COS. WHALLEY, — There are rumors abroad of some intended attempt on his Majesty's person. Therefore I pray have a care of your guards. If any such thing should be done, it would be accounted a most horrid act. . . .

"Yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[4]

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 358.

[2] Berkley's *Memoirs* (printed, London, 1699); Ashburnham's *Narrative* (printed, London, 1830); — which require to be sifted, and contrasted with each other and with third parties, by whoever is still curious on this matter; each of these Narratives being properly a Pleading, intended to clear the Writer of all blame, in the first place.

[3] *See antea*, p. 27, note. [4] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 337, § 15, p. 7.

See, among the Old Pamphlets, Letters to the like effect from Royalist Parties: also a Letter of thanks from the King to Whalley; — ending with a desire, "to send the black-gray bitch to the Duke of Richmond," on the part of his Majesty: Letters from &c., Letters to &c., in great quantities.[1] For us here this brief notice of one Letter shall suffice: —

"*Monday, 15th November*, 1647. Letter from Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, *Cowes*, 13° *Novembris*, signifying that the King is come into the Isle of Wight."[2] The King, after a night and a day of riding, saw not well whither else to go. He delivered himself to Robert Hammond;[3] came into the Isle of Wight. Robert Hammond is ordered to keep him strictly within Carisbrook Castle and the adjoining grounds, in a vigilant though altogether respectful manner.

This same "Monday" when Hammond's Letter arrives in London is the day of the mutinous Rendezvous "in Corkbush Field, between Hertford and Ware;"[4] where Cromwell and the General Officers had to front the Levelling Principle, in a most dangerous manner, and trample it out or be trampled out by it on the spot. Eleven Mutineers are ordered from the ranks; tried by Court-Martial on the Field; three of them condemned to be shot; — throw dice for their life, and one *is* shot, there and then. The name of him is Arnald; long memorable among the Levellers. A very dangerous Review service! — Head-quarters now changed to Windsor.

LETTER LI.

A SMALL charitable act, for one who proved not very worthy. Friends of a young gentleman in trouble, Mr. Dudley Wyatt by name, have drawn this word from the Lieutenant-General, who on many grounds is powerful at Cambridge.

[1] *Parl. Hist.* xvi. 324–330. [2] *Commons Journals*, in die (v. 359).
[3] Berkley's and Ashburnham's *Narratives*.
[4] Rushworth, vii. 875.

[*To Dr. Thomas Hill, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.*]

"WINDSOR, 23d December, 1647.

"SIR, — As I am informed, this Gentleman the Bearer hereof, in the year 1641, had leave of his College to travel into Ireland for seven years; and in his absence, he (being then actually employed against the Rebels in that Kingdom) was ejected out of his College by a mistake, — the College Registry being not looked into, to inquire the cause of his non-residence.

"I cannot therefore but think it a just and reasonable request, That he be readmitted to all the benefits, rights and privileges which he enjoyed before that ejection; and therefore desire you would please to effect it accordingly. Wherein you shall do a favor will be owned by

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Dudley Wyatt, Scholar of Trinity College, 25th April, 1623; B.A., 1631; Fellow, 4th October, 1633; vanishes from the Bursar's Books in 1645: no notice of him farther, or of any effect produced by the Lieutenant-General's Letter on his behalf, is found in the College records. Indeed, directly after this Letter, the young gentleman, of a roving turn at any rate, appears to have discovered that there was new war and mischief in the wind, and better hope at Court than at College for a youth of spirit. He went to France to the Queen (as we may gather); went and came; developed himself into a busy spy and intriguer; — attained to Knighthood, to be the "*Sir* Dudley Wyatt" of Clarendon's History;[2] whom, and not us, he shall henceforth concern.

[1] "Muniment Room, Trinity College, Cambridge (Collection entitled *Papers relating to Trinity Coll.*, vol. 3): a Transcript, Original now not forthcoming, — docketed in the hand of one Porter, Clerk to Thomas Parne, about 1724, *L. P. Cromwell's Letter concerning Sir Dudley Wyatt.*" (Communicated by the Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity, March, 1849.) — Harl. MSS. no. 7053, f. 153 b.: printed, from the latter, in Hartshorne's *Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge* (London, 1829), p. 277. The Harl. MSS. copy adds: "N. B. Upon this Letter Sir Dudley Wyatt was readmitted," — but did not stay, as would appear.

[2] *ii. 959, iii. 22, &c.*

LETTER LII.

ROBERT HAMMOND, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who has for the present become so important to England, is a young man "of good parts and principles:" a Colonel of Foot; served formerly as Captain under Massey in Gloucester; — where, in October, 1644, he had the misfortune to kill a brother Officer, one Major Gray, in sudden duel, "for giving him the lie;" he was tried, but acquitted, the provocation being great. He has since risen to be Colonel, and become well known. Originally of Chertsey, Surrey; his Grandfather, and perhaps his Father, a Physician there. His Uncle, Thomas Hammond, is now Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; a man whom, with this Robert, we saw busy in the Army Troubles last year. The Lieutenant-General, Thomas Hammond, persists in his democratic course; patron at this time of the Adjutator speculations; sits afterwards as a King's-Judge.

In strong contrast with whom is another Uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, a pattern-flower of loyalty, one of his Majesty's favorite Chaplains. It was Uncle Thomas that first got this young Robert a Commission in the Army: but Uncle Henry had, in late months, introduced him to his Majesty at Hampton Court, as an ingenuous youth, repentant, or at least sympathetic and not without loyalty. Which circumstance, it is supposed, had turned the King's thoughts in that bewildered Flight of his, towards Colonel Robert and the Isle of Wight.

Colonel Robert, it would seem, had rather disliked the high course things were sometimes threatening to take, in the Putney Council of War; and had been glad to get out of it for a quiet Governorship at a distance. But it now turns out, he has got into still deeper difficulties thereby. His "temptation" when the King announced himself as in the neighborhood, had been great: Shall he obey the King in this crisis; conduct the King whitherward his Majesty wishes? Or be true to his trust and the Parliament? He "grew suddenly pale;" — he decided as we saw.

The Isle of Wight, holding so important a deposit, is put

under the Derby-House Committee, old "Committee of Both Kingdoms," some additions being made thereto, and some exclusions. Oliver is of it, and Philip Lord Wharton, among others. Lord Wharton, a conspicuous Puritan and intimate of Oliver's; of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to say somewhat.

This Committee of Derby House was, of course, in continual communication with Robert Hammond. Certain of their Letters to him had, after various fortune, come into the hands of the Honorable Mr. Yorke (Lord Hardwicke); and were lying in his house, when it and they were, in 1752, accidentally burnt. A Dr. Joseph Litherland had, by good luck, taken copies; Thomas Birch, lest fire should again intervene, printed the Collection, — a very thin Octavo, London, 1764. He has given some introductory account of Robert Hammond; copying, as we do mainly here, from Wood's *Athenæ*;[1] and has committed — as who does not? — several errors. His Annotations are sedulous but ineffectual. What of the Letters are from Oliver we extract with thanks.

"Our brethren" in the following Letter are the Scots, now all *excluded* from Derby-House Committee of Both Kingdoms. "The Recorder" is Glyn, one of the vanished Eleven, Stapleton being another; for both of whom it has been necessary to appoint substitutes in the said Committee.

"*For Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight: These, for the Service of the Kingdom. Haste: Post Haste.*

"[London,] 3d January, 1647.
(My Lord Wharton's, near Ten at night.)

"Dear Robin, — Now, blessed be God, I can write and thou receive freely. I never in my life saw more deep sense, and less will to show it unchristianly, than in that which thou didst write to us when we were at Windsor, and thou in the midst of thy temptation, — which indeed, by what we understand of it, was a great one, and occasioned[2] the greater by the Letter the General sent thee; of which thou wast not mistaken when thou didst challenge me to be the penner.[3]

[1] *iii.* 500. [2] rendered. [3] See antea, p. 266.

"How good has God been to dispose all to mercy! And although it was trouble for the present, yet glory has come out of it; for which we praise the Lord with thee and for thee. And truly thy carriage has been such as occasions much honor to the name of God and to religion. Go on in the strength of the Lord; and the Lord be still with thee.

"But, dear Robin, this business hath been, I trust, a mighty providence to this poor Kingdom and to us all. The House of Commons is very sensible of the King's dealings, and of our brethren's,[1] in this late transaction. You should do well, if you have anything that may discover juggling, to search it out, and let us know it. It may be of admirable use at this time; because we shall, I hope, instantly go upon business in relation to them,[1] tending to prevent danger.

"The House of Commons has this day voted as follows: 1st, They will make no more Addresses to the King; 2nd, None shall apply to him without leave of the Two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason; 3rd, They will receive nothing from the King, nor shall any other bring anything to them from him, nor receive anything from the King; *lastly*, the Members of both Houses who were of the Committee of Both Kingdoms are established in all that power in themselves, for England and Ireland, which they [formerly] had to act with England and Scotland; and Sir John Evelyn of Wilts is added in the room of Mr. Recorder, and Nathaniel Fiennes in the room of Sir Philip Stapleton, and my Lord of Kent in the room of the Earl of Essex.[2] I think it good you take notice of this; the sooner the better.

"Let us know how it is with you in point of strength, and what you need from us. Some of us think the King well with you, and that it concerns us to keep that Island in great security, because of the French, &c.: and if so,[3]

[1] the Scots.

[2] Essex is dead; Stapleton, one of the Eleven who went to France, is dead; Recorder Glyn, another of them, is in the Tower. For the "Votes," see *Commons Journals*, v. 415 (3d January, 1647–8).

[3] if we do secure and fortify it.

where can the King be better? If you have more force [sent], you will be sure of full provision for them. The Lord bless thee. Pray for

"Thy dear friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

In these same days noisy Lilburn has accused Cromwell of meaning or having meant to make his own bargain with the King, and be Earl of Essex and a great man. Noisy John thinks all great men, especially all Lords, ought to be brought low. The Commons have him at their bar in this month.[2]

LETTER LIII.

HERE, by will of the Destinies preserving certain bits of paper and destroying others, there introduces itself a little piece of Domesticity; a small family-transaction, curiously enough peering through by its own peculiar rent, amid these great world-transactions: Marriage-treaty for Richard Cromwell, the Lieutenant-General's eldest Son.

What Richard has been doing hitherto no Biographer knows. In spite of Noble, I incline to think he too had been in the Army; in October last there are two Sons mentioned expressly as being officers there: "One of his Sons, Captain of the General's Life-guard; his other Son, Captain of a troop in Colonel Harrison's Regiment,"—so greedy is he of the Public Money to his own family![3] Richard is now heir-apparent; our poor Boy Oliver therefore, "Cornet Oliver," we know not in the least where, must have died. "It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did!" The phrase of the Pamphlet itself, we observe, is "his other Son," not "*one* of his other Sons," as if there were now but two left. If Richard was

[1] Birch's *Hammond Letters*, p. 23. Given also in Harris, p. 497.

[2] 19th January, *Commons Journals*, v. 437.

[3] 5th October, 1647 (Royalist Newspaper, citing a Pamphlet of Lilburn's), *Cromwelliana*, p. 36.

ever in the Army, which these probabilities may dimly intimate, the Life-guard, a place for persons of consequence, was the likeliest for him. The Captain in Harrison's Regiment will in that case be Henry. — The Cromwell family, as we laboriously guess and gather, has about this time removed to London. Richard, if ever in the Life-guard, has now quitted it: an idle fellow, who could never relish soldiering in such an Army; he now wishes to retire to Arcadian felicity and wedded life in the country.

The "Mr. M." of this Letter is Richard Mayor, Esquire, of Hursley, Hants,[1] the young lady's father. Hursley, not far from Winchester, is still a manor-house, but no representative of Richard Mayor's has now place there or elsewhere. The treaty, after difficulties, did take effect. Mayor, written also Major and Maijor, a pious prudent man, becomes better known to Oliver, to the world and to us in the sequel. Richard Norton, Member for Hants since 1645, is his neighbor; an old fellow-soldier under Manchester, fellow-colonel in the Eastern Association, seemingly very familiar with Oliver, he is applied to on this delicate occasion.

"*For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.*

"[London,] 25th February, 1647.

"Dear Norton, — I have sent my Son over to thee, being willing to answer Providence; and although I had an offer of a very great proposition, from a father, of his daughter, yet truly I rather incline to this in my thoughts; because, though the other be very far greater, yet I see difficulties, and not that assurance of godliness, — though indeed of fairness. I confess that which is told me concerning the estate of Mr. M. is more than I can look for, as things now stand.

"If God please to bring it about, the consideration of piety in the Parents, and such hopes of the Gentlewoman in that respect, make the business to me a great mercy; concerning which I desire to wait upon God.

[1] Noble, ii. 436–442.

"I am confident of thy love; and desire things may be carried with privacy. The Lord do His will: that's best;—to which submitting, I rest,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

What other Father it was that made "the offer of a very great proposition" to Oliver, in the shape of his Daughter as Wife to Oliver's Son, must remain totally uncertain for the present; perhaps some glimpse of it may turn up by and by. There were "difficulties" which Oliver did not entirely see through; there was not that assurance of "godliness" in the house, though there was of "fairness" and natural integrity; in short, Oliver will prefer Mayor, at least will try him,—and wishes it carried with privacy.

The Commons, now dealing with Delinquents, do not forget to reward good Servants, to "conciliate the Grandees," as splenetic Walker calls it. For above two years past, ever since the War ended, there has been talk and debate about settling £2,500 a year on Lieutenant-General Cromwell; but difficulties have arisen. First they tried Basing-House Lands, the Marquis of Winchester's, whom Cromwell had demolished; but the Marquis's affairs were in disorder; it was gradually found the Marquis had for most part only a Life-rent there:—only "Abbotston and Itchin" in that quarter could be realized. Order thereupon to settle "Lands of Papists and Delinquents" to the requisite amount, wheresoever convenient. To settle especially what Lands the Marquis of Worcester had in that "County of Southampton;" which was done,—though still with insufficient result.[2] Then came the Army Quarrels, and

[1] Harris, p. 501. Copy of this, and of the next Two Letters to Norton, by Birch, in Ayscough MSS. 4162, f. 56, &c.

[2] *Commons Journals* (iv. 416), 23d January, 1645–6: the Marquis of *Worcester's* Hampshire Lands. Ib. 426, a week afterwards: "Abberston and Itchell," meaning Abbotston and Itchin, Marquis of *Winchester's* there. See also Letter of Oliver St. John to Cromwell, in *Thurloe*, i. 75.—*Commons Journals* (v. 36) about a year afterwards, 7th January, 1646–7: "remainder of *the £2,500*" from Marquis of Winchester's Lands in general; which in a fort-

an end of such business. But now in the Commons Journals, 7th March, the very day of Oliver's next Letter, this is what we read:[1] "An Ordinance for passing unto Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Lieutenant-General, certain Lands and Manors in the Counties of Gloucester, Monmouth and Glamorgan, late the Earl of Worcester's, was this day read the third time and, upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent unto the Lords for their concurrence." Oliver himself, as we shall find, has been dangerously sick. This is what Clement Walker, the splenetic Presbyterian, "an elderly gentleman of low stature, in a gray suit, with a little stick in his hand," reports upon the matter of the Grant:—

"The 7th of March, an Ordinance to settle £2,500 a year of Land, out of the Marquis of Worcester's Estate," — old Marquis of Worcester at Ragland, father of my Lord Glamorgan, who in his turn became Marquis of Worcester and wrote the Century of Inventions, — £2,500 a year out of this old Marquis's Estate "upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell! I have heard some gentlemen that know the Manor of Chepstow and the other Lands affirm" that in reality they are worth £5,000 or even £6,000 a year; — which is far from the fact, my little elderly friend! "You see," continues he, "though they have not made King Charles 'a Glorious King,'" as they sometimes undertook, "they have settled a Crown-Revenue upon Oliver, and have made *him* as glorious a King as ever John of Leyden was!"[2] — A very splenetic old gentleman in gray; — verging towards Pride's Purge, and lodgment in the Tower, I think! He is from the West; known long since in Gloucester Siege; Member now for Wells; but terminates in the Tower, with ink, and abundant *gall* in it, to write the History of Independency there.

night more is found to be impossible: whereupon "Lands of Delinquents and Papists," as in the Text. None of these Hampshire Lands, except Abbotston and Itchin, are named. Noble says, "Fawley Park" in the same County; which is possible enough.

[1] v. 482.

[2] *History of Independency* (London, 1648), part i. 83 and 86.

LETTER LIV.

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies [at Windsor]: These.

"[LONDON,] 7th March, 1647.

"SIR, — It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It 's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of! The best men according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, To love the Lord and His poor despised people, to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them: — and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favor from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the Body [1]) participate in the glory of a Resurrection which will answer all.[2]

"Sir, I must thankfully confess your favor in your last Letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly, to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, — which when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

"I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your Lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes your Excellency's

"Most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] Sir, Mr. Rushworth will write to you about the Quartering, and the Letter lately sent; and therefore I forbear." [3]

[1] Christ's Body, his Church.

[2] Turns now to the margin of the sheet, lengthwise.

[3] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 79.

FREE OFFER.

FROM the Committee of the Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House, Sir John Evelyn reports a certain Offer from Lieutenant-General Cromwell; which is read in the words following: —

[*To the Honorable the Committee of Lords and Commons for the Affairs of Ireland, sitting at Derby House: The Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell for the Service of Ireland.*]

"21° MARTII, 1647.

"THE two Houses of Parliament having lately bestowed £1,680 *per annum* upon me and my heirs, out of the Earl of Worcester's Estate; the necessity of affairs requiring assistance, I do hereby offer One Thousand Pounds annually to be paid out of the rents of the said lands; that is to say, £500 out of the next Michaelmas rent, and so on, by the half year, for the space of five years, if the War in Ireland shall so long continue, or that I live so long: to be employed for the service of Ireland, as the Parliament shall please to appoint; provided the said yearly rent of £1,680 become not to be suspended by war or other accident.

"And whereas there is an arrear of Pay due unto me whilst I was Lieutenant-General unto the Earl of Manchester, of about £1,500, audited and stated; as also a great arrear due for about Two Years being Governor of the Isle of Ely: I do hereby discharge the State from all or any claim to be made by me thereunto.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"*Ordered*, That the House doth accept the Free Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, testifying his zeal and good affection." My splenetic little gentleman in gray, with the little stick in his hand, takes no notice of this; which modifies materially what the Chepstow Connoisseurs and their "five or six thousand a year" reported lately!

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 513.

LETTER LV.

HERE is Norton and the Marriage again. Here are news out of Scotland that the Malignant Party, the Duke of Hamilton's Faction, are taking the lead there; and about getting up an Army to attack us, and deliver the King from Sectaries:[1] Reverend Stephen Marshall reports the news. Let us read:

"*For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.*

"FARNHAM, 28th March, 1648.

"DEAR DICK, — It had been a favor indeed to have met you here at Farnham. But I hear you are a man of great business; therefore I say no more: — if it be a favor to the House of Commons to enjoy you, what is it to me! But, in good earnest, when will you and your Brother Russel be a little honest, and attend your charge there? Surely some expect it; especially the good fellows who chose you! —

"I have met with Mr. Mayor; we spent two or three hours together last night. I perceive the gentleman is very wise and honest; and indeed much to be valued. Some things of common fame[2] did a little stick: I gladly heard his doubts, and gave such answer as was next at hand, — I believe, to some satisfaction. Nevertheless I exceedingly liked the gentleman's plainness and free dealing with me. I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me; I have no cause to complain. I see nothing but this particular business between him and me may go on. The Lord's will be done.

"For news out of the North there is little; only the Malignant Party is prevailing in the Parliament of Scotland. They are earnest for a war; the Ministers[3] oppose as yet. Mr. Marshall is returned, who says so. And so do many of our Letters. Their great Committee of Danger have two Malignants for one right. It's said they have voted an Army of

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1040, &c.

[2] Against myself; — "favor for Sectaries," and so forth.

[3] Clergy.

40,000 in Parliament; so say some of Yesterday's Letters. But I account my news ill bestowed, because upon an idle person.

"I shall take speedy course in the business concerning my Tenants; for which, thanks. My service to your Lady. I am really,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Had Cromwell come out to Farnham on military business? Kent is in a ticklish state; it broke out some weeks hence in open insurrection,[2] — as did many other places, when once the "Scotch Army of 40,000" became a certainty.

"The business concerning my Tenants" will indicate that in Hampshire, within ken of Norton, in Fawley Park, in Itchin, Abbotston, or elsewhere, "my Tenants" are felling wood, cutting copses, or otherwise not behaving to perfection: but they shall be looked to.

For the rest, Norton really ought to attend his duties in Parliament! In earnest "an idle fellow," as Oliver in sport calls him. Given to Presbyterian notions; was purged out by Pride; came back; dwindled ultimately into Royalism. "Brother Russel" means only, brother Member. He is the Frank Russel of the Letter on Marston Moor. Now Sir Francis; and sits for Cambridgeshire. A comrade of Norton's; seemingly now in his neighborhood, possibly on a visit to him.

The attendance on the House in these months is extremely thin; the divisions range from 200 to as low as 70. Nothing going on but Delinquents' fines, and abstruse negotiations with the Isle of Wight, languid Members prefer the country till some result arrive.

LETTER LVI.

HERE is a new phasis of the Wedding-treaty; which, as seems, "doth now a little stick." Prudent Mr. Mayor insists

[1] Harris, p. 502.

[2] 24th or 25th May, 1648 (Rushworth, vii. 1128).

on his advantages; nor is the Lieutenant-General behindhand. What "lands" all these of Oliver's are, in Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Hampshire, no Biographer now knows. Portions of the Parliamentary Grants above alluded to; perhaps "Purchases by Debentures," some of them. Soldiers could seldom get their Pay in money; with their "Debentures," they had to purchase Forfeited Lands; — a somewhat uncertain investment of an uncertain currency.

The Mr. Robinson mentioned in this Letter is a pious Preacher at Southampton.[1] "My two little Wenches" are Mary and Frances: Mary aged now near twelve; Frances ten.[2]

[*For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.*]

"[London,] 3d April, 1648.

"Dear Norton, — I could not in my last give you a perfect account of what passed between me and Mr. Mayor; because we were to have a conclusion of our speed that morning after I wrote my Letter to you.[3] Which we had; and having had a full view of one another's minds, we parted with this: That both would consider with our relations, and according to satisfactions given there, acquaint one another with our minds.

"I cannot tell better how to do, [in order] to give or receive satisfaction, than by you; who, as I remember, in your last, said That, if things did stick between us, you would use your endeavor towards a close.

"The things insisted upon were these, as I take it: Mr. Mayor desired £400 *per annum* of Inheritance, lying in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, to be presently settled,[4] and to be for maintenance; wherein I desired to be advised by my Wife. I offered the Land in Hampshire for present maintenance; which I dare say, with copses and ordinary fells,[5] will be *communibus annis*, £500 *per annum:* and besides [this] £500 *per annum* in Tenants' hands holding but for one life; and about £300 *per annum*, some for two lives, some for three lives. — But as to

[1] Harris, p. 504. [2] See antea, p. 70. [3] Letter LV.
[4] on the Future Pair. [5] fellings.

this, if the latter offer be not liked of, I shall be willing a farther conference be held in [regard to] the first.

"In point of jointure I shall give satisfaction. And as to the settlement of lands given me by the Parliament, satisfaction to be given in like manner, according as we discoursed. [And] in what else was demanded of me, I am willing, so far as I remember any demand was, to give satisfaction. Only, I having been informed by Mr. Robinson that Mr. Mayor did, upon a former match, offer to settle the Manor wherein he lived, and to give £2,000 in money, I did insist upon that; and do desire it may not be with difficulty. The money I shall need for my two little Wenches; and thereby I shall free my Son from being charged with them. Mr. Mayor parts with nothing at present but that money; except the board [of the young Pair] which I should not be unwilling to give them, to enjoy the comfort of their society; — which it 's reason he smart for, if he will rob me altogether of them.

"Truly the land to be settled, — both what the Parliament gives me, and my own, — is very little less than £3,000 *per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a Lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings, which were taken at Ragland and sent for by the Parliament, and this Gentleman appointed by the Committee to search the said writings, — assures me there is no scruple concerning the title. And it so fell out that this Gentleman who searched was my own Lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear friend; which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.[1]

"I thought fit to give you this account; desiring you to make such use of it as God shall direct you: and I doubt not but you will do the part of a friend between two friends. I account myself one; and I have heard you say Mr. Mayor was entirely so to you. What the good pleasure of God is, I shall wait; there alone is rest. Present my service to your Lady, to Mr. Mayor, &c. I rest,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] *holds these* Ragland Documents on my behalf.

"[P.S.] I desire you to carry this business with all privacy. I beseech you to do so, as you love me. Let me entreat you not to lose a day herein, that I may know Mr. Mayor's mind; for I think I may be at leisure for a week to attend this business, to give and take satisfaction; from which perhaps I may be shut up afterwards by employment.[1] I know thou art an idle fellow: but prithee neglect me not now; delay may be very inconvenient to me: I much rely upon you. Let me hear from you in two or three days. I confess the principal consideration as to me, is the absolute settlement [by Mr. Mayor] of the Manor where he lives; which he would not do but conditionally, in case they have a son, and but £3,000 in case they have no son. But as to this, I hope farther reason may work him to more."[2]

Of "my two little Wenches," Mary, we may repeat, became Lady Fauconberg; Frances was wedded to the Honorable Mr. Rich, then to Sir John Russell. Elizabeth and Bridget are already Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Ireton. Elizabeth, the younger, was first married. They were all married very young; Elizabeth, at her wedding, was little turned of sixteen.

LETTER LVII.

"*For Colonel Robert Hammond.*

"[London,] 6th April, 1648.

"Dear Robin, — Your business is done in the House: your £10 by the week is made £20; £1,000 given you; and Order to Mr. Lisle to draw up an Ordinance for £500 *per annum* to be settled upon you and your heirs. This was done with smoothness; your friends were not wanting to you. I know thy burden; this is an addition to it: the Lord direct and sustain thee.

"Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable

[1] Went to Wales in May. [2] Harris, p. 302.

Person, That the King attempted to get out of his window; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big the bar would not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A Gentleman with you led him the way, and slipped down. The Guard, that night, had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered; and that the same design is to be put in execution in the next dark nights. He saith that Captain Titus, and some others about the King are not to be trusted. He is a very considerable Person of the Parliament who gave this intelligence, and desired it should be speeded to you.

"The Gentleman that came out of the window was Master Firebrace; the Gentlemen doubted are Cresset, Burrowes, and Titus; the time when this attempt of escape was, the 20th of March.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Henry Firebrace is known to Birch, and his *Narrative* is known. "He became Clerk of the Kitchen to Charles II."— The old Books are full of King's Plots for escape, by aquafortis and otherwise.[2] His Majesty could make no agreement with the Parliament, and began now to smell War in the wind. His presence in this or the other locality might have been of clear advantage. But Hammond was too watchful. Titus, with or without his new horse, attends upon his Majesty; James Harrington also (afterwards author of *Oceana*); and "the Honorable Thomas Herbert," who has left a pleasing *Narrative* concerning that affair. These, though appointed by the Parliament, are all somewhat in favor with the King. Hammond's Uncle the Chaplain, as *too* favorable, was ordered out of the Island about Christmas last.

[1] Birch, p. 41. The Original in cipher.

[2] Lilly's *Life*; Wood, § Hammond; &c. &c.

LETTER LVIII.

"THE Gentleman I mentioned to you," who is now travelling towards Dover with this hopeful Note in his pocket, must remain forever anonymous. Of Kenrick I have incidentally heard, at Worcester Fight or elsewhere; but of "the Gentleman" nowhere ever. A Shadow, sunk deep, with all his business, in the Land of Shadows; yet still indisputably visible there: that is the miracle of him!

"*To Colonel Kenrick* [*Lieutenant of Dover Castle: These*].

"[LONDON,] 18th April, 1648.

"SIR, — This is the Gentleman I mentioned to you. I am persuaded you may be confident of his fidelity to you in the things you will employ him in.

"I conceive he is fit for any Civil employment; having been bred towards the Law, and having besides very good parts. He hath been a Captain-Lieutenant: and therefore I hope you will put such a value on him, in [the] Civil way, as one that hath borne such a place shall be thought by you worthy of. Whereby you will much oblige,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] I expect to hear from you about your defects in the Castle, that so you may be timely supplied."[1]

"Defects in the Castle," and in all Castles, were good to be amended speedily, — in such predicaments as we are now again on the eve of.

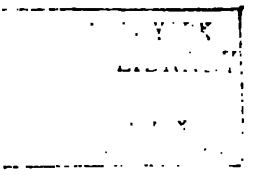
PRAYER-MEETING.

THE Scotch Army of Forty Thousand, "to deliver the King from Sectaries," is not a fable but a fact. Scotland is dis-

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1791), lxi. 520; without comment or indication of any kind.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Carlyle, Vol. Seven, p. 300.



tracted by dim disastrous factions, very uncertain what it will do with the King when he *is* delivered; but in the mean while Hamilton has got a majority in the Scotch Parliament; and drums are beating in that country: the "Army of Forty Thousand, certainly coming," hangs over England like a flaming comet, England itself being all very combustible too. In few weeks hence, discontented Wales, the Presbyterian Colonels declaring now for Royalism, will be in a blaze; large sections of England, all England very ready to follow, will shortly after be in a blaze.

The small Governing Party in England, during those early months of 1648, are in a position which might fill the bravest mind with misgivings. Elements of destruction everywhere under and around them; their lot either to conquer, or ignominiously to die. A King not to be bargained with; kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues: that is one element. A great Royalist Party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again: that is another. A great Presbyterian Party, at the head of which is London City, "the Purse-bearer of the Cause," highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle: reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party: and consider that there is a working House of Commons which counts about Seventy, divided in pretty equal halves too, — the rest waiting what will come of it. Come of *it*, and of the Scotch Army advancing towards it! —

Cromwell, it appears, deeply sensible of all this, does in these weeks make strenuous repeated attempts towards at least a union among the friends of the Cause themselves, whose aim is one, whose peril is one. But to little effect. Ludlow, with visible satisfaction, reports how ill the Lieutenant-General sped, when he brought the Army Grandees and Parliament Grandees "to a Dinner" at his own house "in King Street," and urged a cordial agreement: they would not draw together at all.[1] Parliament would not agree with Army; hardly Parliament with itself: as little, still less, would Parliament and

[1] Ludlow, i. 238.

City agree. At a Common Council in the City, prior or posterior to this Dinner, his success, as angry little Walker intimates, was the same. "Saturday, 8th April, 1648," having prepared the ground beforehand, Cromwell with another leader or two, attended a Common Council; spake, as we may fancy, of the common dangers, of the gulfs now yawning on every side: "but the City," chuckles my little gentleman in gray, with a very shrill kind of laughter in the throat of him, "were now wiser than our First Parents; and rejected the Serpent and his subtleties."[1] In fact, the City wishes well to Hamilton and his Forty Thousand Scots; the City has, for some time, needed regiments quartered in it, to keep down open Royalist-Presbyterian insurrection. It was precisely on the morrow after this visit of Cromwell's that there arose, from small cause, huge Apprentice-riot in the City: discomfiture of Trainbands, seizure of arms, seizure of City Gates, Ludgate, Newgate, loud wide cry of "God and King Charles!"—riot not to be appeased but by "desperate charge of cavalry," after it had lasted forty hours.[2] Such are the aspects of affairs, near and far.

Before quitting Part Third, I will request the reader to undertake a small piece of very dull reading; in which however, if he look till it become credible and intelligible to him, a strange thing, much elucidative of the heart of this matter, will disclose itself. At Windsor, one of these days, unknown now which, there is a Meeting of Army Leaders. Adjutant-General Allen, a most authentic earnest man, whom we shall know better afterwards, reports what they did. Entirely amazing to us. These are the longest heads and the strongest hearts in England; and this is the thing they are doing; this is the way they, for their part, begin despatch of business. The reader, if he is an earnest man, may look at it with very many thoughts, for which there is no word at present.

"In the year Forty-seven, you may remember," says Adjutant Allen, "we in the Army were engaged in actions of a

[1] *History of Independency* part i. 85. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1051.

very high nature; leading us to very untrodden paths, — both in our Contests with the then Parliament, as also Conferences with the King. In which great works, — wanting a spirit of faith, and also the fear of the Lord, and also being unduly surprised with the fear of man, which always brings a snare, we, to make haste, as we thought, out of such perplexities, measuring our way by a wisdom of our own, fell into Treaties with the King and his Party: which proved such a snare to us, and led into such labyrinths by the end of that year, that the very things we thought to avoid, by the means we used of our own devising, were all, with many more of a far worse and more perplexing nature, brought back upon us. To the overwhelming of our spirits, weakening of our hands and hearts; filling us with divisions, confusions, tumults, and every evil work; and thereby endangering the ruin of that blessed Cause we had, with such success, been prospered in till that time.

"For now the King and his Party, seeing us not answer their ends, began to provide for themselves, by a Treaty with the then Parliament, set on foot about the beginning of Forty-eight. The Parliament also was, at the same time, highly displeased with us for what we had done, both as to the King and themselves. The good people likewise, even our most cordial friends in the Nation, beholding our turning aside from that path of *simplicity* we had formerly walked in and been blessed in, and thereby much endeared to their hearts, — began now to fear, and withdraw their affections from us, in this *politic* path which we had stepped into, and walked in to our hurt, the year before. And as a farther fruit of the wages of our backsliding hearts, we were also filled with a spirit of great jealousy and divisions amongst ourselves; having left that Wisdom of the Word, which is first pure and then peaceable; so that we were now fit for little but to tear and rend one another, and thereby prepare ourselves, and the work in our hands, to be ruined by our common enemies. Enemies that were ready to say, as many others of like spirit in this day do,[1] of the like

[1] 1659: Allen's Pamphlet is written as a Monition and Example to Fleetwood and the others, now in a similar peril, but with no Oliver now among them.

sad occasions amongst us, 'Lo, this is the day we looked for.' The King and his Party prepare accordingly to ruin all; by sudden Insurrections in most parts of the Nation: the Scot, concurring with the same designs, comes in with a potent Army under Duke Hamilton. We in the Army, in a low, weak, divided, perplexed condition in all respects, as aforesaid: — some of us judging it a duty to lay down our arms, to quit our stations, and put ourselves into the capacities of private men, — since what we had done, and what was yet in our hearts to do, tending, as we judged, to the good of these poor Nations, was not accepted by them.

"Some also even encouraged themselves and us to such a thing, by urging for such a practice the example of our Lord Jesus; who, when he had borne an eminent testimony to the pleasure of his Father in an active way, sealed it at last by his sufferings; which was presented to us as our pattern for imitation. Others of us, however, were different-minded; thinking something of another nature might yet be farther our duty; — and these therefore were, by joint advice, by a good hand of the Lord, led to this result; viz. To go solemnly to search out our own iniquities, and humble our souls before the Lord in the sense of the same; which, we were persuaded, had provoked the Lord against us, to bring such sad perplexities upon us at that day. Out of which we saw no way else to extricate ourselves.

"Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about the beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day together in prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation," — let all men consider it; "coming to no farther result that day; but that it was still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning; where many spake from the Word, and prayed; and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell," — unintelligible to Posterity, but extremely intelligible to himself, to these men, and to the Maker of him and of them, — "did press very earnestly on all there present to a thorough consideration of our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians: to see if any *iniquity could* be found in them; and what it was, that if we

sible we might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us (by *reason* of our iniquities, as we judged) at that time. And the way more particularly the Lord led us to herein was this: To look back and consider what time it was when with joint satisfaction we could last say to the best of our judgments, The presence of the Lord *was* amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not as then upon us. Which time the Lord led us jointly to find out and agree in; and having done so, to proceed, as we then judged it our duty, to search into all our public actions as an Army afterwards. Duly weighing (as the Lord helped us) each of them, with their grounds, rules, and ends, as near as we could. And so we concluded this second day, with agreeing to meet again on the morrow. Which accordingly we did upon the same occasion, reassuming the consideration of our debates the day before, and reviewing our actions again.

"By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find out the very steps (as we were all then jointly convinced) by which we had departed from the Lord, and provoked Him to depart from us. Which we found to be those cursed carnal Conferences our own conceited wisdom, our fears, and want of faith had prompted us, the year before, to entertain with the King and his Party. And at this time, and on this occasion, did the then Major Goffe (as I remember was his title) make use of that good Word, *Proverbs* First and Twenty-third, *Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.* Which, we having found out our sin, he urged as our duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon most of our hearts that were then present: which begot in us a great sense, a shame and loathing of ourselves for our iniquities, and a justifying of the Lord as righteous in His proceedings against us.

"And in this path the Lord led us, not only to see our sin, but also our duty; and this so unanimously set with weight upon each heart, that none was able hardly to speak a word to *each other for bitter* weeping," — does the modern reader

mark it; this weeping, and who they are that weep? Weeping "partly in the sense and shame of our iniquities; of our unbelief, base fear of men, and carnal consultations (as the fruit thereof) with our own wisdoms, and not with the Word of the Lord, — which only is a way of wisdom, strength and safety, and all besides it are ways of snares. And yet we were also helped, with fear and trembling, to rejoice in the Lord; whose faithfulness and loving-kindness, we were made to see, yet failed us not; — who remembered us still, even in our low estate, because His mercy endures forever. Who no sooner brought us to His feet, acknowledging Him in that way of His (viz. searching for, being ashamed of, and willing to turn from, our iniquities), but He did direct our steps; and presently we were led and helped to a clear agreement amongst ourselves, not any dissenting, That it was the duty of our day, with the forces we had, to go out and fight against those potent enemies, which that year in all places appeared against us." Courage! "With an humble confidence, in the name of the Lord only, that we should destroy them. And we were also enabled then, after serious seeking His face, to come to a very clear and joint resolution, on many grounds at large there debated amongst us, That it was our duty, if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's Cause and People in these poor Nations." Mark that also!

"And how the Lord led and prospered us in all our undertakings that year, in this way; cutting His work short, in righteousness; making it a year of mercy, equal if not transcendent to any since these Wars began; and making it worthy of remembrance by every gracious soul, who was wise to observe the Lord, and the operations of His hands, — I wish may never be forgotten." Let Fleetwood, if he have the same heart, go and do likewise.[1]

[1] *A faithful Memorial of that remarkable Meeting of many Officers of the Army in England at Windsor Castle, in the year 1648, &c. &c.* (in *Somers Tracts, vi. 499–501*).

Abysses, black chaotic whirlwinds: — does the reader look upon it all as Madness? Madness lies close by; as Madness does to the Highest Wisdom, in man's life always: but this is not mad! This dark element, it is the mother of the lightnings and the splendors; it is very sane, this! —

PART IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS LIX. — LXII.

About the beginning of May, 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumors of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty Thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same. — Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion:[1] he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's [at a Pass] (name of the Pass not

[1] Letter XXXVII. p. 240.

given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.[1] Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty Thousand, burst into a general blaze. "The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry." Chepstow Castle too has been taken "by a stratagem." The country is all up or rising: "the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;" impossible to get a horse shod, — never saw such a country![2] On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday, the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humor, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender, — he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle, who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.[3]

LETTER LIX.

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1097.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.: Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097; Chepstow surprised ("beginning of May"), p. 1109, — retaken (29th May), p. 1130; *St. Fagan's Fight (8th May)*, p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121–1128.

more of hope than the issue realized. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June,[1] "Hugh Peters" went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got "two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins," and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a "storming" thereupon followed, but without success. — Of "the Prince," Prince Charles and his revolted ships, of the "victory in Kent" and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

[*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*]

"LEAGUER BEFORE PEMBROKE, 14th June, 1648.

"SIR, — All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus: —

"They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, 'Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls.' It 's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they 'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

"We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped up a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night we got two little guns planted, which in twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 40.

Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; [and] Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half a pound of beef, and as much bread a day; but it is almost spent.

"We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving[1] for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince [Prince Charles and his revolted Ships], coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which [fire] runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in fourteen days, by starving. I am, Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Precisely in about "fourteen days" a new attempt was made,[3] not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. "The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;" and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

LETTER LX.

OF this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the

[1] By Cannon-volleys.

[2] Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June, 1648 (*Commons Journals*, v. 608).

[3] *Rushworth, vii. 1175.*

Letter itself says. He is "of Derbyshire," it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, "The Lord General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and Mr. Morgan, Sheriff of Monmouthshire." Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,[1] both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one "Mr. Rumsey" (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed *For Yourself.*

[*To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.*]

"[Before Pembroke,] 17th June, 1648.

"Sir, — I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

"I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,[2] about two miles from Usk, in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorize you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

"But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous

[1] 10th January, 1645–6, Williams; 17th November, 1647, Morgan: *Commons Journals*, in diebus.

[2] *He writes* "Langevie;" "Munmouth" too.

man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbors about him very Malignant, and much for him, — who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have, — and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

"If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give you the slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him, — it will be discovered.

"Wherefore, [as] to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he [Williams] should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

"You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business; [1] — it's our fault; and indeed

[1] See Appendix. No. 11.

such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest,

"Yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] If you seize him, bring, — and let him be brought with a strong guard, — to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a strong guard to bring him. — If you seize his person, disarm his House; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges's troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow."[1]

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by[2] compounds as a Delinquent, — retires then into "Langevie House" in a diminished state, and disappears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.[3]

LETTER LXI.

SINCE Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a "victory in Kent:" concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16th, Came a celebrated "Surrey Petition:" high-flying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in

[1] Harris, p. 495; and Forster, iv. 239. [2] *Commons Journals.*

[3] *Note to* Colonel Hughes, 26th June, 1648, in Appendix, No. 11.

Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; "the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert," he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May 24th*, armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount, —in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1st. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post; drives it into Maidstone "about 7 in the evening," "with as hard fighting as I ever saw;" tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the "glorious successes God has vouchsafed you," which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some "horse and dragoons," sent by "West Chester," which we now call Chester, where "Colonel Dukinfield" is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad "with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen," threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what little compact force there is, and at once extinguished: —an acceptable service on the part of Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of £1,000.[1]

[1] *Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; Commons Journals*, (5th July, 1648), v. 634; &c.

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender "on conditions;" Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him "at mercy of the Parliament," so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;[1] so that the General's title is now changed: —

"*To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*

"BEFORE PEMBROKE, 28th June, 1648.

"SIR, — I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield; — requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor [Dukinfield]; and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds, — and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

"The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scroop's, — and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very desperate Enemy; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity; being very many [of them] gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,[2] to his loss. We are forced to keep

[1] 13th March, 1647–8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

[2] Reade had been intrusted with the Siege of Tenby: that had ended June 2d (*Commons Journals*, v. 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them are four-and-twenty hundred; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

"The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections; and are ready to do it every day: so that, — what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals, — indeed, whatever may be thought, it 's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us; — and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not [come to us]; and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.[1] And truly I believe the Enemy's straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business; — which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.[2]

"I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavors. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that are under you, [may discern] what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian, — not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of

[1] "Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving." Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar of this last sentence! After "starving," a mere comma; and so on.

[2] *God's time is the best.*

the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.

"My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to [be] with you. I take leave; and rest, my Lord,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers, — with what speed may be." [1]

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that "Sir W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and ammunition from Gloucester, for the service before Pembroke." [2] "The unhappy accident at Berkley," I believe, is the stranding of the "Frigate," or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the mean time, several bodies of "horse" are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.[3] It is over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief "of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised," it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 90.

[2] vii. 1088.

[3] Rushworth, *Cromwelliana*.

instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party "under Major Gibbons" drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between "Nonsuch Park and Kingston," where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded; — drives them across the river "into Hertfordshire;" into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.[1] Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, "so angry were the soldiers at him." The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off; — might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is "at Annan" on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite forty thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of three thousand Yorkshire men, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July, 1648.[2] Poor old Annan; — never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago![3] Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its "King from the power of Sectaries;" and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1178, 1182.

[2] Ibid. vii. 1184.

[3] James V. A.D. 1542.

LETTER LXII.

"To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

"[PEMBROKE,] 11th July, 1648.

"SIR, — The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon the Propositions which I send you here enclosed.[1] What Arms, Ammunition, Victual, Ordnance or other Necessaries of War are in [the] Town I have not to certify you, — the Commissioners I sent in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

"The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good Cause; but, being now apostatized, I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the King; — judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share. I rest,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain others, "persons excepted," have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down; — and the Welsh War is ended.[3] Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets "3,000 pairs of shoes" at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins

[1] Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

[2] Copy in Tanner MSS. lxii. 159: printed correctly in *Grey* on the Third Volume of Neal's *Puritans* (Appendix, p. 129), from another source.

[3] Order, "12th July, 1648" (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the *Castle of Haverfordwest*: in Appendix, No. 11.

Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,[1] where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,[2] has partially revolted; "set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore," in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him £20,000.[3]

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they Two now will make of it when they meet.

LETTERS LXIII.-LXVI.

PRESTON BATTLE.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country, — from "Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston," southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order; dashes in upon him, cuts him

[1] At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, "his horse" joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south.

[2] Antea, p. 313.

[3] Rushworth, vii.; 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1145, 1151; 27th *July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.*

in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ("*alias* Dugald Dalgetty," say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. "The Scots," says he, "marched towards Kendal; we towards Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were then between eight and nine thousand: a fine smart Army, fit for action. We marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of the Enemy's horse," Sir Marmaduke's, "was come to Gargrave; having made havoc of the country, — it seems, intending never to come there again." "Stout Henry Cromwell," he gave them a check at Gargrave;[1] — and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and

[1] Hodgson's *Memoirs* (with Slingsby's *Memoirs*, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by *the Editor*), pp. 114, 115.

domestic; he is left-hand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rear-guard very far apart, — and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

"At Hornby," says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, "a day's march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we should march to Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western Counties; or if we should go into Yorkshire, and so put ourselves in the straight road to London, with a resolution to fight all who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent; Middleton was for Yorkshire; Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion was asked, I was for Yorkshire; and for this reason only, That I understood Lancashire was a close country, full of ditches and hedges; which was a great advantage the English would have over our raw and undisciplined musketeers; the Parliament's army consisting of disciplined and well-trained soldiers, and excellent firemen; while on the other hand, Yorkshire was a more open country and full of heaths, where we might both make use of our horse, and come sooner to push of pike" with our foot. "My Lord Duke was for Lancashire way; and it seems he had hopes that some forces would join with him in his march that way. I have indeed heard him say, that he thought Manchester his own if he came near it. Whatever the matter was, I never saw him tenacious in anything during the time of his command but in that. We chose to go that way, which led us to our ruin.

"Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tempestuous weather, the elements fighting against us; and by staying for country horses to carry our little ammunition. The vanguard is constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon condition that he should constantly furnish guides; pioneers for clearing the ways; and, which was more than both these, have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy's motions. But *whether it was by our fault* or his neglect, want of intelligence

helped to ruin us; for," — in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart; — far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday, 16th August, 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide, — ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, "on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel," some four miles up the Ribble, — and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies "at Stonyhurst," where now the College of Stonyhurst is, — "a Papist's house, one Sherburn's;" and to-morrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

"That night," says Hodgson, "we pitched our camp at *Stayares* Hall, a Papist's house, one Sherburn's; and the next morning a Forlorn of horse and foot was drawn out. And at Langridge Chapel our horse" came upon Sir Marmaduke; "drawn up very formidably. One Major Poundall [Pownel, you pudding-head!] and myself commanded the Forlorn of foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside (a mere scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should have been), the General" Cromwell "comes to us, orders us To march. We not having half of our men come up, desired a little patience; he gives out the word, 'March!'" — not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.[1] Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder, — marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; "merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians." Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

[1] Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

LETTER LXIII.

"For the Honorable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(*"I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter, if it come not to their hands.*)

"[PRESTON,] 17th August, 1648.

"GENTLEMEN, —It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

"We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least[1] share.

"We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated [as I say]. The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,[2] to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

"We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley;

[1] means "the not least."

[2] *There is such a ford,* ridable if tide and rain permit.

we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavor the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this Letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken: and most of their horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go; and if[1] you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

"We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from,

"Your very humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Commons Journals, Monday, 21° *Augusti*, 1648: "The Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston, of 17° *Augusti*, 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member of this House from Manchester, of 19° *Augusti*, 1648, were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee at Derby House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to the General" Fairfax, "and to the Lord Admiral" Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work.—The enclosing "Letter from the Member of this House at Manches-

[1] "that" in the Original.—The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

[2] *Lancashire during the Civil War* (a Collection of Tracts republished by the Chetham Society, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham *Book, p.* 267.

ter," short and insignificant, about "dispensations," "providences," &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself "W. L.;" probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

LETTER LXIV.

CROMWELL, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General.

"Beside Preston in Lancashire," says the stout Knight, "Cromwell falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English" of Sir Marmaduke "imagined it was one Colonel Ashton, a powerful Presbyterian, who had got together 3,000 men to oppose us, because we came out of Scotland without the General Assembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir Marmaduke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the foot except two brigades." Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! "This was two miles from Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, I had sent some ammunition and commanded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assistance: but to no purpose; for Cromwell prevailed; so that our English first retired, and then fled. It must be remembered that, the night before this sad encounter, Earl Calendar and Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, with a considerable part of the cavalry. Calendar was come back, and was with the Duke," while the action took place; "and so was I: but upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar got away to Ribble, where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I think; for the Enemy was between the Bridge and us, and had killed or taken most part of our two brigades of foot," which was all that Baillie had left here.

"The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with many *officers, among others* myself, got into Preston Town;

with intention to pass a ford below it, though at that time not ridable. At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued us hard. The Duke faced about, and put two troops of them to a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, they again turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time, my Lord Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! One trooper refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that charge we put the enemy so far behind us, that he could not so soon overtake us again. Then Sir Marmaduke and I entreated the Duke to hasten to his Army: — and truly here he showed as much personal valor as any man could be capable of. We swam the Ribble River: and so got to the place where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a Hill, among very fencible enclosures.

"After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that commanded all the champaign; which was about an English quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill where *our* foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of Cromwell's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant-Colonel, had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

"The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to be done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas by the custom of war he should have told his opinion last, — and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieut.-General Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used, — as, the *impossibility* of a safe retreat from an enemy so powerful of

horse; in so very foul weather, and extremely deep ways; our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary and hungry; the inevitable loss of all our ammunition, — could not move my Lord Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful resolution taken by the major part of his officers.

"After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but few horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, What should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to blow it up that night, lest thereby the Enemy should know of our retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but for another reason: for we could not have blown it up then without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It was ordered it should be done, three hours after our departure, by a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

"Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our number less than we were; — most of the faint and weary soldiers having lagged behind; whom we never saw again. Lieutenant-General Middleton had missed us," such excellent order was in this Army; "for he came by *another* way to Ribble Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with us! He, not finding us there, followed our track: but was himself hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse; with whom he skirmished the whole way till he came within a mile of us. He lost some men, and several were hurt, among others Colonel Urrey[1] got a dangerous shot on the left side of his head; whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered. In this retreat of Middleton's, which he managed well, Cromwell lost one of the gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; who was run into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

"After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began to think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impossible, — in regard it was nothing large, and was environed with enclosures which commanded it, and these we could not maintain long, for want of that ammunition we had left behind us. And therefore we marched forward with intention to gain Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and there

[1] *Sir John Hurry*, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

we conceived we might face about, having the command of a Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there were but few of us could have foreseen we might be beaten *before* we were masters of any of them.

"It was towards evening and in the latter end of August," Friday, 18th of the month, "when our horse began to march. Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: Middleton stayed with these; my Lord Duke and Calendar were before. — As I marched with the last brigade of foot through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that the enemy was in my rear. I faced about with that brigade; and in the Market-place serried the pikes together, shoulder to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge: and sent orders to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was before them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. A regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pikemen, being demented (as I think we were all), would not hear me: and two of them ran full tilt at me," — poor Dalgetty! "One of their pikes, which was intended for my belly, I griped with my left hand; the other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh; all of them crying, of me and those horse, 'They are Cromwell's men!' This was an unseasonable wound; for it made me, after that night, unserviceable. This made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence and discretion," — my choler being up, and my blood flowing! "I rode to the horse, and desired them to charge through these foot. They fearing the hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from behind them, That the enemy was upon them. This encouraged them to charge my foot so fiercely, that the pikemen threw down their pikes, and got into houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode not through but *over* our whole foot, treading them down; — and in this *confusion* Colonel Lockhart," — let the reader note that Colo-

nel, — "was trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.

"Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather my men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some horse. I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what a greater I expected. He told me he would ride before, and make the horse halt. I marched, however, all that night till it was fair day; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, entreated me to go into some house and repose on a chair; for I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted; but the constant alarms of the Enemy's approach made me resolve to ride forward to Warrington, which was but a mile; and indeed I may say I slept all that way, notwithstanding my wound."

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;[1] of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. "At a place called Redbank," near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, "the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the coming up of Colonel Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot." Does any one know this little spark in the blue bonnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us! — Dugald Turner continues: —

"I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or both of them, at Warrington: but I did not; and indeed I have often been told that Calendar carried away the Duke with him, much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-General of the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is required 'To make as good conditions for himself and those under him as he could; for the horse would not come back to him, being resolved to preserve themselves for a better time.' Baillie

[1] *Heath's Chronicle*, p. 323.

was surprised with this: and looking upon that action which he was ordered to do, as full of dishonor, he lost much of that patience of which naturally he was master; and beseeched any that would to shoot him through the head," — poor Baillie! "At length having something composed himself, and being much solicited by the officers that were by him, he wrote to Cromwell. — I then told him, That so long as there was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from him; but now that they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would preserve my liberty as long as I could: and so took my leave of him, carrying my wounded thigh away with me. I met immediately with Middleton; who sadly condoled the irrecoverable losses of the last two days. Within two hours after, Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of the foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that morning by my own surgeon; and took from him those things I thought necessary for me; not knowing when I might see him again; — as indeed I never saw him after."[1]

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, "carrying his wounded thigh with him;" and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighborhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, "always a day's march behind," hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account, drawn up with more deliberation on the morrow after. "This Gentleman," who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; "once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;" now a very rising man. "He had lived with me," says Richard Baxter, "as guest in my own house;" he has now high destinies before him, — which at last sink lower than ever.[2]

[1] *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63–67.

[2] *Baxter's Life*, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

"*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*

"[WARRINGTON,] 20th August, 1648.

"SIR, — I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

"After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby, — hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;[1] where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his farther progress into Lancashire and so southward, — which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and [we are] since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy, — who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of twelve hundred horse and fifteen hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

"It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our

[1] Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South: after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush *swiftly into the Irish Sea.*

business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two hundred horse and four hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile [to] where the Enemy was drawn up, — in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met with their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valor and courage as made their Guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring up our whole Army.

"So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore, advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the [Main]-battle, — which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's, and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left: — so that, at *last, we came* to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impres-

sion from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the [Main]-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four hours' dispute; — until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

"There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did it with incredible valor and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valor of the officers and soldiers of these beforementioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shogging[1] down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, [we] placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing; this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

"At the last the Enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge; where, — after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike, — they were beaten from the Bridge; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen [also], and a few houses there; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot

[1] *Shog* is from the same root as *shock*; "shogging," a word of Oliver's, in such cases signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right; Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, *got gradually less and less* to do.

of us where we lay that night,[1] — we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about five hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's ammunition; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four thousand.

"In the night the Duke was drawing off his Army towards Wigan; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been; by means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four thousand horse; we followed him with about three thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse and dragoons; and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.[2] And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honor; and a sad Widow; — both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

"Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy; killing and taking divers all the way. At last the Enemy drew up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew off again, and recovered Wigan before we could

[1] The Darwen between us and them.

[2] "Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms," says Hodgson. For "arms" read "armor," corselet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

attempt anything upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,[1] whom he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

"We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges, — which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two thousand prisoners; and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the

[1] Cland Hamilton; see Turner, supra. Who "Van Druske" is, none knows. "Colonel Hurry" is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. *Of Innes ("Ennis") I know nothing at present.*

strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River [Mersey] within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me; I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition; which will be, as they tell me, about four thousand complete arms; and as many prisoners: and thus you have their Infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

"The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three thousand, towards Nantwich; where the Gentlemen of the County have taken about five hundred of them; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-[writing]; telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them: but truly we are so harassed and haggled out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk [at] an easy pace after them.—I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes, to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

"I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,[1] and his [own] Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, [and] with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles's and Colonel Wastell's), to embody with them; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall

[1] *Northward* from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.[1]

"Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve thousand effective foot, well armed, and five thousand horse; Langdale not less than two thousand five hundred foot, and fifteen hundred horse: in all twenty-one thousand; — and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two thousand five hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen hundred Lancashire foot, and about five hundred Lancashire horse: in all, about eight thousand six hundred. You see by computation about two thousand of the Enemy slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not; but they are exceedingly shattered.

"Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this; — more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt

[1] It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men "who surrendered on quarter for life:" these are "*at discretion.*"

Him, — and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land, — that all that will live peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you; and good men will stand by you; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"*Postscript.* We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh; and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away."[1]

Commons Journals, Wednesday, 23d August, 1648: "*Ordered*, That the sum of Two Hundred Pounds be bestowed upon Major Berry, and the sum of One Hundred Pounds upon Edward Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very great success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said respective sums shall be" — in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time, — did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honorable House, in the time

[1] Chetham-Society Book, ut supra, pp. 259-261.

of the Army Troubles?[1] He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this "wonderful great Success" is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for is despatched, "to the number of 10,000," into all places.[2]

LETTER LXV.

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letters of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written "to all the Countries," in that posture of affairs; — the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels "Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes," Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.

"*For the Honorable the Committee at York: These.*

"WARRINGTON, 20th August, 1648.

"GENTLEMEN, — We have quite tired our horses in pursuit of the Enemy: we have killed, taken and disabled all their Foot; and left them only some Horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither Foot nor Dragooners. They have taken five hundred of them, — I mean the Country Forces [have], as they send me word this day.

"They[3] are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all. But we are so weary, we can scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmely, Sir Edward Rhodes, Colonel Hatcher, and Colonel White, and all the Countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself, with Five Hundred fresh Horse,

[1] Antea, p. 260; and Ludlow, i. 189.

[2] *Commons Journals*, v. 685.

[3] The Scots.

and Five Hundred nimble Foot, to destroy them all. My Horse are miserably beaten out; — and I have Ten Thousand of them Prisoners.

"We have killed we know not what; but a very great number; having done execution upon them above thirty miles together, — besides what we killed in the Two great Fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington [or Winwick Pass]. The Enemy was twenty-four thousand horse and foot; whereof eighteen thousand foot and six thousand horse: and our number about six thousand foot and three thousand horse at the utmost.

"This is a glorious Day: — God help England to answer His mercies! — I have no more; but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue. I rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton."[1]

LETTER LXVI.

"*For the Honorable the Committee at York: These.*

"WIGAN, 23d August, 1648.

"GENTLEMEN, — I have intelligence even now come to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a wearied Body of Horse is drawing towards Pontefract; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his Horse; — as not daring to continue in those Countries whence we have driven him; the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stopping his passage at every bridge.

"Major-General Lambert, with a very considerable force, pursues him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any farther designs they may have; and so be ready to join with Major-General

[1] *Copy* in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq., Warrington.

Lambert, if there shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army; where I shall be glad to hear from you.. I rest,

"Your very affectionate friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I could wish you would draw out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded, if he, or the greatest part of those that are with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland."[1]

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it "came to my hands this present afternoon," "at York," 26th August, 1648; — whither also truer rumors, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday, 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; "very ill, and unable to march." "My Lord Duke and Calendar," says Dalgetty, "fell out and were at very high words at supper, where I was," the night before; "each blaming the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:" a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. "As we rode from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's window; and he looking out with some kind words, we took our eternal farewell of him," — never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch: — the unhappiest of men; one of those "singularly able men" who, with all their "ability," have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!

[1] Newspaper, *Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North*, no. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August, 1648). — See, in Appendix, No. 12, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (*Note of 1857*).

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates on Monday next.[1] Surrender, "on quarter" for the inferior parties, "at discretion" for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. "By Ireton's instigation," say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing? Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was "the first man that rose to complain of Grievances" in November, 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; "entered the Hague in thirty coaches," and gave up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. "Sir George Monro," says Turner, "following constantly a whole day's march to the rear of us," finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,— "marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces," my Lord Duke's brother. "*Straight* back," as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

"But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland," continues Turner, "Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the '*Whiggamore* Raid:'" 1648, — first appearance of the Whig party on the page of History, I think! "David Lesley was at their head, and old Leven," the Fieldmarshal of 1639, "in the Castle of Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal" Hamilton "troops whenever they came in view of him!"[2]

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

[1] *28th* August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

[2] Turner, ubi suprà; Guthry's Memoirs (Glasgow, 1748), p. 283.

LETTERS LXVII.–LXXIX.

MONRO with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march "*straight* back" to Scotland, as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them, — cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

OLIVER ST. JOHN, a private friend, and always officially an important man always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be, — finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston; — of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there are in the Soul of the pure and just? — Mahershalal-hashbaz ("Hasten-to-the-spoil," so called), and the bundle of Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly, — consider: —

"*For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn.*

"KNARESBOROUGH, 1st Sept. [1648.]

"DEAR SIR, — I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a *great and glorious* God. He only is worthy to be

feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord! —

"Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations: — God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us all be not careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we — shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for to-morrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read *Isaiah* Eighth, 10, 11, 14; — read all the Chapter.[1]

"I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, 'Yea.' He replied, 'So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear,' or words to this effect; and so immediately died. —

"My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you.

"Yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering."[2]

[1] Yes, the indignant symbolic "Chapter," about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading; here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: "Take counsel together," ye unjust, "and it shall come to naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand. For God is with us. — Sanctify the Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread. And He shall be for a sanctuary: — but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the Houses of Israel; for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken." This last verse, *we find, is often* in the thoughts of Oliver.

[2] *Ayscough* MSS. 4107, f. 94; a Copy by Birch.

"Sir J. E.," when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to be Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, "Mr. W. P." to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, "called in the Family traditions, *Wise William;*" Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some "particular mercy," seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable[1] Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c., in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge "in a saw-pit," — says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.[2] A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, "He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford" in November, 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunky, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 6, 5th September.

[2] *Wood's Athenæ, iii. 177*, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.

Wight.[1] — This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manor-house of somebody, lies among the Hills on the south west side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, "a seat near Great Wycombe." He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.[2] He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one: —

"James Stewart of Blantyre, in Scotland, son of a Treasurer Stewart, and himself a great favorite of King James, was a gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a discord falling out between him and the young Lord Wharton, they went out to single combat each against the other; and at the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they fell dead in one another's arms on the place."[3] The "place" was Islington fields; the date 8th November, 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much ballad-singing and other rumor.[4] Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it, — Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by brackets, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

"*For the Right Honorable the Lord Wharton: These.*

"[KNARESBOROUGH,] 2d Sept. 1648.

"MY LORD, — You know how untoward I am at this business of writing: yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than [the sense of it] the House expresseth.[5] I trust [to have,

[1] Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; *Commons Journals*, &c.

[2] Wood, iv. 407, 542; *Fasti*, i. 335; Nicolas's *Synopsis of the Peerage*.

[3] Scotstarvet's *Staggering State* (Edinb. 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.

[4] *Bibliotheca Topographica*, no. xlix.

[5] The house calls it "a wonderful great mercy and success," this Preston victory (*Commons Journals*, v. 680); — and then passes on to other matters.

through] the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints, — despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints; — yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,[1] and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There 's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.[2] I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected, — yea Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distinguish: the difference is only in the subject [not in the object]; to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian; — but I dispute not.

"My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, 'He is God's to dispose of, and guide for;' and there you will leave him.

"My love to the dear little Lady, better [to me] than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly,

"Your faithful friend and humblest servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, "on Monday last," if that mean 4th September,[4] — Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse "sent into the Bishopric;" firing "divers houses" thereabouts, and not

not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

[1] Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

[2] There follows here in the Birch edition: "As our eyes [seven stars] behinde, then wee can [seven stars] we for him:" words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

[3] *Thurloe, i. 99.* [4] *Cromwelliana*, p. 45.

forgetting to plunder "the Lord Wharton's tenants" by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby, — as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. "Across to Kelso," about September 8th.[1]

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Protector, History knows not much. — "Will Hill" is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of "a large estate' by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment, — he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver; — and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of "Friends high and low." Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.[2]

The "young Baron" now born is father, I suppose, — he or his brother is father,[3] — of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,[4] scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

"DECLARATION.

"WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3, 9, 60. [2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 29, 243.

[3] He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who "died 12th April, 1715, in the 67th year of his age:" Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain* (April, 1715, London), p. 305. (*Note to Third Edition:* communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.)

[4] *Commons Journals*, vii. 1260.

England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament's Forces, defeated and overthrown; and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands; so that by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country:

"I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known, — It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of such prisoners; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

"And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

"Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottishman residing within this Kingdom, and not having been *a member of the* said Army, and also, That none such of

the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"[DURHAM,] 8th September, 1648."

LETTER LXIX.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the "ransoms," and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,[2] at least his outposts have,—all the Monros now fairly across the Tweed. "Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell," I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.

"For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

"[ALNWICK,] 11th Sept. 1648.

"MY LORD,—Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

"He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He had a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his death-bed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

"I beseech you to pardon this boldness to,

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46). [2] Rushworth, vii. 125.
[3] *Lansdowne MSS.* 1236, fol. 85.

On the 19th June, 1649, "Widow Cowell" is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.[1] One hopes she received payment, poor woman! "Upon his death-bed her Husband commended this desire to *me*."

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, "Monday, 11th September, 1648," Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; "draws out on the crags be-east the Town," old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns, — to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real "Committee of Estates," the Hamilton Faction having ended.[2] Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX.

"*For the Governor of Berwick: These.*

"ALNWICK, 15th Sept. 1648.

"SIR, — Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the Town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

"I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

"If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 237. [2] Guthry, pp. 288–297.

God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeavoring to obtain our rights, and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it. If farther trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

"I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns "a dilatory answer," not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:—

LETTER LXXI.

"*For the Right Honorable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland. Present.*

"[NEAR BERWICK,] 16th September, 1648.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence. I remain, my Lords,

"Your very humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, was sent over,

[1] *Lords Journals* (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 485).

[2] Thurloe, i. 100.

"from Berwick" apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.[1] "Scoutmaster" is the Chief of the Corps of "Guides," as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough; he in January last[2] was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapylton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favorite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M.P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger, — sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: "Last Lord's Day," 29th September, 1650, "Mr. Stapylton preached in the High Church" of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle! — "forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency with his Officers; where was a great concourse of people; many Scots expressing much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way of groans."[3] In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that! — Mr. Robert, "at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September," next year, writes,

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 48.
[2] *Commons Journals*, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.
[3] *Cromwelliana*, p. 92.

"from the other side of Severn," a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,[1] and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII.

"For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

"[NEAR BERWICK,] 16th Sept. 1648.

"RIGHT HONORABLE, — Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

"It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and [to] our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,[2] published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having[3] received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice, — what a witness God, being appealed to,[4] hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 113.

[2] To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

[3] The grammar requires "I having," but the physiognomy of the sentence *requires* nothing.

[4] *on* Preston Moor.

trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

"That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us; — wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make)[1] we shall use our endeavors to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

"We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be. Desiring your answer, I rest,

"Your Lordships' humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The "Engagers," those that "engaged" with Hamilton, are to be condemned; then, before long, come "Resolutioners" and "Protesters;" and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations, — all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No, — Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as "Committee of Estates"

[1] Means: "so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination." The "ancient rights and inheritance" are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

[2] Thurloe, i. 168.

can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates;* — Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, "from Falkirk," where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company: —

LETTER LXXIII.

"To the Right Honorable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

" To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms,[1] who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.

"CHESWICK,[2] 18th Sept. 1648.

"RIGHT HONORABLE, — We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns[3] unjustly taken from them, and [your] desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the

[1] "The Whiggamore Raid," as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as "Committee of Estates," *they* now.

[2] Cheswick, still a Manor-house "of the Family of Strangeways," lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

[3] Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be *garrisoned* except by consent of both Kingdoms.

Enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honor, and the comfort of His people.

"And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavor to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy, — a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling[1] than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

"Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick;[2] to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands, — and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully

[1] "Join trembling with your mirth" (Second Psalm).

[2] *Letter LXX.*

by yours, we now thought fit to make you this [present] return.

"The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts,[1] being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victualling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand, — still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of, — to advance into Scotland with the Army.[2] And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your Kingdom; and in the mean time be [even] more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

"If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith; — desir-

[1] Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

[2] Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

ing also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am, my Lords,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across the day before. — The "Laird of Greenhead," Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible! —

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate long-windedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects, at this time of day is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest, — Humbly devoted, — Argyle, Loudon and Company."

Influential Persons: "Friday last, the 22d September, the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland to the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland. That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Berwick"[2] — Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark

[1] *Thurloe, i. 101.* [2] Rushworth, vii. 1282.

first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices "Sir John Scot,"—and rejoices to recognize him, in that dim transient way, for the "Director of the Chancery," and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*[1] at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION.

"WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

"These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort,—he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

"Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regiment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

"Given under my hand, this 20th September, 1648.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

[2] *Newspapers* in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46.

LETTER LXXIV.

"For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

"NORHAM, 21st Sept. 1648.

"RIGHT HONORABLE, — We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,[1] a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

"I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact[2] to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

"I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.[2] For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they[3] please to be assisting to us therein.

"I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest, my Lords,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[4]

[1] 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th.

[2] "fait."

[3] these Committees.

[4] *Thurloe, i. 103 (from the* Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament-House at Edinburgh).

"Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately raised in the Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved themselves rudely; which as soon as the Lieutenant-General of this Army" Cromwell "had notice of, he caused it to rendezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish people having challenged several horses taken from them by that Regiment, the Lieutenant-General caused the said horses to be restored back, and the plunderers to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced such deeds was delivered into the Marshal's hands; and the Colonel himself, conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the offenders when complaints were brought in to him, was taken from the head of his Regiment, and suspended from executing his place, until he had answered at a Council of War for his negligence in the performance of his duty. This notable and impartial piece of justice did take very much with the people; and the Regiment is ordered back into Northumberland," [1] — as we see.

The answer of "Loudon *Cancellarius*" to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.[2] The date is Edinburgh, 28th of September, 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honorable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us "the near distance of your forces at this time," — though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens), we considered you an incendiary, and I, O Honorable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished, — not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick: —

"Day set on Norham's castled steep." [3]

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the "Influential Persons," on the morrow. As the following Letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

[1] Perfect Diurnal, October 2d to 9th (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 47).
[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 47. [3] Scott's Marmion.

LETTER LXXV.

[*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*]

"BERWICK, 2d October, 1648.

"SIR, — I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,[1] how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the Commands I did receive from them. To wit: That I have sent a party of horse with a Summons to Berwick; and a Letter to the Committee of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanark and his participants; and a Letter of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle, and the Well-affected Party in arms at [or about] Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into their Kingdom: And how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Ker, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Strahan to me, with a Letter, and papers of Instructions, expressing their good affection to the Kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement; — together with my Answer to the said Letters and papers. Duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forbear to trouble you with the things themselves. — I think now fit to give you an account, what farther progress has been made in your business.

"The two [Scotch] Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanark and Monro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of these two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs; and I having given, as I hoped, sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that Kingdom, — [I] did, upon Thursday, 21st September, and two days before, the Tweed being fordable, march over Tweed at

[1] Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. *Appendix, No. 13.*

Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot; and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

"Where hearing that the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh, — I went, on Friday, 22d September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a Letter, of which the enclosed is a copy,[1] signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness, — wherein I must be bold to testify, for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other Gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them [other] than what becomes Christians and men of honor, — the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the Town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scot. Which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he had not received the command of that place from those hands that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanark; engaging himself *then* to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

"Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons. Who accordingly did so; and quartered in East Lothian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Copperspath and thereabouts.[2]

"Upon Friday, 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday, the last of September; — at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English

[1] Conceivable by us here.

[2] *What follows* now is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

[who were with him]; but we, having the advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

"I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it; Sir Andrew Ker and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to *see* all remaining forces disbanded.

"Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a farther account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

LETTER LXXVI.

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick, — "Hasleridge" and

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 18); Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48).

"Barwick," as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor in Newcastle; a man of chief authority in those Northern regions. Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Town-halls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,[1] — the Army's head-quarters for some time to come.

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.*

"BERWICK, 2d October, 1648.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY, — I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

"I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the Honest Party of Scotland and us here; better than some would have. — Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison [here], which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not [done]. I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest, my Lord,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty Days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.[3] The last hope of

[1] Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 92.

[3] Warwick, pp. 321–329; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart, — for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about "escape" all the while, — escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape some-whither, any-whither; — and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.[1] Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all; — and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday, 4th October, 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honorably into Edinburgh; "to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate [so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it]; where a strong guard," an English Guard, "is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;" and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.[2] — The Earl of Moray's

[1] His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in Carte's *Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608–623.

[2] True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen, &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 26, dated with the *pen 23d October*): *Abridged* in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.[1]

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,[2] sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorizing him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

LETTER LXXVII.

"*For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.*

"EDINBURGH, 5th October, 1648.

"RIGHT HONORABLE, — I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will farther grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

"I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have pre-

[1] Guthry's *Memoirs*, p. 297. For a description of the place, see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 21st January, 1837.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 28th September, 1648.

vented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament; and possessed themselves of those Towns; — and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England; and endeavored, to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel, and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

"And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs; yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

"Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be *put in places* of great trust in the Kingdom, who

by their interest in the Parliament and the Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England:

"[Therefore,] my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,[1] which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion; and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such farther satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire.

"Your Lordships' most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came "the Lord Provost to pay his respects" at Moray House; came "old Sir William Dick," an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, "and made an oration in name of the rest;" — came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; "of which I hope a good fruit will appear."

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:[3] and

[1] Votes of September 28th; *Commons Journals*, vi. 37: "received the day we entered Edinburgh" (Rushworth, ubi suprà).

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19: Printed by order of Parliament.

[3] *King's* Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19.

on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants, — "when we were about to come away, several coaches were sent to bring up the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven" Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-Chief, "with Sir Arthur Haselrig and the rest of the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where was provided a very sumptuous Banquet," old Leven doing the honors, "my Lord Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace the entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance and a volley of small shot was given us from the Castle; and some Lords convoying us out of the City, we there parted." The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home, — by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LXXVIII.

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of "this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery," now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

"For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons: These.

"DALHOUSIE, 8th October, 1648.

"SIR, — Upon the desire of divers Noblemen and others of the Kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this Gentleman, the Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery; son-in-law[1] to the Earl of Eglinton. Whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy

[1] Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for "son;" — "youngest son," say the Passage Books.

of a far greater favor than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can assure you, that there is not a Gentleman of that Kingdom that appeared more active against the late Invaders of England than himself.

"Sir, it's desired that you would please to grant him an Order for two thousand of the common Prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army. You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

"Sir, what favor you shall please to afford the Gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish Nation; and particularly

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

LETTER LXXIX.

THE next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

"*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons: These.*

"DALHOUSIE, 9th October, 1648.

"SIR, — In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had farther to desire in your behalf.

"The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 32).

sending to me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday, 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit farther to insist upon. And being sensible that the late Agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England: — therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper[1] here enclosed.

"Wherein, — having received that very day your Votes for giving farther assistance [to the Well-affected in Scotland], I did in the close thereof acquaint them with the same; reserving such farther satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates [had] sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, To receive what I had to offer unto them: — which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer,[2] which is the Original itself.

"Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do farther as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and [Scotland is] like to be a better neighbor to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties, — I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates, — had the power in their hands. I dare [be bold to] say that that Party, with their pretences, had not

[1] *Letter LXXVII.* [2] Already referred to; *antea*, p. 376.

only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also [had] brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, [and] the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity, — even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

"All the Enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.[1] Good Elections are [already] made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot; — which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

"I have received, and so have the Officers with me, many honors and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment; — which we may not own as done to us, but as [done to] your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle; and I shall give you such farther accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion. I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

[2] *King's* Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19; see Commons Jour

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have £100.[1] Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle;[2] a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended; — surrender being a very serious matter now; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

LETTERS LXXX.–LXXXVI.

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant; a desperate man: this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX.

"*For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.*

"[PONTEFRACT,] 9th November, 1648.

"SIR, — Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your Garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

Governor Morris stiffly refuses; holds out yet a good while, — and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.[4] Royalism is getting desperate; has taken to highway robbery; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.[5]

[1] *Commons Journals*, 20th October, 1648.

[2] Appendix, No. 14.

[3] Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48); Rushworth, vii. 1325.

[4] [illegible] Rushworth, vii. 1379 &c., 1315.

Two weeks ago, Sunday, 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead: — murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide!

LETTER LXXXI.

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, "propositions," the old Pamphlet calls them, sent "in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers;" which are "read in the House," and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent: — had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

"*For the Right Honorable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present.*

"KNOTTINGLEY, NEAR PONTEFRACT,
15th November, 1648.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, — So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this County to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the Garrison of Pontefract. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect. — I have had sight of a Letter to the House of Commons; wherein things are so represented, as if the Siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this Garrison is; as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think demands for such things as would be necessary unreasonable.

"My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with two hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks; and they have also gotten in, as I am credibly informed, salt enough for them and more. So that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelvemonth. The men within are resolved

to endure to the utmost extremity; expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland Garrisons in the Kingdom; well watered; situated upon a rock in every part of it, and therefore difficult to mine. The walls very thick and high, with strong towers; and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness of the graft. The County is exceedingly impoverished; not able to bear free-quarter; nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth: viz. —

"That moneys be provided for Three complete regiments of Foot, and Two of Horse; — [and indeed] that money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. That Five Hundred Barrels of powder, [and] Six good Battering-guns, with Three Hundred shot to each Gun, be speedily sent down to Hull: — we desire none may be sent less than demi-cannons. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest Mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

"And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the Kingdom some hundred thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal; besides the dishonor of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great guns in Hull, and hereabouts; but they are unserviceable: and your Garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

"I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place; only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Malevrier's Foot regiments; and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse; — purposing to bring on some of our Foot to-morrow. The rest — *these parts being* not well able to bear them — are a little

dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham Shires, for some refreshment; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

"And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, To put the poor men, at this season of the year, to lie in the field: before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and clothes, for them to cover their nakedness, — which we hear are in preparation, and would [1] be speeded: — and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast up works to secure them.

"These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday, 18th November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;[3] — most prompt *Orders*, giving if not "Five Hundred Barrels of powder," yet "Two Hundred and Fifty;" a middle term, or compliance half-way, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.[4]

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

[1] Old for "should."

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 394, § 36.

[3] See also *Commons Journals*, vi. 81.

[4] "22d March" (*Commons Journals*, vi. 99)

LETTER LXXXII.

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall, — seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

"Colonel Owen" is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen, — the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.[1] A violent man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. "The Governor of Nottingham" is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know, — and "presume you have heard what is become of him?" Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the "Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;" whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.[2] He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

"To the Honorable my honored Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires [*at London*]: *These.*

"KNOTTINGLEY, NEAR PONTEFRACT,
20th November, 1648.

"GENTLEMEN, — I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliament for the same.

"If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those [persons] Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might

[illegible] vi. 70.

rule over one another; this to vassalize us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,[1] by making and abetting a Second War.

"And if this be their justice,[2] and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford: though we had the Town in consideration,[3] and [our] blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.[4] But now, when you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a Second War, — for a little more money [5] all offences shall be pardoned!

"This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together: — I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you, that out of the [same] Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy; — and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he

[1] From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

[2] House of Commons's. [3] Town as some recompense.

[4] Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it, and overcrowded with meaning in the original. "Give me leave to tell you that, if it were contrary to some of your judgments, that at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the Town in consideration, and blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps," &c. — Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June, 1646 (antea, p. 234); the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two Years' revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280-285), — which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now, when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone!

[5] *Goldsmiths'* Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, *it seems*!

apostatized from your Cause and Quarrel; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and [then] the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;[1] and this man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

"Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as [the treatment of] those men, to amazement; — which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced.

"I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest, Gentlemen,

"Your most obedient servant

[OLIVER CROMWELL]."[2]

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He "was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together:" one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that "Sir John Owen," our "Colonel Owen," should get off with "banishment;" likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be "banished;" and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be "*fined* £100,000." Such votes are not unlikely to produce "a sense amongst the Officers," who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons

[1] Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke: — "this man" in Matthews.

[2] *Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 94.*

lately, life to life. Such votes — will need to be rescinded.[1] Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again. —

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.[2] Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"[3]

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,[4] was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham; — out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, "by what order I know not," has seen good to deliver him; him, "the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all." Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age! No wonder "the Officers have a sense of it," amounting even "to amazement." Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these "manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just," — are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that "you are no Parliament;" that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business else-whither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward! —

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: "temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the

[1] Passed, 10th November, 1648 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 3); repealed, 13th December (with a Declaration; *Somers Tracts*, v. 167).

[2] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 3. [3] D'Ewes MSS. p. 414.

[4] *Cromwelliana*, pp. 41, 42.

flame of it kept down for most part, or soon allayed; — and naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure. Though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to God Himself, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers," [1] — yes, and in rigor against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons, which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

LETTER LXXXIII.

"ALL the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General against the Treaty [at Newport], and for Justice and a Settlement of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-General to recommend their Petition; which he hath done in the Letter following;" — which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax* [*at St. Albans: These*].

"KNOTTINGLEY, 20th November, 1648.

"MY LORD, — I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon Offenders. And I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

"I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know, God teaches you; and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being [so] desired by the framers thereof, — to present them to you. The good Lord

[1] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 706).

work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you! Thus prays, my Lord,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

This same day, Monday, 20th November, 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous "Remonstrance" to the House; craving that the same be taken "into speedy and serious consideration."[2] It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread Unknown! Whereupon ensue "high debates," Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about "that Person" and futile Treaty, now under his keeping there.

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1339.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1388.

"*For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire* [*These, at London*].

"KNOTTINGLEY, 25th November, 1648.

"SIR,—I suppose it 's not unknown to you how much the Country is in arrear to the Garrison of Hull;—as likewise how probable it is that the Garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread; and without money the stubborn Townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

"Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the Country, so far as the security of that Garrison is motioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the Country owes them. The Governor will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favor herein;—and subscribe myself, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Hull Garrison does not "break:" doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas, if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;[2] has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or "bottomless bags," as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:—

[1] Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Cromwell* (4th edition, London, 1741), i. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

[2] Whitlocke, September, 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 8; and *Commons Journals*, vii. 650, 730.

LETTER LXXXV.

"To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

"[KNOTTINGLEY, NEAR PONTEFRACT,]
25th November, 1648.

"DEAR ROBIN, — No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All [things] must work for the best.

"Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh, — and herein [1] I have some exercise.

"As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.[2] We are sure, the good-will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

"I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but [also] by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force [a numerical majority] &c.

"To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect

[1] "and in the latter respect at least."

[2] As Preston, &c.

gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end we shall be made perfect* (James i.).

"Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, 'heavy,' 'sad,' 'pleasant,' 'easy.' Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?[1] Did not God find him out here? I believe he will never forget this. — And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

"Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.[2] For there is no peace to them. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

"As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that

[1] 6th September of the foregoing Year.

[2] For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

"You say: 'God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or passive resistance.' &c.

"Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. [But] I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,[1] and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

"To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?[2] *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand,[3] really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those[4] who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the

[1] Whatsoever they like.

[2] "The safety of the people the supreme law:" is that a true doctrine or a false one?

[3] By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King. [4] Us soldiers.

outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*. — But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

"My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called 'Saints,' to root out their name; — and yet they [these poor Saints], getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more! — I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering[1] would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

"What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way, — especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.[2] And let me say, it is after much patience, — here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies: — not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities [all against us]; — and yet not terrified [we]; only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.[3]

[1] Passive obedience.

[2] Come or coming over to this opinion.

[3] The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: "And let me *say it is here in the North* after much patience, we trust the same Lord

"And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration [1] is put out, at which many are shaken: — although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure. — Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

"Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering [of] difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.[2] If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*, — this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

"Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) 'that they would destroy Nobility' [&c.], has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?[3] Hath not

who hath framed our minds in our actings, is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified, only" &c.

[1] Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

[2] Very true, my General, — then, now, and always!

[3] Hollow Treaty at Newport.

this biased even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful), — been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man, — against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?[1]

"Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, — should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things, — when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?[2] And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit [which believes that God doth so teach us] and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

"This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight, whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday, the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer,

[1] I think it is "reasoned" in, and by bad arguments too, your Excellency! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that: — alas, *was* there ever any such "contact" with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men!

[2] Already indubitably sure to many of them.

[3] Birch, *p. 101; ends the* volume.

he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself; — and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.[1]

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday, the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration." — "No?" The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again "a Day in Prayer." The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London; — marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday, December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; "and other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and Villages about, no offence being given anywhere."[2] In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene; — earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendors are bred, — the reader sees them again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest: — and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! "Shedders of blood?" Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Sur-

[1] Colonel Cook's Narrative, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.

[2] Rushworth, vii. 1350.

geon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these!—Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday, 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes "into farther debate" the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, "till five o'clock next morning;" at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six,—One Hundred and Twenty-nine to Eighty-three,—it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:—

Wednesday, 6th December, 1648, "Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged" from that employment.[1] Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palace-yard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and Twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" and Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a color or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Year-books, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1353;—see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's *Independency, &c.*

visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard by, a "Tavern called Hell;" and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker "in his gray suit with his little stick,"[1] — asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand "the Members of this House" from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer; — could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honorable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing; — above a Hundred in all;[2] who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, "an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations," and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows! —

[1] *List* in Rushworth, p. 1355.

[2] *List* in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 37; — very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DUTCH Dorislaus, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal: —

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These.

"[LONDON,] 18th December, 1648.

"GENTLEMEN, — I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his Chamber hath become vacant in the Doctors Commons [here]; — to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these Wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs; and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

"If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands; whereby you will oblige,

"Your assured friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; King, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,[2] it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.

[1] Trinity-Hall MSS. in *Cambridge Portfolio* (London, 1840), ii. 299.

[2] Antea, p. 279; Wood, iii. 666–668.

light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honor to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavor* after Heroism and Veracity.

PART V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1649.

LETTERS LXXXVII.–XCVI.

On *Tuesday, 30th January*, 1648–9, it is ordered in the Commons House, "That the Post be stayed until to-morrow morning, ten of the clock;" and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives "ten shillings" of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself — shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honorable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a COUNCIL OF STATE, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 126; Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeant's-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: "Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State, — by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People; and that without any King or House of Lords."[1] — What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves, — and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling down Idolatrous Kingships and setting up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry! —

There occurred "a stick," as we saw some time ago,[2] in this Marriage-Treaty: but now it gathers life again; — and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday, 1649;[3] and, one point fairly settled at last! — But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley,

[1] Scobell, ii. 30; Commons Journals, 19th May.

[2] Letter LVI. antea p. 298. [3] Noble, i. 158.

came to be married not long after to "John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;" which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found "Seventeen Letters of Cromwell," and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[1] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Colonel Norton, "dear Dick," was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no "dear Norton" on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already; — a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

"*For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.*

"[London,] 1st February, 1648.

"Sir, — I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

"When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton, — after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto.

[1] Harris, p. 504.

Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

"Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

"I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"February 1st,"—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. "Knocking at a door," he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[2] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made £40 apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

PASS.

"*To all Officers and Soldiers and all Persons whom these may concern.*

"WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

[1] Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pussy.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 51.

"These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth abovesaid, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

"Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February, 1648.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Oliver's seal of "six quarterings" is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating, — emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of "many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions," and of what is to be done with them.[2] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall, — not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

[1] Jefferson's *History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland* (Carlisle, 1842). p. 284.

[2] *Commons Journals*, in die.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

"*For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esq: These.*

"[London,] 12th February, 1648.

"Sir, — I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

"From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing, — if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

"I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[1]

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present; he produces it in the House to-morrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[2] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and

[1] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, 14th February, &c.

so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one "may be called into the field." However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER.

On the Saturday, 17th February, 1648–9, more properly on Monday, 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[1] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labor of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodized, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labors here! — But to our "*Order.*"

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as "Master of the Ceremonies," — master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated "Master of the Ceremonies" by Parliament itself;[2] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over "Dutch

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 146.

[2] *2d November, 1643*. *Commons Journals*, iii. 299.

Ambassadors," "Swedish Ambassadors" and such like, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labors. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum:—

"*To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.*

"These are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed [of] as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

"Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February, 1648.

"In the name, and signed by Order of the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

"OLIVER CROMWELL
(*Præses pro tempore*)."[1]

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and "hangings," under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[2]

LETTER LXXXIX.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with "many civilities:" and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

[1] Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.

[2] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

"For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

"[LONDON,] 26th February, 1648.

"SIR, — I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded [to] them,[1] — especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering [of] affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

"For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of, — not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it, — I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment, — yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

"Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

"I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] To Richard Cromwell and him.

[2] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen; Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

LETTER XC.

THIS Thursday, 8th March, 1648–9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above sixty there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen, — our old friend "Colonel Owen" of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[1] — are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House, by small Majorities, decides *against* the first three; decides in favor of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal, — the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[2]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

"*For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.*

"[LONDON,] 8th March, 1648.

"SIR, — Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

"I am engaged[3] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

"I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest, Sir,

"Your assured friend to serve you,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

[1] Letter LXXXII. p. 86.
[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 159.
[3] obliged.
[4] Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palace-yard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through "from Sir Robert Cotton's house." Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of £100,000: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty Thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been "converted" some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, "much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-colored suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture."[1] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven years' time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 389 (the *first* of the *two* pages 389 which there are).

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. "In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to die."[1] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI.

"*For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College,* [*Cambridge*]: *These.*

"[London,] 14th March, 1648.

"Sir, — I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favor. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by, Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge

[1] Whitlocke, 21st April, 1649. [2] Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 88.

"Dr. Love," of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him, — or is indeed necessary to be known. "Mrs. Nutting" and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavored to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two "shadows of small Names." [1]

Yesterday, Tuesday, 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about "modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;" and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[2] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, "a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;" to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible: —

"*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii*, 1648." "That it is referred to the same Committee," Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, "or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council." [3] I have authority to say, that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on

[1] Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 491; Masters's *History of Corpus-Christi College* (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 142–154. — Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

[2] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

[3] Ibid.; Todd's *Life of Milton* (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108–123.

Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, "to the Senate of Hamburgh,"[1] about a week hence; — and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of "Mr. Ludlow's lease," of "the £250," "the £150" &c. in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for "my ould land;" land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with, — though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII.

[*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*]

"[London,] 14th March, 1648.

"Sir, — I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[2]

"I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them

[1] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

[2] "it" is not the family, but the match.

life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with [on my side]. If she die, there is [on your side] little [money parted with]; [even] if you have an heir male, [there is] but £3,000, [and] without time ascertained.[1]

"As for these things [indeed], I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is £400 *per annum* charged upon it. For the £150 to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the £250 *per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the £250 *per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,[2] — give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

"Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of £150 *per annum*, — which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality, — if I hear well from others. And if

[1] See Letter LVI. antea, p. 298.

[2] "Ludlow's Lease," &c. is not very plain. The "tenor of Ludlow's Lease," is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250 + 150 = 400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad "maim" to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus "for some time after."

the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

"What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance £400 *per annum*, £300 *per annum*.[1] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The £300 *per annum* of my old land[2] for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time [a like sum] out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted[3] you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the [Cromwell Lands] in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucestershire to descend to these daughters, or else £3,000 apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter [also] is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing [that] £2,000 apiece be charged upon those lands [for them].

"Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects, — whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

[1] Means, in its desperate haste: "except that instead of £400 per annum for maintenance, we must say £300."

[2] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[3] actuated or impelled.

"I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave, and rest,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters." [1]

On the morrow, which is Thursday, the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste to-day; sends a brief Letter "by your Kinsman," consenting to almost everything. — Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers "my ould land" to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the £300 of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, £150, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best. — The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

"Your Kinsman," who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[2] is naturally very busy.

[1] Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 54; *Commons Journals*, &c.

"For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

"[London,] 25th March, 1649.

"Sir, — You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

"That I agree to £150 *per annum* out of the £300 *per annum* of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other £150 where you please. [Also] £400 for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands [to be] settled upon my Son and his *heirs male* by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters*, only £2,000 apiece to be charged upon those lands.

"[On the other hand] £400 *per annum* free,[1] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of £150 *per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy in the Lease of the farm at Allington[2] by a just computation. I expect, so long as they [the young couple] live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting [from you], £150 *per annum*. [You are to give] £3,000 in case you have a Son;[3] to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue, — £1,000 within six months [of the marriage].

"Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can

[1] Means, "shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free."

[2] "Ludlow's Lease," I fancy. Anne Mayor, "your younger Daughter," married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27th August, 1657.

[3] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence "die" means more properly *live*.

satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[2] —the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. "Five small Beagles," five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to "ride the wooden horse" lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him barebacked, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[3] "committed to the Lieutenant," to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levolling Public at present, which thinks with

[1] Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.

[2] Given in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 44–60.

[3] 27th March, 11th April, 1649 (*Commons Journals*, in diebus).

itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV.

"COMPENSATION," here touched upon, is the "compensation to your younger Daughter" mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, "after your decease," "to buy in the Lease of Allington Farm." Mayor wants it another way; which "seems truly inconvenient," and in brief cannot be.

"*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*

"[LONDON,] 30th March, 1649.

"SIR, — I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

"I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

"You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[1] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest, Sir,

"Your affectionate servant

[OLIVER CROMWELL]."[2]

LETTER XCV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the "arrest" of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

[1] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.

[2] Harris, p. 508.

"*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*

"[LONDON,] 6th April, 1649.

"SIR, — I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

"I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some [one] up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavor to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

"Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[1] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest, Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL

"My service to your Lady and Family."[2]

There is much to be settled before I can "be sent down to my charge for Ireland." The money is not yet got; — and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us £120,000 for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[3] The City will lend; and now, if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march — ?

[1] The dog!

[2] Harris, p. 508.

[3] 12th April, 1649, Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 55).

LETTER XCVI.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty, — not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

"*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.*

"[LONDON,] 15th April, 1649.

"SIR, — Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which [Letter] Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[1] — upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

"In[2] that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference [between us], save in this, — wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, viz.: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning, — although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

"And this misunderstanding — if it be yours, as it is your

[1] "Hales" is the future Judge Hale.

[2] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense; — "as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all," &c.

Kinsman's — put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary; — which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

"I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance; — although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

"Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient; — who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of £900 *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about £800; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above £400 *per annum*; and the [other] £400 *per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouthshire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest, Sir,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters."[1]

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom "no Counsel in England" could back, was of course disowned

[1] Harris, p. 509.

in his overzeal; the match was concluded; solemnized 1st May, 1649.[1]

Richard died 12th July, 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[2] his Wife died 5th January 1675–6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, ever after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as "a Roman weight," for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague "Vertue," "Hughes's Letters," and *Ant. Soc.* (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[3] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS.

While Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbushfield, "Rendezvous of Ware," as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were

[1] Noble, i. 188. [2] Ibid. i. 176, 188.

[3] Ibid. i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, "Majors or Maijors," Ibid. ii. 436–440.

condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and such like, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

"The Council of State," says Whitlocke,[1] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, "has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill," in the same quarter: "that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them:" one Winstanley is another chief. "They were thirty men, and said that they should be shortly four thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull down park pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbors that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work." These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, "by the country people," and also by "two troops of horse;" and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[2] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

"*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the

[1] 17th April, 1649, p. 384.

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, &c.

General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews," as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; "That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or enclosures," in spite of reports to the contrary; "but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods."

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. "And for all such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover nakedness." For the rest, "That they will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condition now to live in the same.

"While they were before the General, they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honor to whom honor is due, — they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question." [1]

Dull Bulstrode hath "set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance" of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be "avoided" by judicious persons, seeing it is "a weak persuasion." The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where "a weak persuasion" mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday, 20th April, 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. "After a solemn seeking of God by prayer," they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. "The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision." The officers did: — but the common men are by no means all of that humor. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday, 26th April. This night, at the Bull in Bishopsgate, there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colors from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there: — the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell

[1] Whitlocke, p. 384.

them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Church-yard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, "he has served seven years in these Wars," ever since the Wars began. "Religious" too, "of excellent parts and much beloved;" — but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Church-yard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horse-guard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

"About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats and to their breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new Church-yard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called these people 'Levellers;' but they took no notice of any one's sayings."[1]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen

[1] Whitlocke, p. 388.

Ribbons and black: — testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May [1] *their* "Agreement of the People," — their Bentham-Sieyès Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, "seagreen colors in some of their hats." The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[2] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do, — we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[3] — One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigor and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humor of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a party of two hundred, in these

[1] Whitlocke's date, p. 385. [2] 15th April, 1649, *Commons Journals.*
[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 56).

same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced*;[1] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald; — threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it "seventy-and-seven fold." This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, "above a thousand strong," with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday, 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and "turn out their horses to grass;" — Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, "a march of near fifty miles" that Monday. What boots it? there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, "who could only fire some shots out of windows;" — has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial

[1] Given in Walker's *History of Independency*, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see: —

Thursday, 17th May. "This day in Burford Church-yard, Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose: That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed to shoot, 'Shoot!' and died desperately. The third, being also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit." — So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery, — will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean, who now came forward as the next to be shot, "expressed penitence;" got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest

a worse thing befall you! "They wept," says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland. — Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself "fled to a wood;" fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive; — whereupon "a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine" ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford; — takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the "intolerance" of that old Time to Quakerism and such like. If Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of "park pales," and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing, — being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies very lean, very perverse, but better than are com-

monly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[1]

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday, the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday, 21st),[2] — and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there, — Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, "speaking very loud," as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was; — illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![3] "On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and trumpet;" no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; "no drinking of healths or other incivility:" — drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humor; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[4] —

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

[1] Wood's *Athenæ*, iv. (*Fasti*, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday, 19th May, 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday, 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138: — of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 26th May, 1649.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 391.

[4] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 59, 60).

merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

"If the result of the favor of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it 's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavor the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State; — perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige, Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

LETTER XCVIII.

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write, — on behalf of his "Partner" or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going: —

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire.*

"[LONDON,] 10th July, 1649.

"SIR, — I beseech you, upon that score of favor, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favor to,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

[2] Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988 — collated, and exact.

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's "losses," "estate," "calling," or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a "chandler" or trader,[1] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former "Partner," one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with "Mr. Vines" at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August, 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the "new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths," in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;"—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[2] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again; nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, "10th July, 1649, about five in the afternoon." In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very

[1] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*.

[2] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 229, 241.

helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July, 1649, we find as follows: "The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of three hundred pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition mentioned; and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue are authorized and appointed to pay the same: and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly,"[1] — which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday, 22d July, 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued "Cheque in Ward in the Port of London," — which dignity is accordingly assured him till "the first day of October next."[2] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest — gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX.

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man; he has written in behalf of "Major Long;" for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connection; and mildly signifies so much.

"*For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*

"BRISTOL, 19th July, 1649.

"LOVING BROTHER, — I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best under-

[1] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 263. [2] Ibid. vii. 727.

standing, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

"I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:— it 's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

"I hope my Sister[1] is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,[2] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol. — Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

"Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

"Your affectionate brother and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: "Received 27th July, 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury." He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it "some shorthand," and "an account of his cattle and sheep."— Who the "Major Long" was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to "do" for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening,

[1] Mrs. Mayor. [2] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

[3] Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen

July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[1] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up, — towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C.

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[2] which fortunate event, warmly recognized in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday, August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and "Mr. Owen" also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. "My Son" Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

[1] At Tenby 2d August, *Commons Journals*, vi. 277.

[2] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. 403, 407–411: Jones's Account, in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 159–162. *Commons Journals*, vi. 278 (14th August, 1649).

[*For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*]

"[MILFORD HAVEN,] From Aboard the John, 13th August, 1649.

"LOVING BROTHER, — I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

"The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with nineteen thousand men or thereabouts; seven thousand Scots and three thousand more were coming to [join him in] that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with four thousand foot and twelve hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about four thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above three hundred [of them] officers, some of great quality.[1]

"This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise, — and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto! —

"I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography: — these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[2] for which a man is born.

[1] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, ubi suprà).

[2] Services useful to all men.

"Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest, Sir,

"Your loving brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder."[1]

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of "Lands to the value of Five Hundred Pounds a year for this last service;"—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[2]

LETTER CI.

SAME DATE, SAME CONVEYANCE.

"*To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.*

"FROM ABOARD THE JOHN, 13th Aug. 1649.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

[1] Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 278, 281 (14th, 18th August, 1649).

"I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you, — for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, — and not otherwise.[1] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

"The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter. I rest,

"Thy loving Father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad."[2]

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the "coach," in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps "thy Father's nag" is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

[1] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

[2] Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[1] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; "where," say the old Newspapers,[2] "he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City, — where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much, — at a convenient place he made a stand," rising in his carriage we suppose, "and with his hat in his hand made a speech to them." Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all persons whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity, — should find favor and protection from the Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits." "This Speech," say the old Newspapers, "was entertained with great applause by the people; who all cried out, 'We will live and die with you!'"

LETTER CII.

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, "Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas," who has done good service more than once, — he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

[1] Carte, ii. 83.

[2] In Kimber, *Life of Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 128.

[*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.*]

"DUBLIN, 22d August, 1649.

"Sir,—Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favor of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

"It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

"I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favor for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[2]

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

[2] *Commons Journals*, 8th August, 1649 (vi. 276);—see ib. 9th July, 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been "moving the House" for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MICHAEL JONES's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, "There hath been an huge purge of the Army which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and debauched men."[1] "The Officers reduced are not a little discontented," writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This DECLARATION *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from* — OLIVER CROMWELL.

"WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

"I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

[1] Newspaper Letter, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7; another, ib. § 22.

"And I farther declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbors, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses, — shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time [1st of January next], all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the [Army's] quarters, are to make their addresses, for now and farther protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorized for that purpose.

"And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

"Given at Dublin, the 24th of August, 1649.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

IRISH WAR.

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil; — demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call "Repeal of the Union;" and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to co-operate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule.

Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster, — have all joined with Ormond "against the Regicides." They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland; — may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favorable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay; — in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible; — nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognizable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognizable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid, — driving herds of

plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always "in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them." Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech; — alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter; — as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time! —

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery; — which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to

take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!" — But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing Capital Punishments," of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable; — equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognizing eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the Soldier of God the Just, — a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always; — armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognize with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight: — thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendors? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister

of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battle-field as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace, — such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognizable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact, — behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer

and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceal and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articula speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderc kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Ear Choose!" — They chose to disbelieve him; could not und stand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or just to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Treda he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put eve man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidd to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authen hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Ga son the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the li storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! N bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winc what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fa speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Frien face, little as it recognizes him, — poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them w various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a ra wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart; close neighbor to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tea Some readers know that softness *without* rigor, rigor as adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; tl without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false p and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aw of that fact. — To our Irish friends we ought to say likew that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of E lishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this: — and therefore let "t bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days they did in those.

[1] Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th–15th S 1649.

[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

LETTERS CIII.–CVI.

STORM OF TREDAH.

THE first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, "witnessing it from the batteries," hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!— The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII.

"For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

"[TREDAH,] 12th September, 1649.

"SIR, — I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

"If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] "Treedagh" he writes.

[2] Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV.

[*To the Honorable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*]

"[DUBLIN,] 16th September, 1649.

"SIR,—It hath pleased God to bless our endeavors at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

"The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left [of] where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

"This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the

only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

"I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. [As] for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. . . .

"Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. [I rest,

Your most humble servant,]

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"*Tenalia*," I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The "Sir Edmund Varney" who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[2] There is in Wood's Life[3] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV.

[*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"DUBLIN, 17th September, 1649.

"SIR, — Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavoring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me, — from

[1] Whitlocke, p. 412. [2] Ibid. [3] Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

whence endeavors were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn, — I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday, the 30th of August[1] last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavor the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

"Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.[2] Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on ship-board. Upon Monday, the 9th[3] of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

"Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavor to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other

[1] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

[2] 3d September. [3] 10th.

against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

"Upon Tuesday, the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this [Tenalia] they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

"Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and [of] the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not [now] annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our

own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

"Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men; — divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.'

"The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

"I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they

being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part [of ours] they pleased, — and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

"Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[1] which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of, — as also [of] another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

"And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

"It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's-day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff,

[1] Antea, Letter CIII.

whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

"A greal deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

"I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased [that] this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying on affairs here, [such] as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long — I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

"We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

"Your most obedient servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P. S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

"The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse." [1]

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connection.[2] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot, — poisoned, say some, by the gift of a "pair of russet-leather boots" which some traitor had bestowed on him.[3]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well "work remorse and regret:" for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a judgment of God: and that it did "save much effusion of blood," we and all spectators can very readily testify. "The execrable policy of that Regicide," says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, "had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut" — In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country.

[1] Newspapers; in *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), xix. 201.
[2] 10th August, 1649 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 277).
[3] Carte, ii. 83.

Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to "burn" Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which "drink up" some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry, — to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"DUBLIN, 27th September, 1649.

"MR. SPEAKER. — I had not received any account from Colonel Venables, — whom I sent from Tredah to endeavor the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote, — until the last night.

"After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbor were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five Hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbor, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbor was a considerable adventure, and a good service; — as also was that of Captain Brandly,[1] who,

[1] Antea, p. 458.

with forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Tredah, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

"Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

"I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extended towards you.

"Your Army has marched; and, I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

"I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

"The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah: Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitz-

gerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c."[1]

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once, — by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it "this day;" his "Army has already marched:" Southward now, on a new series of operations.

LETTER CVII.

STORM OF WEXFORD.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"WEXFORD, 14th October, 1649.

"SIR, — The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[2] about a mile above the Castle of Arklow,

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, "Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority" (p. 13). *Parliamentary History* (xix. 207–209) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding "Surgeons, &c." has taken the liberty of adding these words, "*and many inhabitants*," of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets; — a very considerable liberty indeed!

[2] River Darragh; — a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

which was the first seat and honor of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

"From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company, — advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[1] where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person, — a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

"Upon Monday the First of October we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of [part of] their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom

[1] Wallop is Member ("recruiter") for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this "fair House," and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present. — Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are: —

1. '*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

'BEFORE WEXFORD, 3d October, 1649.

'SIR, — Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, and the Town and country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England.

'By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 3d October, 1649.

'SIR, — I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honor to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my resolution to you, to-morrow by twelve of the clock.

'In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain, — my Lord, — your Lordship's servant, D. SINNOTT.'

2. '*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

'BEFORE WEXFORD, 3d October, 1649.

'SIR, — I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock to-morrow morning. Because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest, — your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 4th October, 1649.

'SIR, — I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall employ, may have

a Conference and Treaty with Four of yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had to-morrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest, — my Lord, — your servant,

'D. SINNOTT.

'Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford.'

3. '*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

'BEFORE WEXFORD, 4th October, 1649.

'SIR, — Having summoned you to deliver the Town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is seldom granted but where the things stand upon a more equal foot.

'If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons named in your last, intrusted by yourself and the Town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting Answer. And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall return in safety to you.

'I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest, — your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 4th October, 1649.

'SIR, — I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without Capitulation or honorable Terms, — as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

'Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting condition to make honorable conditions. And having a considerable party, [along] with them, in the place, I am resolved to die honorably, or make such

conditions as may secure my honor and life in the eyes of my own Party.

'To which reasonable terms if you hearken not, — or give me [not] time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the forenoon to-morrow, with my Propositions, with a farther Safe-conduct, — I leave you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. — Your servant, D. SINNOTT.'

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 5th October, 1649.

'SIR, — My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto me, — in hope an honorable agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship and, — my Lord, — your Lordship's servant, D. SINNOTT.'

"Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[1] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavor to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbor, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbor, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy, — both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

"The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[2] about five hundred foot. Which occa-

[1] Michael Jones. [2] Carte, ii. 92.

sioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:—

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 5th October, 1649.

'MY LORD,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propositions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship;—who hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

'Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; but for his present consent;—and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request,—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant, D. SINNOTT.'

4. '*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

'WEXFORD, 6th October, 1649.

'SIR,—You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concernments, and it behooves you to improve the relief you mention to your best advantage.

'All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another.—I rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'

"Our cannon being landed,[1] and we having removed all our quarters to the southeast end of the Town, next the Castle [which stands without the Walls],—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

"Upon Thursday, the 11th instant (our batteries being

[1] 6th October (ib.).

finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender: —

'*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

'WEXFORD, 11th October, 1649.

'SIR, — In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest, — my Lord, — your servant, D. SINNOTT.'

"Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed, — which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view; — together with my Answer: —

'*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the Town and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the Officers and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and Castle, unto General Cromwell.*

'1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the said Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

'2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

'3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall use and exercise such [illegible] over the Catholics of his Diocese as since his [illegible]

'4. That [illegible] 199

soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colors, and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding up of the said Town.

'5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

'6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no other government, they adhering to the State of England, and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this Realm for the time being.

'7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tenements and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without molestation.

'8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage: and farther have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

'9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free-born English subjects, with-

out the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together on all hands.

'10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said Town, either native or stranger, and every of them, — shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time hereafter. D. SINNOTT.'

'*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

'[BEFORE WEXFORD,] 11th October, 1649.

'SIR, — I have had the patience to peruse your Propositions; to which I might have returned an Answer with some disdain. But, to be short, —

'I shall give the Soldiers and Non-commissioned Officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing-clothes; — they engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to take up arms no more against the Parliament of England. And the Commissioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to render themselves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

'I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, [and] shall, in one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of the quality of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility. Your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

[1] The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this, which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Fac-simile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

"Which [Answer] indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army,—the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than two thousand; and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two [instances] of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbor. The other [instance] was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

"The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[1] had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of

[1] The Townsfolk.

the Garrison, they had been more moderate.[1] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbor.

"This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here; — where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favor be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward; — and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick.

"Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, — and that is the gift of God also. I humbly take leave, and rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanne-

[1] Not forced us to storm them.

boyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse [and] 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him."[1]

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[2] — must go some-whither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[3] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter: —

"In October and November this year there ran and were spread frequent rumors that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like ane impetuous torrent: how that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford," Tredah and Wexford; "and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On these rumors Will Douglas," no great shakes at metre, "did write these lines: —

> 'Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain:
> No wonder! For he 's messenger of Hell: —
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What 's past; and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes.'"[4]

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[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 65–67); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168–185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 473.

[2] Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 316, &c.

[3] 11th October, 1649, Balfour's *Historical Works* (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

[4] Balfour's *Historical Works*, iii. 432.

LETTERS CVIII.-CXII.

ROSS.

UNDER date 5th November, 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: "Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed not long there; but hasted farther unto Ross. Which is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable burden. Upon Wednesday, the 17th of this instant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieutenant, the same day, sent in this following Summons:—

LETTER CVIII.

'*For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross: These.*

'[BEFORE ROSS,] 17th October, 1649.

'SIR,—Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavored to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

'To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

'Your servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

"The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the gates;

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 67).

and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday, the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons.

'*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.*

'Ross, 19th October, 1649.

'Sir, — I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honorable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by, — Sir,

'Your servant,

'Lucas Taaff.'

"Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer [which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter]:—

LETTER CIX.

'*For the Governor of Ross: These.*

'[BEFORE ROSS,] 19th October, 1649.

'SIR, — If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colors, and shall deliver up the Town to me, — I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

'If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest,

'Your servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

"Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, sent out this his Reply: —

'*For General Cromwell: These.*

'Ross, 19th October, 1649.

'SIR, — There wants but little of what I would propose; — which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honor as a safe-conduct, an Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by, — Sir,

'Your servant,

'LUCAS TAAFF.'

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

"Hereunto my Lord gave this return [our Hundred-and-tenth Letter]:—

LETTER CX.

'*For the Governor of Ross: These.*

'[Before Ross,] 19th October, 1649.

'Sir, — To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or [that] hath not come to you since you had the command of that place, — I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'[As] for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months' time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

'If you accept of this offer, I engage my honor for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

'Your servant,

'Oliver Cromwell.'[1]

"The Governor returned this Answer:—

'*For General Cromwell: These.*

'19th October, 1649.

'Sir, — I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

In the interval, — To cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains, — Sir,

'Your servant,

'LUCAS TAAFF.'

"Hereunto my Lord replied thus: —

LETTER CXI.

'For the Governor of Ross: These.

'19th OCTOBER, 1649.

'SIR, — You have my hand and honor engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

'Your servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

"This," says the old Newspaper, "was the last message between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped," — which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 69).

English were in the Garrison, some five or six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, "join us." Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER CXII.

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall:—

[*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"Ross, 25th October, 1649.

"SIR, — Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

"We came before it upon Wednesday, the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons: Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more; Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

"That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you [with];[1] the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides.

[1] We have just read them.

Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me. When they marched away, at least five hundred English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

"Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy[1] from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

"The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and [that] the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favors. This is the earnest desire of

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance."[2]

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service "last summer;" and now he is dead of "the Country-

[1] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

[2] Newspapers (in *Parl. History*, xix. 224–226).

disease," — a pestilence raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that "no lambs or calves should be killed for one year," the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; "and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their necessities."[1] Such a War is worth ending at some cost! — In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. "Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been."[2]

LETTERS CXIII.-CXVIII.

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the Southwest more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, wide-spread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanor therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII.

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes.

[1] Ludlow, i. 338, 339. [2] Carte, ii. 90.

Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, "Received 12th December, 1649." "Cousin Barton," I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

"For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

"Ross, 13th November, 1649.

"DEAR BROTHER, — I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so; — but I hope she will redeem herself.

"It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession[1] of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it 's His hand alone does them: oh that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

"I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas. what profit is there in the things of this world! — except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

"My service to my dear Sister [and] Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest. Sir, I am,

"Your affectionate brother and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] "access" in orig.

[2] Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.

LETTER CXIV.

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favor of Lieutenant-General Jones;[1] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; "peppery Thomas," is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, "Munster Business," and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

[*For the Hon. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State: These.*]

"Ross, 14th November, 1649.

"SIR, — I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones five hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

"Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for two hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that come from Inchiquin.[2] I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane, — who I believe, [at least] one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbor making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven, — [I have made them] and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

"This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths! I rest,

"Sir, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

[1] Antea, p. 443.

[2] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.

[3] Tanner MSS. (in Cary ii. 188).

LETTER CXV.

THE "General Blake" of this Letter, "Colonel Blake" of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, co-operating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, "pinchbeck" in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurly-burly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"Ross, 14th November, 1649.

"SIR,—About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavor to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[1] I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbor. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that

[1] See Carte, ii. 91.

it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

"In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr [1] to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near five hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and £1,500 in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the ship, assuring them it would be more for their honor and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received, — I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words, — *'with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.'*

"Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavors of the noble person [2] afore mentioned, and the

[1] He of the King's Death-Warrant.

[2] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, "in the dusk of the evening," is in Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books; — copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave two hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in, — I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them; — as also that there are hopes of other places.

"From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables, — who, I hear, hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

"We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and [have] hardly yet accomplished [it] as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are six thousand foot, and about four thousand horse, beside their own Army [in this quarter]; and they give out they will have a day for it: — which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

"Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your Ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: There came in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of 10 guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war, whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men; so that after

ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being two hundred and thirty.— I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

"Another [mercy] was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin, — hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.[1] We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rear-guard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: [and] overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were fifteen hundred of

[1] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a "ranter;" but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates. — Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder; — and [they] faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing up again; bringing up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did, — took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colors and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

"The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny, — and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

"Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire

recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more were in our hands.[1] It is not well not to follow providences.[2] Your recruits, and the forces desired, will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt [but], by [illegible] assessments here, to have your charge in so[illegible] measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without [illegible] lect or discouragement, — which sickness, in this [illegible] agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and [which] this Winter's-action. I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one Officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.[3]

"Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, [illegible]thes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same bl[illegible]ed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profita[illegible] part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

"I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with [illegible] letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[4]

"Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[5]

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

[2] Reckonings of Providence. [3] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

[4] Paragraph omitted.

[5] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 69–71); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii.

LETTER CXVI.

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris*, 1649: "A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;" — Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next [illegible] are to be, as they best may, the voice of [illegible]kfulness for "these great mercies." Here is [illegible] extant for posterity, — with or without the thanks.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday, November 24th,[1] and before December had yet begun; — probably enough, Sunday, November 25th.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"[BEFORE WATERFORD, — Nov. 1649.]

"MR. SPEAKER, — The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, laboring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength, — it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly, upon Thursday, the 15th instant, was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[2] (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the

[1] See postea, p. 497; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.

[2] Ireton and Jones.

command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

"Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.[1] But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River, — our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army marched away to Kilkenny, — seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but [which it] was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto; — nor indeed [was it in our power] to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[2] carried with them.

"Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross, — to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if, by the blessing of God, it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties, — whilst they were amused with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers [were] taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any

[1] A ford over the River.

[2] "they" and "them" mean *we* and *us:* the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

"The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done upon Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

"Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River; — leaving Colonel Reynolds with about one hundred and fifty foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store; — we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday, the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday, the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers with stones [1] did so pelt them, they [were forced to draw off; after] continuing near four hours under the walls; [after] having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise [having] digged under the walls,

[1] Having only "a very little ammunition" and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, &c.).

and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, [this] hath lost him above a thousand men. — The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honor.[1]

"Upon our coming before Waterford,[2] I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavor the reducing of the Passage Fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter, — and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

"It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the Town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,[3] who was their Governor; or else he de-

[1] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[2] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 15.

[3] "Young Jephson," I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away; — not without reason, as is here seen.

serting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there: — out of which Fort four hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

"Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it; yet they know not what to do.

"I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust, — that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; [and] that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government, — which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours, — yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account [for] innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord, — and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and

the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

An Able-Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favored with the sight of a Letter to "an Honorable Member of the Council of State;" Letter dated "Cork, 18th December, 1649;" wherein this is what we still read: "Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the headquarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his Excellency. Who hath received here very hearty and noble entertainment. To-morrow the Major-General" Ireton "is expected here: — both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork Harbor."[2]

Dated on the morrow is this Letter: —

LETTER CXVII.

"For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

"CORK, 19th December, 1649.

"MR. SPEAKER, — Not long after my last to you from before Waterford, — by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather,

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 71–73). [2] Ibid. p 73

we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give farther opportunity for action.

"We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning, — unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near two thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil — I having sent before to him to march up to me — sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about twelve or thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

"In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,[1] — whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions, — fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honor, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labors. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company: — yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.[2]

"But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup; — of which I shall now give you an account. Being

[1] Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.

[2] Yes, my brave one; even so!

informed that the Enemy intended to take in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters[1] was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service, — I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about three hundred and twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about five hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an hundred upon the place; took three hundred and fifty prisoners, — amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of five hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

"This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster, — which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labor, — That that very day, and that

[1] Ulster-men.

very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

"Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavored by

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or "place of prospect" in Waterford; and found the "Mayor," whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[2]

"The renegado Wogan:" Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; "bringing a gallant troop along with him." His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[3] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: "that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of two hundred horse," to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[4] — What "kurisees" are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men, — whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[5] With certain of these "*your* justice" need not be troubled.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 73, 74).

[2] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.

[3] Appendix, No. 16.

[4] Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's *Chronicle*, &c.

[5] Carte, ii. 103.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday, 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[1] Speaker is ordered to write him a Letter to that effect.

"The ground of this resolution," says Whitlocke, "was That the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly." Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity, are proving effectual! "And," continues Whitlocke, "the proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament: and some of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from England, — had found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than they," those Members, "wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn into winter-quarters."[2]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided "to settle Ireland in a safe posture" first. Indeed, the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumor of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[3]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[4]

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 343, 344. [2] Whitlocke, p. 422.

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77).

[4] Appendix, No. 17: Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

LETTER CXVIII.

LORD WHARTON, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in "reasonings," in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do — ? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have "satisfaction" on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

"*For the Right Honorable the Lord Wharton: These.*

"CORK, 1st Jan. 1649.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, MY LORD, — If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

"It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute over your doubts, or undertake to answer your objections. I have heard them all; and *I* have rest from the trouble of them, and [of] what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament: 'The good kept

out, the worst left in,'[1] &c.: — it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought? The greatest works *last*; and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.

"Be not offended at the manner [of God's working]; perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted *their* zeal, [even] as He did that of Phinehas,[2] whom *reason* might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this [zeal] also, — not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart [of good men] too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work, — Oh, it's grievous to do so! — through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings — ?

"'There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness,' — this is an objection indeed, — 'in the other satisfaction.' — 'Satisfaction:' it's well if we thought of that first, and [as] severed from the other considerations,[3] which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or 'dissatisfaction:' Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery[4] — (I thought not to have written near [so far as] the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked [to it by you]) — in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to *reason* ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so

[1] Original has "most bad remaining:" "these nine years" means, ever since the Parliament first met.

[2] "And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation," — by reason of those very sins. "And when Phinehas the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, through the belly. So the *plague* was stayed from the Children of Israel." (*Numbers*, xxv. 6–8.)

[3] *of* "safety," profit, &c. [4] Turns the leaf, we perceive.

honorable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages! —

"You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[1] Yet we are not triumphing; — we may, for aught flesh knoweth, *suffer* after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!

"My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation [to you, in this matter,] than she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for your most true and affectionate

"Servant in the Lord,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P.S.] I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation; — indeed, I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little. Perhaps it would be no hurt to him."[2]

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond,

[1] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine. — *Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, "rec: 30th January, 1649, from my Lord, Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland," is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered "among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk."

young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown; — of them and their abstruse "reasonings," and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full "satisfaction," and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give "satisfaction," to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

DECLARATION OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE.

THE "Supreme Council of Kilkenny," still more the Occult "Irish Hierarchy" which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once: — of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valor, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as — as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far. —

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union

instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought about a "Conventicle," or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, "Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise;" some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, "on some bare gravelly hills," among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death, — for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once: — a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, "which met on the 4th of December, 1649," for the purpose above said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December, 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet, — warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf, — and "for somewhat less than three weeks" hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after two hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a "Union;" worthless "superficial Union," as Carte [1] calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher in this worthless "Union," the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps! —

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, "printed at Kilkenny and reprinted

[1] *Life of* Ormond, ii. 105–110.

at London in January, 1649;"[1] but is by no means worth inserting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humors at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their "superficial Union;" and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray, — till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

"The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, That whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all reconcile themselves into a real 'Union;' real Union now, by these presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue: — signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the rest. This is the *first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in every Church for certain Sundays; and do what good it can. — Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short set of 'Acts,' special Orders to Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do by way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to the Cause. Among which Orders we recognize one for masses, universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we hope); and, with still more satisfaction, another for decisively putting down, or at least in every way discountenancing, those bands called 'Idle-Boys' (ancestors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who much infest the country at present.

"Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds up with an earnest admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, or 'moderate usage,' exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch as it is the known intention of the English Parliament to exterminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by banishment 'to the Tobacco Islands' and hot West-India localities, whither many have already been sent. Known intention;

[1] King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5: the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen "31st January," 1649–50.

as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the English Parliament, have passed an 'Act of Subscription,' *already* disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: and then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the Catholic Religion, — which latter fact, not to speak of their old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his Letter to the Governor of Ross;[1] which are quoted. To extirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this but by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen high and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their guard, and adhere to the superficial Union; slaughter, or else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they have to expect." — It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto, with its "inferences" of general extermination, is that "show of moderate usage at present;" and the total absence of those "many Inhabitants" butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the "Two Hundred Women in the Market-place of Wexford," who in modern times have even grown "Two Hundred beautiful Women" (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on

[1] See vol. xvii. p. 482.

the subject of "massacring," will strike the modern reader; and the "Two Hundred Women," and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Market-place henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish; — and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen; — and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those "ghosts" still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[1] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength; — till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valor in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No: — and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognize, in this thunder-clad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and accept the stern true message *he* brings —! Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

[1] Affidavits, taken in 1641–4: in Sir John Temple's *History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85–123; *May's History of the Long Parliament*; and the contemporary Books passim.

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

"HAVING lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid, — I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

"And first to the first; — which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, [and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to] they come to state [the reasons of] their War, [grounding it] upon 'the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation,' and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

"The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them; — although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears. — But first for their 'Union' they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their 'differences' to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said 'union.'[1] And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent [and reconciliation] into their own; without consulting *them* at all.

"The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, 'the

[1] "it" in orig.

Clergy and Laity.' The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the 'Prelates and Laity.' — I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as 'Clergy and Laity' is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive Times, as they best knew what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled 'Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith:' [and] although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances, — of a far different use and character from yours, — yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, 'Laity and Clergy.' It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the People believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their 'Laity,' — keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, 'This people, that know not the Law, are cursed.'

"And no wonder, — to speak more nearly to your 'differences' and 'union,' — if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor 'Laity' forced to dance to a new tune.

"I say not this as being troubled at your 'union.' By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your Covenant [if you understood it] is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: 'Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, and it

shall come to naught!'—For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union is 'against a common enemy:' and to this, if you will be talking of 'union,' I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

"Who is it that created this 'common enemy' (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. [That was the original "union."] Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws,—saving what was necessary for the State, out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* 'union'! You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of 'peace-making' and 'union against this common enemy.' What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you?

"I am confident He will not! And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. *And it is not* the fig-leaf of pretence 'that they fight for

their King,' will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious [guiltiness of] blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their 'union' and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: [and] that except what fear makes you comply with, — viz. that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work of War, — you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested! — And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely 'united,' which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

"Your words are these: 'That all and every of us the above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire body, for the interests and immunities of the Church, and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; and for the honor, dignity, estate, right and possessions of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, forward by our counse'ls, actions and devices, the advancement of his Majesty's Rights, and the good of this Nation, in general and in particular occasions, to our power. And that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as aforesaid, &c.'

"And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel: — to wit, As so standing for the rights of your 'Church' falsely so called, and for the rights of your 'Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates,' as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor: — this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the 'Lay-fee' as you call it,

or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

"For the first, if it were 'St. Peter's Patrimony,' as you term it, — that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their death-beds; or otherwise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. [Not St Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!] And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause, — yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case, he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, 'the laborer was worthy of his hire,' chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors! — The same answer may be given to that of your 'Power and Jurisdiction;' and to that pre-eminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: 'So it shall not be amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!' For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

"And [now] surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavored by so unsuitable means! He that bids us 'contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints,' tells us that we should do it by 'avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;' and by 'building up *ourselves* in the most holy Faith,' not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying '*in* the Holy Ghost;' not mumbling over Matins. Keeping

'ourselves in the love of God;' not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. 'Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;' not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from 'using the instrument of a foolish shepherd'! You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be 'laid in blood;' yea 'in the blood of the Saints.' You have shed great store of that already:—and ere it be long, you must all of you have 'blood to drink;' 'even the dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you!'[1]—

"In the next place, you state the 'interest of his Majesty,' as you say [for a ground of this War]. And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what 'Majesty' is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been harping—or else we are misinformed—upon his Majesty of *Spain* to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another 'Majesty.' His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your Quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let this be considered: what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin [says]; who, writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it, and says it was, 'nothing so good as that [which] the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George Digby had warrant to agree

[1] Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

[to], with the Pope himself at Rome, in favor of the Irish Catholics.'[1] — I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them. [To them I intend it,] seeing there is so much probability of ill in this abstracted; — and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting [along] with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

"In the last place, you are pleased, — having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and 'his Majesty,' as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*, — you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor 'Laity'! That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages! — But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power [is a thing] men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off *both;* and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[2] This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded; — and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish 'the People' wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

"But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book

[1] See, vol. xvii. p. 243. [2] Paris City A.D. 1789–1795.

Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them [the People] know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire, — and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you;* and if I *cannot* gain them [I say] — I shall have comfort in this, That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

"And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

"You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make to consist: First, 'in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion; Secondly, 'in the destruction of their Lives;' Thirdly, 'in the ruin of their Fortunes.' — To avoid all which evils you forewarn them: *First*, That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the *next* place, — having stated [the ground of] your War, as aforesaid, — you give them your positive advice and counsel To engage in blood: And [then] *lastly* [you] bestow upon them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders, — which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation [that lay on you] to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, 'over your Flocks.'

"To which last a word or two.[1] I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they *be* 'Flocks,' and you ambitious of the relative term? [Yes,] you are *Pastors:* but it is by an antiphrasis, — *a minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procura-*

[1] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with "this last;" flies at it first.

tores, — [teach them,] as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts! — But how dare you assume to call these men your 'Flocks,' whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them 'implicit belief:' — he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, 'That indeed they did not trouble themselves about matters of Religion, but left that to the Church.' Thus are your 'Flocks' fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of 'losing their Religion.' Alas, poor creatures, what have they to 'lose'?

"Concerning this, [of losing their Religion,] is your grand caveat [however]. And to back this, you tell them of 'Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's Dominions.' And you instance in 'Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October, 1649, to the then Governor of Ross,'[1] repeating his words, which are as follows, viz. 'For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power; *that* will not be allowed of.' And this you call a 'tyrannical Resolution;' which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

"Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty

[1] See vol. xvii. p. 482.

herein. Your word 'extirpate' is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word 'Catholic,' ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word 'extirpate' means [ruin of] a thing already *rooted* and established: which word [is] made good by the proof of 'Covenants,' by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the 'Catholic Religion,' and *there* you show some ingenuity),[1] and [by] your instance of what was practised in the three Towns afore mentioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the 'extirpation' of the Catholic Religion?

"By what Law was the Mass [ever *rooted*, or] exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you were open violators of the known Laws! And yet you call the 'Covenant,' and that [refusal] in the Letter, and these practices [at Wexford, Ross and Tredah], 'extirpation' of the Catholic Religion, — [which had] thus again [been] set on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and shaking off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not own the saying of one Mass, [for] above these eighty years in Ireland. And [only] through the troubles you made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof, — your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the [numbers of the] *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country; — [only by all this] did you recover again the public exercise of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your 'Flocks,' That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they [the People] may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters, — for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

[1] Means "ingenuousness," as usual.

"And now for them [the People of Ireland], I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have [flattered] nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

"First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass, where I can take notice of it. [No,] nor [in any way] suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws, — to use your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[1] — upon you; and [shall try] to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.[2] As for the People, what thoughts they have in matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavor to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

"To the *second* [danger threatened]; which is 'the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation:' — to make it good that this is designed, they[3] give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say, — which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help them. They speak indeed of 'rooting out the Common People;' and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the 'massacring, destroying or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants.' Which

[1] A phrase in their Pamphlet.

[2] No cozening here!

[3] Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the *Priests*, and put them into the third person.

how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

"Alas, the generality of 'the Inhabitants' are poor 'Laity' as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the 'Catholic religion.'[1] Are they, then, so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your 'Catholic Religion' fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common People [useful] as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion [and your right to practise it], enough has been spoken in another place; — only you love to mix things for your advantage.

"But [now] to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants. — To try this no-concluding argument, — [nothing-concluding] but yet well enough agreeing with your learning, — I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your Religion be true or false, this will not follow: —

"If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatize, as too many have [evidently] *done*, — (through the seducements of your Roman Church [say *we*]), — then it will not follow that men must be 'massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed,' necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country![2] Only, this argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that

[1] Unimportant they, to the vigor or decline of it.

[2] A subtle "dilemma," and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. "Call your Religion true, men *have* changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say they need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much Logic to spare!"—

you have made in the world. [But I say,] if it be change of your Catholic Religion so called, it will not follow: because there may be found out another means than 'massacring, destruction and banishment;' to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the People of! [That means may be found;] together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion; — which we desire to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

"And therefore, by this also [which you talk of massacring], your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well; your words are, 'massacre, destroy and banish.' — Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavored to be done.*[1] As for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

"The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. [Now *First:*] I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And [*Secondly*], as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken [under], have been put to death: — as [might] those who are instanced in your Declaration to be 'sent to the Tobacco Islands.' And therefore I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

[1] "Concerning the two first of which," in orig. The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

"*Thirdly*, as to that of 'the ruin of their Fortune.' You instance the Act of Subscription,[1] 'whereby the estates of the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there remaineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in possession;' and that for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the Interest far, [so as] to engage the Common sort of People with you, you farther say to them, That 'the moderate usage [hitherto] exercised to them is to no other end but to our private advantage, and for the better support of our Army;' [we] intending at the close of our 'conquest,' as you term it, 'to root out the Common People also, and to plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of England.' This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

"And first, to the Act of Subscription. It 's true there is such an Act; — and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody War to justify the same; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you, — was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion? Was it not fit to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument is this, — and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for farther it goes not: 'You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give off now; — or [else],

[1] At the first breaking out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would "subscribe" money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels, — so soon as they were got. This is the "Act of Subscription" spoken of here. His Majesty said: "How will that answer? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear." A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; "above a Quarter of a Million" raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off!' — And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

"But what? Was the English Army brought over for *this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at Five or Six Millions' charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed toward them. — No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be![1] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavor to bring to an account — by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength — all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty[2] in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it; — wherein the People of Ireland

[1] Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

[2] "Liberty," here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. "Liberty," with this Lord Lieutenant, means "rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just." Which it is very noble indeed to settle, "and hold forth and maintain" against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things, — which is a much preferable "ground" to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

(if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use [their] liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

"And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them;* that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England; — where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration; — except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby. — And as for such Private Soldiers as lay down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do. — And [in general], for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

"For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

"And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it, — if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

[OLIVER CROMWELL.][1]

[Given at YOUGHAL, — January, 1649.]"

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[2] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration; — one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

LETTERS CXIX.-CXXI.

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumor of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labors known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusu-

[1] *Declaration*, &c. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not "exercise utmost severity against them," but "act severity against them," which probably is the true reading.

[2] Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp 100 et seq.

fully good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wild howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX.

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the "Castle and Village of Enniscorthy," "which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop;" a Garrison was settled there; and this in some three months' time is what becomes of it.

9th January, 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, "That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-water, of which they drank too much; and then the Irish fell upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword." Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order "that the Irish," Papist or suspected Irish, "should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament," [1] — sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"CASTLETOWN, 15th February, 1649.

"MR. SPEAKER, — Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,[2] and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421. [2] Youghal had been the head-quarters.

"Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[1] over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

"I began my march upon Tuesday the nine-and-twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the one-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[2] who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side; — especially by [help of] another Castle, called Old Castletown [which], since my march, [was] taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavor; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick; — I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about

[1] "Muyallo" he writes, and "Mayallo."

[2] "Cloghern" in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. "Roghill" I find nowhere now extant.

ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down, — he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

"I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses, — we got into them, and had opportunity to send [the Garrison] a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners, — I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honorable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above two hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor anything else to force them. That night, there being about seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

"From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his

forlorn; [he] took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners; — and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred and twenty men in them, — which [latter] he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service: — I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

"We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard[1] and Cashel: where we are now quartered, — having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this [also], That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather. —

"I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted; — killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of

[1] Letter, "Fethard, 9th February," to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, *for reinforcements*: Appendix, No. 18.

it, — being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and [then] over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to £1,500 a month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

"Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented, — indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[1] our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the laborer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies: — that of money is one. And there be some other things, — which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State, — wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

"Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success: — only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking,

[1] to have done with.

confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Commons Journals, 25th February, 1649–50: "A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15° *Februarii*, 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park."

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal "Lodging" in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of Cock-fighting: — stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX.

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which were already lost, — torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste-paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals*, 25th *February*, 1649–50.

mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; — will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[1] It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there; — contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

"*For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These.*

"[BEFORE CAHIR,] 24th Feb. 1649.

"SIR, — Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place, — according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honorable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colors; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

"To avoid blood, this is offered to you by

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

[1] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years, — though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] *History of the Irish Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with "Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary," specified as Author. The Museum Copy "wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other;" and has "insignificant verbal variations" from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[2] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

LETTER CXXI.

[*For the Honorable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*]

"CASHEL, 5th March, 1649.

"[SIR,] —. . . It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks' siege with his army and artillery.[1] It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

"We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men, — Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time I hope they will sink. . . .

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the "eight weeks" are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock "the left bank of the main stream of the River," is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals* (vi. 381), 12th March, 1649–50.

LETTERS CXXII.–CXXXII.

HENRY CROMWELL, "Colonel Henry," and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and "our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny." Kilkenny once taken, "it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer." On Friday, 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befell there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening: —

LETTER CXXII.

"*To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These.*

"[BEFORE KILKENNY,] 22d March, 1649.

"GENTLEMEN, — My coming hither is to endeavor, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England; — from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavored to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[1] what may the Principals then expect? —

[1] Connor Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654–754, 7th Feb. 1644–5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

"By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms [such as] may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is, — I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavors.

"Expecting a return from you, I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation, — into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, "Sir Walter Butler," Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all: —

"*For General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 23 Martii, 1649.

"SIR, — Your Letter I have received; and in answer thereof: — I am commanded to maintain this City for his Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do. — Sir,

"Your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to "take the best view we can where to plant our batteries;" — send, in the mean while, another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms, — Letter now lost, — which probably occupies the Gov-

[1] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

ernor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 25 Martii, 1649 [*should be* 1650].

"SIR, — Your last Letter I received, and in answer: — I have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such dishonorable conditions. So I rest, Sir,

"Your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Whereupon, "on Monday, the 25th, our batteries," unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer: —

LETTER CXXIII.

"*For the Governor of Kilkenny.*

"[BEFORE KILKENNY,] 25th March, 1650.

"SIR, — If you had been as clear as I was in my last,[1] I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own. I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, "for some reasons," chiefly for this, — that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that, in fact, we have a thought of storming

[1] Second Letter, now lost.

[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

you. — Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high: —

"*For General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 25 Martii, 1650.

"SIR, — Yours of this instant I received; the particulars which you would have me express are these: —

"That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabitants and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here residing, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what place soever they please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely convoyed: And that the said Inhabitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: And that the foresaid Inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own defence, the Town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And that the Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the City, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence," whither they list, "with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with their drums beating, colors flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouch [musketeer's "bouch," *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use]; and that they have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. Without which, I am resolved to *maintain* this place, with God's help.

"Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest, Sir,

"Your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone;—accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport:—

"*For General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 25 Martii, 1650.

"SIR,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to maintain this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest,

"Your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Meanwhile, having spent "about a hundred shot" upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday, the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, "Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men" is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV.

"*For the Governor of Kilkenny.*

"[BEFORE KILKENNY,] 26th March, 1650.

"SIR,—Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you,—I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long,

you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

"I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propositions. You desire some articles for honor's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny: — viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention [muskets loaded, matches burning, &c.]. I tell you, my business is to reduce you *from* arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it; — wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

"For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[1] to be better than theirs; and therefore it 's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

"As for your 'Clergymen' as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. — If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning *them*, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

LETTER CXXV.

"*To the Mayor of Kilkenny.*

"[BEFORE KILKENNY,] 26th March, 1650.

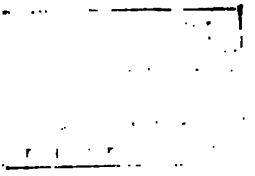
"SIR, — Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and con-

[1] means of surety and withdrawal.

[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.

TRAITOR'S GATE, TOWER OF LONDON.

Carlyle, Vol. Seven, p. 568.



cernments, — yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest,

"Your friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

On signal given, the storming party of the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad, — finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of "Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men." Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there, — *more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor: —

"*For the Right Honorable General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 26th March, 1650.

"RIGHT HONORABLE, — I received your Honor's Letter in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honor in pursuance of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honor, for obtaining of the said conditions, — which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted; the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your Honor to grant a Cessation of arms, and that Hostages on both sides be sent, and Commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest,

"Your Honor's servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, *Mayor of Kilkenny.*"

To which we answer: —

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 14.

LETTER CXXVI.

"For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

"[Before Kilkenny,] 26th March, 1650.

"Sir, — Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

"I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants; — otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, — yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

"Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters, — though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; [nevertheless,] to save it from plunder and pillage, I [have] promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force, — unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and [his] Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty: — to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

"If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest,

"Your friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:—

"*For General Cromwell.*

"KILKENNY, 26 Martii, 1650.

"SIR,—In answer of your Letter:—If you be pleased to appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle and City upon soldier-like conditions, I will appoint Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison;—provided that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a Cessation of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest, Sir,

"Your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my Trumpeter I employed two days ago."

LETTER CXXVII.

"*To the Governor of Kilkenny.*

"[BEFORE KILKENNY], 26th March, 1650.

"SIR,—That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorized to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorized as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall

[1] *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

send in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 of the clock this evening, and end by 12; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; "your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine:*" — Commissioners are "Major John Crawford, Captain David Turnbull, James Cowley, Esq. Recorder of this City, and Edward Rothe Merchant;" these will meet yours, where specified, at six to-morrow morning, — "so as Hostages be sent for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen will not go."

LETTER CXXVIII

"To the Governor of Kilkenny.

"[BEFORE KILKENNY,] 27th March, 1650.

"SIR, — The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

"I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humor them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto [it], to hinder my own proceedings.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ("Ja. Welsh"), come

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16. [2] Ibid.

the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of £2,000 at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining "hostages till it be paid:" Soldiers to march out, "bullet in bouch," with all the honors of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honors wholly down, and, "except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories," go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they;—and the siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

LETTER CXXIX.

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, "concerning Cork House;" more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The "Commissioners at Dublin" are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[1] for various administrative objects,—chiefly, just now, for "Advancement of the Gospel" by "Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands," to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. "Cork House" is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now; the "Dean at Dublin" has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

[*To the Commissioners at Dublin: These.*]

"[CARRICK-ON-SUIR], 1st April, 1650.

"GENTLEMEN,—Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my

[1] 8th March, 1649-50 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 379): "Colonel John Hewson, Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, William Lawrence, [illegible] of them, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant [illegible]

Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is [1] my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other: —

"Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear farther from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings [so as] to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [2]

"My Lady of Cork," the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present: — will find her business drag, nevertheless.[3]

LETTER CXXX.

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others; — points also towards return to England.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*

"CARRICK, 2d April, 1650.

"MR. SPEAKER, — I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating up their quarters, two Colonels, a

[1] "being" in orig.

[2] Old Copy, "The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House;" now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

[3] *Commons Journals*, vi. 434; Lodge's *Peerage* (Archdall's), i. 179.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

"Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieut.-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,[2] and had taken it, — we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons and about five hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavored to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

"Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Graigue; they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster[3] and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colors

[1] The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 20; and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)

[2] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113.

[3] Ireton (*Commons Journals*, 4th December, 1649).

and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

"We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[1] and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met [him], — near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[2] and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned.[3] In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

[1] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it "Granno."

[2] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

[3] In Appendix, No. 20, is some farther notice of this one.

"After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday, the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday, the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer [was] ordered, with about one thousand foot, to endeavor to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming; — which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed: and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

"Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution; — but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: [but] the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which [accordingly] we received upon Thursday, the 28th of March. — We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being

also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

"Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[1]—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof [likewise] I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which [had] revolted from Colonel Jones.[2] The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced [would] exceedingly tend to the blocking up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms. —We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

[1] "Cantwell," still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: "Donkill" seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

[2] The late Michael Jones.

"Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, a
again, That our hardships are not a few; tha
my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we
able to carry on your work: — I would not say
if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But
plied, and that speedily, I hope, through the g
the Lord, it will not be long before England
end of this charge; — for the saving of which, I
help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have
month's pay of five. We strain what we can
may be paid, or else they would starve. Those
are to be reduced, especially one or two of them,
proceed by the rules of other states, would cc
money than this Army hath had since we ca
hope, through the blessing of God, they will c
to you: but how we should be able to proceed in
without reasonable supply, is humbly submitte
sented to you. I think I need not say, that a
put to this work will break the expectation
enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting t
humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to

"In the last place, it cannot be thought but
these places, and keeping but what is necessa
must needs swallow up our Foot: and I may h
it again, That I do not know of much above
of your five thousand recruits come to us. — I
you this account concerning your affairs, I am n
give you an account concerning myself, which I
all clearness and honesty.

"I have received divers private intimations of
to have me come in person to wait upon you
as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to
But considering the way they came to me w
private intimations, and the Votes did refer t
be signed by the Speaker, — I thought it wou
too much forwardness in me to have left my
until the said Letter came; it being not

prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

"The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action, — with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein [I knew not what to do]. And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,[1] which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

"I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

[1] Antea, p. 30.

[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 78–81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Par-

LETTER CXXXI.

HERE of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

"For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

"CARRICK, 2d April, 1650.

"DEAR BROTHER, — For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

"Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands; — which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

"The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy, — it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

"I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my

liament; messenger, "Richard Lehunt" (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, vol. xvii. p. 320), gets £50. (*Commons Journals*, vi. 397, 13th April, 1650.)

Daughter.[1] The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savor: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

"Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins, — and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest,

"Your most loving brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

LETTER CXXXII.

"For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

"CARRICK, 2d April, 1650.

"DICK CROMWELL, — I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

"I am persuaded it 's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually: — let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labor to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; [no,] but inward; transforming the mind to it. It 's uniting to, and *participating of*, the Divine Nature (*Second Peter*, i. 4): 'That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corrup-

[1] In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November, 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

[2] Harris, p. 512.

tion that is in the world through lust.' It 's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (*Philippians*, iii. 8–10): 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, — not having mine own righteousness which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by Faith; — that I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable unto His Death.'[1] How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

"Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it 's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story. — Intend[2] to understand the Estate I have settled: it 's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my Brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

"You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it; — or else it will be done ill-favoredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles [that of] Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your Wife, what [love] doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein, — who 'gave Himself' for it and to it! — Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

"I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann &c. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my

[1] These sentences — well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men — are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

[2] Old word for "endeavor."

present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls; — it 's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous. — Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest,

"Your loving Father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

In the end of this month, "the President Frigate," President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven "to attend his Excellency's pleasure," and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where "Two thousand foot, all Ulster men," are gathered for a last struggle; — the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May, 1650; "a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:" —

"Worthy Sir, — Yesterday," Thursday, 9th May, "we stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their works; — where, after an hot fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the Enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to their breach; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted

[1] *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, "in possession of the Cromwell Family." — Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aerial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not *common elsewhere*.

four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, "and many on both sides were slain. At night the Enemy drew out on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, very early this morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200, — besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning; and have kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England."[1] Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, "That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland; and that there was never seen so hot a storm, of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland."[2]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go else-whither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some "Five-and-forty Thousand" *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible; — steps on board the President

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 81). [2] Whitlocke, p. 441.

Frigate, in the last days of May and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very hand some spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honors and acclamations, "the great guns firing thrice;" hastens up to London, where, on Friday, 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these, — it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting; — Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!" — "Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"[1] —

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell;" this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[2] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to "exterminate" all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the

[1] Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

[2] 26th November, 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (*Memoirs*, i. 322, 332, &c.).

moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[1] Strange rumors no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred and fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[2] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of "extermination;" which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, "all husbandmen, ploughmen, laborers, artificers and others of the meaner sort" of the Irish nation are to be, — not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the Rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon: — "extermination," actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then

[1] *Continuation of Clarendon's Life* (Oxford, 1761), p. 119 &c.

[2] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August, 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June, 1656).

certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest, — in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one third of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all "ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort," they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of "extermination," was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed "kurisees" are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up gradually into a sober diligent drab-colored population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ire-

land, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching dai its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and other "Protestant Churches of Ireland," and unbles imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is gettin would of a surety never have found footing there! Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arra was torn up by the roots; and Ireland was appointe velop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-colored way; — in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This "Cromwell," so called, is the only Gospel of that kind discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

SUPPLEMENT TO PART V.

SQUIRE PAPERS.

THE following Article in *Fraser's Magazine* had not the effect intended for it, — of securing in printer's types a certain poor defaced scantling of Cromwell Letters, which had fallen to my charge under circumstances already sorrowful enough; and then of being, after some slight peaceable satisfaction to such as took interest in it, forgotten by the public; I also being left to forget it, and be free of it. On the contrary, the peaceable satisfaction to persons interested was but temporary; and the public, instead of neglecting and forgetting, took to unquiet guessing, as if there lay some deeper mystery in the thing, perhaps foul-play in it: private guessing, which in a week or two broke out into the Newspapers, in the shape of scepticism, of learned doubt too acute to be imposed upon, grounding itself on antiquarian philologies (internal evidence of anachronisms), "cravat," "stand no nonsense," and I know not what. The unwonted circumstances of the case, and the unsatisfactory though unavoidable reticences in detailing it, threw a certain enigmatic *chiaro-scuro* over the transaction, which, as it were, challenged the idle mind. Since the public had not neglected and forgotten, the public could do no other than guess. The idle public, obstinately resolute to *see* into millstones, could of course see nothing but opacity and *its* wide realms; got into ever deeper doubt, which is bottomless, "a sphere with infinite radius," and very easily arrived at; could get into no certainty, which is a sphere's *centre*, and difficult to arrive at; continued fencing with spectres, arguing from antiquarian philologies, &c. in the Newspapers; — whereby, echo answering echo, and no transparency in millstones being attainable, the poor public rose rapidly to a height of anxiety on this unexpected matter, and raised a noise round itself, which, considering the importance of the subject, might be called surprising. In regard to all which, what could an unfortunate Editor of Cromwell *Letters* do, except perhaps carefully hold his peace? The ancient house-

keeper, in some innocent first-floor, in the still night-time, throws a potsherd which is in her way into the street of the village: a most small transaction, laudable in its kind; but near by, starts the observant street-dog, who will see farther into it: "Whaf-thaf? Bow-wow!" — and so awakens, in what enormous geometrical progression is well known, all the dogs in the village, perhaps all the dogs in the parish, and gradually, even in the county and in the kingdom, to universal vigilant observant "Bow-wow, Whaf-thaf?" in the hope of seeing farther into it. Under which distressing circumstances, the ancient housekeeper understands that her one course is patience and silence; that the less she says or does, the sooner it will end! — This Squire Controversy did not quite terminate by nature, I think; but rather was suddenly quenched by that outburst of the European revolutions in the end of the February then passing, which led the public intellect into fruitfuler departments.

This is not a state of matters one would wish to reawaken! Scepticism, learned doubt, in regard to these Squire Papers, I understand is still the prevailing sentiment; and also that silence, and the reflection how small an interest, if any whatever, is involved in the matter, are the only means of removing doubt, and of leading us to the *least* miraculous explanation, whatever that may be. To myself, I confess, the phenomenon is, what it has always been, entirely inexplicable, a miracle equal to any in *Bollandus* or *Capgravius*, unless these Squire Letters are substantially genuine: and if their history on that hypothesis is very dim and strange, — on the other hypothesis they refuse, for me at least, to have any conceivable history at all. Antiquarian philologies, &c. such as appeared in the late universal "Whaf-thaf?" or grand "Squire Controversy" never to be revived, had naturally no effect in changing one's opinion, and could have none. I have since had a visit, two visits, from the Gentleman himself; have conversed with him twice, at large, upon the Letters, the burnt Journal, and all manner of adjacent topics: and certainly, whatever other notion I might form of him, the notion that he either would or could have himself produced a Forgery of Cromwell Letters, or been the instrument (for any consideration, much more for none) of another producing it, was flatly inconceivable once for all. Nay to hint at it, I think, would not be altogether safe for Able Editors within wind of this Gentleman! So stands it, as it has always stood, with myself, in regard to this small question.

At the same time, I am well enough aware, the Gentleman's account of proceedings in the business has an amazing look; which only the personal knowledge of him could perhaps render less amazing. Doubt, to strangers, *is very permissible*; nay to all, these Letters, by the very

hypothesis, are involved everywhere in liability to incorrectness; irrecoverably stript of their complete historical authenticity, — and not to be admitted, but to be rigorously excluded, except on that footing, in any History of Cromwell; — and, on the whole, are in the state of an absurd entanglement, connected with a most provoking coil of such. Out of which there is only this good door of egress: That they are intrinsically of no importance in the History of Cromwell; that they alter nothing of his Life's character, add nothing, deduct nothing; can be believed or disbelieved, without, to him or to us, any perceptible result whatever; — and ought, in fine, to be dismissed and sent upon their destinies by all persons who have serious truth to seek for, and no time for idle guesses and riddle-ma-rees of the Scriblerus and Nugatory-Antiquarian sort.

Accordingly I had decided, as to these Squire Papers, which can or could in no case have been incorporated into any documentary Life of Cromwell, not to introduce them at all into this Book, which has far other objects than *they* or their questions of antiquarian philology can much further! But, on the other hand, it was urged by friends who believe, like myself, in the fundamental authenticity of Squire, that hereby would arise a tacit admission of Squire's spuriousness, injustice done by me to Squire and to the antiquarian philologers; that many readers, disbelievers or not, would have a certain wish to see the Squire Papers; — that, in fine, under the head of the semi-romantic or Doubtful Documents of Oliver's History, and at all events as an accidental quite undoubtful Document in the history *of* Oliver's History, they would have a certain value. To all which arguments, not without some slight weight, the Printer now accidentally adds another, That he has room for these Squire Papers, and even need of them to preserve his symmetries; that he can maintain an impassable wall between them and the Book, can insert them at the end of Volume Second and yet not *in* the Volume, with ease and with advantage. Here accordingly these astonishing Squire Papers are: concerning which I have only one hope to express, That the public, thinking of them (in silence, if I might advise) exactly what it finds most thinkable, will please to excuse me from farther function in the matter; my duty in respect of them being now, to the last fraction of it, done; my knowledge of them being wholly communicated; and my care about them remaining, what it always was, close neighbor to nothing. The Reprint is exact from *Fraser's Magazine*, except needful correction of misprints, and insertion of two little Notes, which have hung wafered on the margin this long while, and are *duly* indicated where they occur.

7th May, 1849.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1847: ARTICLE I.

THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

On the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the Second Edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth "inserting in an Appendix," which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English Archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world will be gathered henceforth. — Here, however, is a kind of exception, in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident befall it or me.

The following Letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the Originals are, or were, in the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to engage expressly not to do. "Why not?" all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable; — not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these Thirty-five Letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the Letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twi-

light of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly once more, that these Letters are of indubitable authenticity: farther, that the Originals, all or nearly all in Autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private Gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished; — and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows: —

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown Correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my Unknown Correspondent, — who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, &c., as heretofore represented, — had in his hands a stock of strange old Papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much "eaten into by a vermin" (as my Correspondent phrased it), — some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The Papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one SAMUEL SQUIRE, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "the Stilton Troop," and had served with Oliver "from the first mount" of that indomitable Corps, as Cornet, and then as "Auditor," — of which latter office my Correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specificate the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of Adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some "Journal," or Diary of proceedings, from "the first mount" or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as "Journals," as "Old Papers," "Manuscripts," in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown Papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher, as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye, — and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my Unknown Correspondent professed to have discovered various things. Strange unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln, Norfolk, &c.), in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all Histories, had disclosed themselves to my Unknown Correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: onslaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general

integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected therewith, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my Unknown Correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather, were certain *Letters* from Oliver and others (known or hitherto unknown, was not said); kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the Ironside Subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old Papers, Journals or Journal, as my Unknown Correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small Excerpt, illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter of 5th July, 1644; which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, "Sir, you know my own trials this way,"— touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers: — Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle (it is Auditor Squire that writes), "I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed." [1]

Interesting Papers beyond doubt, my Unknown Correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these Papers ought to be communicated to the Public, or even to myself? Part of my Correspondent's old kindred had been Roundheads, part had been Royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my Correspondent feared, of blazing up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my Correspondent, evidently a simple and honorable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in no wise to be lightly divulged. Should he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax; — how much more if, by publishing those private Papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue. — On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power; — hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the Papers were then lying

[1] But see vol. xvii. p. 48, n. 1. (Note of 1857.)

in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as good will guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those old Papers; with astonishment at my Correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles; — and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my Correspondent did please to favor me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost), which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my Correspondent's resolutions, the matter had to rest. To an intelligent Friend, partly acquainted in my Correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *Manuscripts;* ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This Friend unfortunately did not visit those my Correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my Correspondent in Town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labor, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old Papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favor, by ardent patriotic correspondents, — which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty desolation and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much my eagerness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy Packet came by Post: recognizable even on the exterior as my Unknown Correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe *arrived.* For within there lay only, in the mean while, copied accurately in my Correspondent's hand, those Five-and-*thirty Letters* of Oliver Cromwell which the Public are now to read: *this,* with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annota-

tion by my Correspondent, where needful; and, in a Note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in Town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigor of railways hindered; hints too about the old dangers from Royalist kindred being *now* happily surmounted, — formed the contents of my heavy Packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell Letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old "Journal by Samuel Squire," under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable obliging Correspondent still hesitate? These *Letters*, I assured him, if he but sold the Originals as Autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not "Journals" and "Papers" as heretofore, — I prized as probably the most curious document in the Archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old Papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of very life! A journey in chase of this unknown Correspondent and his hidden Papers; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a Letter beginning with these words: "What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security: the Journal is *ashes*," — all was ashes! My wonderful Unknown Correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, rushed up to Town by rail; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here; sat down, with closed lips, with concentred faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell Letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right); — which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old Puritan Papers great and small, Ironside "Journal," Cromwell Autographs, and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let Royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could; — "much evil," said he mildly to me, "hereby lies buried." The element of "resolution," one may well add, "is strong in our family;" unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods! — And so all *was* ashes; and a strange speaking Apparition of the Past, and of a Past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into *the dead depths of Night*. Irrecoverable; all the royal exchequer could

not buy it back! That, once for all, was the fact; of which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my Unknown Correspondent I have not yet personally met; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The Friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a Gentleman of honorable frank aspect and manners; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities; — by no means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical or distracted Entity, dug up from the Seventeenth Century and set to live in this Nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *Journal*, "which went to 200 folio pages;" and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder: "He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a Cathedral City: you know not what kind of Sleepy Hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and nightbirds who inhabit there! This Gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public; which, what could it amount to but a new Guy-Faux Cellar, and Infernal Machine, to explode his Cathedral City and all its coteries, and almost dissolve Nature for the time being? Hence he resolved to burn his Papers, and avoid catastrophes."

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this Gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details; so that not only can his Copies of the Cromwell Letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments) of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity; which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence; — least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far. — And this is what I had to say by way of Introduction to these new Letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the Letters themselves, they may now be read without *farther* preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of

Oliver's career; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all Histories, while "Colonel Cromwell" still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or much left to his own shifts; and was not yet distinguished by the public from a hundred other Colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked, — or, as it were, *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stript bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but Heaven only. He "can stand no nonsenses;" he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done, — will have God's Justice done too, and the Everlasting Laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God's commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity, — pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver; and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: "If resistance is made, pistol him;" "Wear them (these uniforms), or go home;" "Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow's boy: God and man will be well pleased to see *him* punished!" The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old Civil War, in these rude Letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver's character and ways: and if any reader's nerves, like my Correspondent's, be too *modern*, — all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of "abolishing Capital Punishments" &c. &c., and of sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature's* own Scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, "to the schoolmaster," instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said "schoolmaster" not having yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuler work, by any manner of means!) — perhaps the sight of a great natural Human Soul once more, in whom the stamp of the Divinity is *not* quite abolished by Ages of Cant, and hollow Wiggery of every kind, ending now in an age of "Abolition Principles," may do such reader some good! I understand, one of my Correspondent's more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people! —

I print these Letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred, — which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying "*Journal*" was destroyed. With some hesitation, I decide to print

with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt Copies furnished me are exact to Oliver's ill-spelling; which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his Transcriber have afforded, I cannot undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by brackets, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the Letter, are in *Italics* within brackets. — And now to business, with all brevity.

Nos. I.–VI.

THE first Six Letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking out of the Civil War, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view, in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, Committees of "Association for mutual Defence" (or however they phrased it), and zealous Individuals, SAMUEL SQUIRE among others, tremulously sitting in various localities, — tremulous under the shadow of High Treason on the one hand, and of Irish Massacre on the other; — to whom of course the honorable Member's communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The King has quitted his Parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

I. The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the Bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture: —

[*To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon.*]

[LONDON, March, 1641.]

"DEAR FRIENDS, — It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed, — as you love the Cause. — From your faithful [*word lost?*] OLIVER CROMWELL."

The Transcriber, my Unknown Correspondent, adds from the burnt *Journal* this Note: "Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the King's going to Stamford, between the Townsmen and the Array." *March, 1641*, as is known, means 1642 according to the modern style: *Newyear's*-day is 25th March.

II. The date exists, though wrong written, from haste: but the address must be supplied: —

"*To the Committee of Association at Stilton.*

"ELY, April, 11th day, 1641 [*for* 1642; *miswritten, Newyear's-day being still recent*].

"DEAR FRIENDS, — The Lord has hardened his [*the King's*] heart more and more: [he has] refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

"Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Monday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would. We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves: now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

"Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself — your Friend in the Lord's Cause, O.

"P.S. Be sure and put up with no affronts. Be as a bundle of sticks; let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us."

III. "*To Mr. Samuel Squire* [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire].

"LONDON, 3d May, 1642.

"DEAR FRIEND, — I heard from our good friend W. [*Wildman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

"Say to your Friends that we have made up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles: and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his People.

"I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind. — From your Friend, O. C."

IV. *To the Committee of Association* [*at Cambridge*].

"LONDON [June, 1642].

"GENTLEMEN, — I have sent you, by Hobbes's Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may: — the Churches have enough and to spare on them! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*]: and laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue; he is a

zealous servant, and we may go farther and get worse man to our hand than he is.

"I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards at Stamford.[1] Let them heed well what they are about, or [*ere*] they get a cake more than they bargain for, for their penny. — V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster: pray heed well their loss of time; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments: and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready? Pray beat up those sluggards. — I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then, your Friend and Well-wisher, O. C."

My Correspondent, who rather guesses this Letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it, the following very curious Note gathered from his recollections of the burnt *Journal:* — "Huntingdon regiment of Horse. Each armed and horsed himself; except Mr. Ol[r] Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders: these the Journal mentioned often; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the celebrated *Tawnies* or *Ironsides*. They wore brown coats, — as did most Farmers and little country Freeholders; and so do now, as you or me may see any day. — Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service."

V. No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the Committee at Cambridge, or whichever was the *central* Committee of those Associations; and, to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious Letter. We have prospered to miracle; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and Royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success; — and greater is yet coming, if we knew it!

[1] *Note to the Reprint.* "Bullards," printed in *Fraser* with a mark of interrogation, has attracted the notice of a helpful Correspondent, or of more than one. "Bullards," equivalent to *Bull-wards*, I now find, is an old name or nickname for the Stamford people; Stamford being famous for bull-baiting, and gifted with bequests to promote that branch of enterprise: "for which legacy," says one Mr. Lowe of those parts, "every *Bullard*, in gratitude, ought to drink the joint memory of" — two heroes named by Mr. Lowe: see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, i. 1482.

[*To* ——— ——]

"LONDON, July, 1642.

"DEAR FRIENDS, — Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

"Verily I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great Work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great Work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed — [*some words eaten out by Moths*] — Therefore I shall not fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday. — to my —ht —ly [*five words gone, by moths*], I have been a stray sheep from the Fold; but I feel I am born again; I have cast off — [*moths again; nearly three lines lost*] —

"[I have] sent you 300 more Carbines and 600 Snaphances; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

"We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith: Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin; and they will show the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse: 'See, I will consume,' &c. [*Here is the rest of the passage:* "Consume man and beast; I will consume the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumbling-blocks with the wicked; and I will cut off man from off the land, saith the Lord."]

"Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.

"I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I so do, the Lord be with you; may His grace abound in all your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends: so do I pray daily for your souls' health. I pray also, as I know you also [do], for His mercy to soften the heart of the King. — [*moth-ruins to the end; the signature itself half eaten: indistinctly guessable to have been:*]

"I [shall be at] Godmanchester, [if it please the Lord, on] Monday.

"[OL]IVER CROM[WELL]."

VI. No date; presumably, August, 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or "surveys" are going on, and brabbles with recusant Royalists are rife, — in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My Correspondent, the Transcriber, thinks "*house* at Peterborough" must mean merely *quarters* in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late Letter to be at Oundle.

"*To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough.*

[*No date.*]

"SIR, — I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

"I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the [hope] much; — but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

"We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and + [*hieroglyph for muskets*?]. — From your Friend, O. C."

Nos. VII.—XXIV.

VII. Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday, 23d October, 1642. The following Eighteen Letters, dated or approximately datable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the Skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear in the world.

[*To Auditor Squire.*]

"WISBEACH, this day, 11th November, 1642.

"DEAR FRIEND, — Let the Saddler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as naught. I pray you order this: — and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter [of his]; but do not wrong the fool. — From your Friend,

"O. C."

VIII. The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person: —

[*To Auditor Squire.*]

"NOVEMBER, 11th day, 1642.

"Take Three Troops, and go to Downham; I care not which they be.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

IX. "Stanground" is in the Peterborough region; "Alister your *Music*" means "Alister your Trumpeter," of whom there will be other *mention*. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money: — [illegible]

are curious glimpses into that old House by Ely Cathedral too, and the "Mother" and the "Dame" there! —

"*To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stanground.*

"29th NOVEMBER, 1642.

"DEAR FRIEND, — I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me; loan I can get none; and without money a man is as naught. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay, — or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music; he is a cautious man.

"Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without proper compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex: my house is open to you; make no scruple; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross. — If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [*that*] Suffolk Troop, — I hear they have been very bad; — and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse [1] any who offend; say it is my order, and show him this.

"Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at H. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [*waited*] my coming.

"I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail. — From your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"W." I suppose means Wildman, "R." Rainsborough. My Correspondent annotates here: "The *Journal* often mentioned trouble they [the officers generally] got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed, — but paid for all justly to friend and foe."

X. "*To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These.*

"HUNTINGDON, 22d January, 1642.

"SIR, — News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

"I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil, — some £3,000 I reckon.. Your Friend,

"O. ["C." *rotted off.*]"

1 That is, *wooden-horse* (used as a verb). — "Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet, — in a very uneasy manner!" — *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 481.

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated Letter to *Robert Barnard, Esquire*, now in the possession of Lord Gosford:[1] "Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!"—

XI. Refers to the Lowestoff exploit;[2] and must bear date 12th March, 1642-3, — apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

"*For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste.*

[*Date gone by moths:* — 12th March, 1642.]

"DEAR FRIEND, — We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown. — From your Friend and Commandant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Auditor Squire had written in his *Journal*, now burnt: "He [Oliver] got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the Colleges [at Cambridge], who being searched, a Letter was found on him to the King, and he getting rough usage told all he knew."

XII. Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the date, it would appear, there remains dimly "the last figure, which looks like a 5:" that will probably mean "March 15," which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen-country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! "Montague," we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present "Captain of the St. Neot's troop," a zealous young Gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

[*To Cornet Squire.*]

[—— 15th MARCH, 1642.]

"DEAR FRIEND, — I have no great mind to take Montague's word about that Farm. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves; — and hang the fellow out of hand [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the Widow's son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

"I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you; ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 125. [2] Ibid. vol. xvii. p. 131.

[*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word. — Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln: you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

"I would you could get into Lynn; for I fear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear. — You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely; my Son will say my Quarters to you. — From your Friend,

"O. C."

XIII. No date, no address; the Letter itself a ruined fragment, "in Oliver's hand." For the rest see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 137. "Russell," I suppose, is Russell of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

[*To Cornet Squire.*]

[*No date:* — Cambridge (23d ?) March, 1642.]

"SIR, — Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride over to St. Neot's, and see Montague his Troop, and my Son's Troop; and call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell's (I hear his men are ill provided in boots); and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

"I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand. — You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father's ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces go, buy th— [*torn off, signature and all*]. [OLIVER CROMWELL.]"

XIV. "*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester.*

"CAMBRIDGE, 26th March, 1642 [*miswritten for* 1643; *Newyear's-day was yesterday*].

"SIR, — Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct, — as we are about hard work, I think. Yours to mind, OLIVER CROMWELL."

The "hard work" of this Letter, and "long ride" of last, refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

XV. "Direction gone; Letter generally much wasted." Refers, seemingly, to those "Plunderers" or "Camdeners" from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and one other Letter by Cromwell, already printed.[1] "Berry" is the future Major-General; once "Clerk in the Ironworks," Richard Baxter's friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 139.

[*To Cornet Squire.*]

"ELY, this 30th day [*rest rotted off:* March, 1643].

"———— hope you to bring me that want in due time, — we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham; — and hear of me at 11 [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

"Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some — [*guess at their number, illegible*] — Troops, but ill-armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honorable soldiers. — Call at Cosey: I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also his harness, — it lies in the wall by his bed-head: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.

"Bring me two pair Boot-hose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat: — I shall be much thankful. I rest, your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"London Lane," I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope "the Fleming" has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold! —

From Norwich and the Fleming, by faint reflex, we perceive farther that "Cosey" must be *Costessey*, vernacularly "Cossy," *Park;* seat of the old Roman-Catholic Jerninghams (now Lords Stafford), who are much concerned in these broils, to their heavier cost in time coming. Cossy is some four miles east of Norwich; will lie quite handy for Squire and his Troop as they ride hitherward, being on the very road to Swaffham.[1]

XVI. "*Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge Street there: Haste.*

"ST. NEOT'S, 3d April, 1643.

"DEAR SIR, — I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [*at Lowestoff, &c.*]; pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

"I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*]; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower Street; a Fleming sells them, I think his name is Vandeleur: get one *fluted*, and good barrets; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

"I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by way of Suffolk

[1] This Paragraph is due to a Correspondent (Jan. 1848), after *Fraser*, where "*Cosey*" was printed with a *quære*, "Cosey (?)" — (Note to the Reprint, 1850).

home; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox: I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such: he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since; and two got shot down, and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side; and all for his mischief.

"Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London. I look to you to heed him. — From your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Squire endorses: "We went up with the Treasure; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffinns*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage."

XVII. These plundering "Ca'ndishers," called lately "Camdeners" from Noel Viscount Camden their principal adherent in these Southern parts, are outskirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern or "Papist" Army, and have for Commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Cousin of the Marquis; whence their name. They are fast flowing Southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes, — to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver; the *last* will fol low by and by.

"*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Post haste, haste.*

"STILTON, 12th April this day [1643].

"SIR, — Pray show this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four days' time; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich. — [*moths*] — Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel [*Nole*] has put some 300 to garrison it.

"Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play; and must have all help as we [*they*] may. — At same time, I will buy your Spanish Headpiece you showed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it. — So rest, your Friend, O. C."

"The East Foot [*from Suffolk, &c.*] are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice."

Squire has jotted on this Letter: "writ 12th April, 1642 [meaning 1643], as we were upon our Lincoln riding."

XVIII. "*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.*

"ELY, this 13th day April, 1642 [*for* 1643].

"SIR, — I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos.* 16, 17]. I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard [on] work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing, — home, and no hindrances.

"I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men, — next to good arms, sure victory, under God. — I am, your Friend, O. C."

XIX. "*To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.*

"ELY, this day, Monday [—— 1643].

"SIR, — The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve to-morrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem; — so must beg of you to lend me 200 Pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you the order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

"I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also [*sic*], which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely £60 in the 100: — which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

"Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from certain parties, — whom I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham to keep the Bridge (it is needful), and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So show him my words for it.

"Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale, and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

"So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge. — Sir, I am, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL."

"Isham," who is to keep the Bridge on this occasion, "left the regiment at the same time as Squire did [the First War being ended], *and went to sea*, as did many others: so said *Journal*." (*Note by the Transcriber.*)

XX. Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

[*To Mr. Squire.*]

[—— 1643.]

"DEAR FRIEND, [I pray you][1] send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich; also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough; — and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wildman?*] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

"Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind. — I rest, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL."

XXI. "*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Chatteris: Haste, haste.*

"HEADQUARTERS, Monday, daybreak.

"SIR, — Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner. — I am your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

XXII. "*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Downham.*

[*No date:* 1643.]

"DEAR FRIEND, — I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let go, and is now gone on by way of Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue-black color: of some twenty-five years old: I think from my letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket: so be off quickly. — From your Friend, O. CROMWELL.

"Haste, — ride on spur."

Squire has endorsed: "Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all."

XXIII. Mr. Waters is some lukewarm Committee-man; whose lazy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the Letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: "146 [*and other cipher-marks*] lives at his house," — which perhaps may explain the thing!

"*To Mr. Waters, at the Cross Keys: These in all speed.*

"LINCOLN, 25th July, 1643.

"SIR, — If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my

[1] *Some such phrase, and the half of "Friend," have gone by moths.*

mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday. — Sir, I rest, as you will,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

XXIV. Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves: swift, mount, and after them!

"*To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste, haste, on spur.*

"WISBEACH, this day [July, 1643].

"SIR, — One has just come in to say the Ca'ndishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove off some threescore fat beasts.

"Pray call all in, and follow them; they cannot have got far. Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste. — From your Friend and Commander,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Here, too, is a Letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my Correspondent from Squire's old Papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving.

[*To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesea: These in all haste.*

"—— 18th July, 1643.

"SIR, — There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has been home on leave. The Ca'ndishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden has sent his Son on to say, We had better push on three troops as scouts, as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key to the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Ca'ndish has sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will see when we meet: he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and ammunition a good store.

"Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. Therefore send out scouts to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war. — Sharman is come in from Thrapstone: there was a Troop of the King's men driving, but got cut down to a man, — not far from Kettering, by the Bedford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

"Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be careful! — Sir, I rest, your humble Servant, HENRY CROMWELL."

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean "Oliver Cromwell:" apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday, 28th July, 1643, precisely ten days after this Letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, "handling his broom" to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.[1]

Nos. XXV.–XXXV.

Our last batch consists of Eleven Letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened, — as the "valiant Colonel" having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston Battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one Letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

XXV. "*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Wisbeach, at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my Son Henry.*

"August, 2d day, 1643.

"Sir, — My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve me as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

"I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last fight. — I remain, yours, Oliver Cromwell."

"Last Fight" is Gainsborough with the Ca'ndishers; which occurred a week ago, — and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

XXVI. "*To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag.*

"This day, 3d August, 1643.

"Sir, — These are to require you to bring the Statements of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my Correspondent writes "Skegness"*] to Oxford: that they be paid their dues for the service.

"I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest. Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*]: — Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 149.

surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: the Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

"Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2,000 horse: we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood, by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London. I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

"Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news. Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter after 32: he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double.—I am, your friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I sent a Pass to your Kinsman."

XXVII. [*To Mr. Squire.*]

[17th AUGUST, 1643.]

'BID three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it. O. C."

"From Col. Cromwell on his way to Siege of Lynn, 17th August, 1643:" so Squire dockets; which enables us to date. Farther in regard to "Ireton's matter" (the well-known Ireton), there stood in the *Journal*, says my Correspondent: "This man was shot in Thorney Fen: he was a spy, and had done great injury. He had 500 Gold Pieces in his coat, and a Pass of Manchester's and one of the King's." To which my Correspondent adds in his own person: "Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *Journal* of such doings."

XXVIII. The "great work on hand"—is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, on Wednesday next.

[*To Auditor Squire.*]

"ELY, this day [*moths*] October [1643].

"DEAR FRIEND,—Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us.—Hasten your men. I must see you by to-morrow sunset, as we start next day.—From, yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"Came by the Colonel's Music," so Squire endorses.—For Winceby Fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches, vol. xvii. pp.* 170–172.

XXIX. Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites, — a drop of mild brandy, for one.

"*To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste.*

"ELY, 15th November, 1643

"SIR, — With all speed, on getting this, see COX; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot: also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

"Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me; — and tell the Bailiff to order on such Volunteers as we can: we need all we can get. Also get a cask of cured Fish for me. — Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them. In haste, yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

XXX. "*To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters.*

"THIS DAY, Friday noon [— November, 1643].

"SIR, — Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about: at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no farther ill.

"I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of: send them by your Music. — Sir, I am, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL."

Squire endorses: "My Cousin would not leave the Nunnery, so left her." — But see next Letter, for a wiser course.

XXXI. "*To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Fotheringay.*

"PETERBOROUGH, this day, 2d Dec. 1643.

"DEAR FRIEND, — I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass, — as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders [*no!*]: — There is one of the Andrews in it; take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time. — From your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Squire has written on the other side: "Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my Aunt, same night; and the Troops rode over, and wrecked the Nunnery *by order of Parliament.*"

XXXII. Some Cathedral or other Church duty come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the St. Neot's Troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely, — about a fortnight after the date here.[1] "Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry," they must go: the Act of Parliament, were there nothing more, is express!

[*To Mr. Squire.*]

"CHRISTMAS EVE [1643].

"SIR, — It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient, it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Show him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honor to God, nor idols serve Him; neither do painted windows make man more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home, — and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [*might have done*] with judgment.

"I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it. — Sir, I am, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL."

Squire has endorsed: "They obeyed the Order."

XXXIII. This Letter, in my Copy of it, is confidently dated "Stilton, 31st *July*, 1643;" but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a Letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of Stilton, with precisely the same day and year, — the Letter concerning Gainsborough Fight, namely.[2] Secondly, in the Letter now before us there is allusion to "Horncastle" or Winceby Fight, which had not happened in "July," nor till 11th October following. If for *July* we read *Jan*^{y}, January, 1643–4, there is a better chance of being right.

[*To Auditor Squire.*]

"STILTON, 31st [January], 1643.

"DEAR SIR, — Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragooners.

"I will give you 60 Pieces for that Black you won at Horncastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him), for my Son, who has a mind to him. — Dear Sir, I am, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"*15* is come in."

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 174. [2] Ibid. vol. xvii. 188.

XXXIV. Red coats for the first time! My Correspondent gives the following annotation: "I remember, in *Journal*, mention of all the East men [Association men] wearing red coats,[1] horse and foot, to distinguish them from the King's men; and it being used after by the whole Army. And I think it was after Marston Battle; — but the *Journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporals' cabals."

"*To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bow.*

[*No date at all:* 1643.]

"SIR, — I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Color; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying [of friends by friends]. Sir, I pray you heed this.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

XXXV. Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my Correspondent's recollections of the lost *Journal*, was promoted to be Lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby Fight: "he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think," — undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing Autumn. Here, next Spring, 1645–6, while the Service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the Army altogether.

"*To Lieutenant Squire, at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.*

"3d MARCH, 1645.

"SIR, — In reply to the Letter I got this morning from you, — I am sorry you [so] resolve; for I had gotten you your commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you know my mind that wise. But so if you will, — I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

"Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide*]. Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind. — Sir, let me once more wish you [would] think over your resolution, that I may serve you. — Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a Pen and Sword; very rude indeed; with these words: "Ten

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. xvii. p. 158.

to one the Feather beats the Iron:" that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining Letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the Army after all.

With which nascent purpose, and last Letter, we should so gladly take our leave of him and his affairs; were it not that there still remain, from the burnt *Journal*, certain miscellaneous Scraps, transitory jottings of Lists and the like, copied by our Correspondent, — which, though generally of the character of mere opaque ashes, may contain here and there some fragment of a burnt bone, once a hero's; and claim to be included in this which may be called the *Funeral Urn of the Ironsides*, what is left to us of them after the fire. These Scraps too, let us hastily shoot them in, therefore; and so end.

Scrap 1.

On a Slip of Paper in Squire's hand first, but ending with a line in Oliver's: —

ELY, this 12th day of March, 1643.

Sick:

M. Kearnes
T. Allen

Wounded:

P. Jenkins
P. Frisby
Tab. Tomlins
Sh. Wales

4 horses want new shoes; 14 bridles want repairs [*turns the leaf*]; 4 greaves want repair. Paid for Hay for Horses 50 shillings.
The rest all well.

SAML. SQUIRE.

[*Bottom of the Paper.*]
Sixth Troop to go to Downham.

O. C.

Scrap 2.

My Correspondent says: "These Names are written on a sheet of Paper, folded, and marked Troops," — probably, as my Correspondent

guesses elsewhere, the names of the original Ironside Captains; well worth preserving indeed!

Cromwell	Wright	Rainsforth
Aires	Evanson	Clarke
Berry	Collins	Lawsell
Freshwater	Larance	Russell
Woolward	Wauton	White
Spriggs	Walden	Rawlins
Sheppherd	Jones	Sidne (*Algernon?*)
Fairside	Whalley	Cromwell, H.
Weston	Cook	Cromwell, O. (*Junior*)
Flutter	Fountain	Ireton
Stebbings	Norton (*idle Dick*)	Rich
Walton	Langley	Montague (*Sandwich*)
Campin	Barnard	Cults
Deane	Dodsworth	Chambers.
Buckell	Richardson	

Scrap 3.

Names written on a Paper marked "St. Neot's Troop."

Speechley	Wauton, V. (*Valentine, young Walton, killed at Marston-Moor?*)
Tebbutt (*the Saddler?* in Scrap 7)	
Wright	Russell, John
Ellis	Cromwell, Rd. (*idle Richard?*)
Barnard	Cromwell, Thos.
Hunt	Montague
Pickering	Halles, Ambrose
Dawson	Andres
Butler	Spencer, junr."
Cox	

Scrap 4.

On a Sheet in Squire's hand: —

The Names of those who joined us at Siege of Lynn, and came riding in full armed, and went into our second regiment; and who left us, many of them, after Marston Fight, on fancies of conscience, and turned Quackers (*Quakers*); — and such like left us at Newmarket, and went home with the *Eastmen's foot, to* garrison Lynn and Yarmouth.

No. 1.

Allen, Robert
Ames, Simeon
Anger, Josua
Beales, Constantine
Beart, Hiram
Bullard, Octavius
Ball, Frank
Buddery, Isaac S
Breckenham, Edward
Complin (*or* Camplin), Judah
Camon, Joseph
Cornish, Caleb
Dunton, Saml.
Dormer, James
Downeing, Saml.
Daynes, Danyel
Eccles, Thomas (music)
Elsegood, Zachary
Ellis, John
Fuller, Jacob
Fydeman, John
Fyncham, Saul
Fenn, Aaron
Goodwyn, Robert
Gogney, Symon
Greenwood, Japhet
Goss, Jacques
Hutcherson, Levi
Hewet, Jacob
Hunt, Isaiah
Howard, Timon
Jeunes le, Jonathan S
Kinge, Philip
Kiddell, Mores
Kett, Reuben S
Kett, Aminadab
Keckwicke, Josiah
Lowger, Thos. Christian
Munck, Wm.
Mylcham, Henry
Matthewman, Thomas
Mason, Alwyn
Mylum, Abraham C
Medcalf, Leonard C
Mayhew, Hezekiah
Neave, Aram
Neale, Jacques
Northen, Christian
Osborn, Zatthu
Price, Ahimelech
Panke, Sheckaniah
Pike, Henry
Patterson, Paul
Roe, Tobias C
Ransom, Icheil (*or* Jeheil)
Roe, Zechariah
Rust, Christian
Rose, Selah
Read, Price Stephen
Reeve, Manna
Soames, Aaron, Major
Stangroom, Eleazer
Sheringham, Walter
Shepperd, Charles
Sharpen, Jacobus
Snell, Robert
Starlin, Edward
Sewell, Samuel
Swann, Josua S
Thurton, Wm. Valentine
Todd, Stephen
Tillet, Ishmael
Taylor, Vilellius
Tizack, Christopher
Tuby, Zered
Toll, Israel
Vickers, John
Vankamp, Hubert
Ward, Willm.
Waymour, Wm.
Wharle, Nicholas
Weeds, Amphilius
Woods, John C
Waters, Bartolemew
Waddelow, Philip
Weasey, John

Wilkerson, Wm.	Ypres, Cornelius
Willemons, Gabriel	Yabbs, Peter
Wasey, Antoney	Yewells, Christian
Waynford, Antony	Youngman, Gregory
Youngs, Francis	Yeames, Robert
Yewell, Gordon	Yorkshire, Samuel

[" I suppose S and C means Sergeants and Corporals." — *Correspondent.*]

No. 2.

Allwurd Promise	Peter A. Money	Julius Stannard
Cladius Batson	Israel Meeks	Danl. Staffort
Gilead Barker	Will Martin	Natl. Steele
Valentine Barker	John Mills	James Thompson
Henricus Clarke	Cristr. Mead	Jos. Watts
Alec Caulfield	Robert Mead	Malec Wats
James Culling	Hall Markston	Je'sophat Warnes
Sim Cross	Fred. Mallet	Henry Willson
Zack Dulwick	Mark Nicholls	Saul Wensun
Alfred Damant	Egbert Oaks	Oliver Weston
Kesiah Dannell	Caleb Pede	Isachar Watts
Joshua Flint	David Pascal	Thos. Zobell
Mathias Fox	John Pulfrey	Adolff Zobell
Will Gowan	Amos Pull	Shem Quarles
Paul Hales (*or* Halls)	Pious Stone	John Yellows
Septimus Lefranc	Walter Smidt	Alfred Love
Richard Lome	Ludwig Smidt	Simeon Waite.

" To these names nothing farther is written, beyond names of their Troops. I have written them *alphabetically* from my List, which is not so arranged." (*Note by my Correspondent.*)

Scrap 5.

" These are written on a Strip of Paper was enclosed in a Letter." (*Correspondent.*)

OC.	DC.	RC.	HC.	Ireton	Cole
HC.	JC.	VW	D.	Rawlings	York
A.	B.	E.	J.	Rainsboro	Mewburn
		R.		Castle	Frisby
				White	Mossop
				Husbands	

" Copied as they stood in the original Paper. About the treasure going to London [see antea, No. 16]; and I think, from the contents, took [*and* taken] College treasure." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 6.

"List of Names written on a Paper marked *Hearty*. I have written them alphabetically for convenience, but they were not so in the Original." (*Correspondent.*)

Alister
Barnard, J.
Butler
Boyle
Biglande
Boucher
Bussey
Berry
Buckel
Barnard, R.
Castles
Chambers, J.
Compton
Carter
Claypol
Collins
Clarke
Campin
Cooke
Cutts
Chambers, W.
Cox
Castel
Cole
Chapman
Cromwell, O. senr.
Cromwell, R.
Cromwell, Thos.
Cromwell, O. junr.
Cromwell, Richd.
Cromwell, Henry
Desborow
Desborow
Deane, H.
Deane, R.
Dinch
Dodsworth
Dawson, T.
Dawson, S.
Dawson, H.

Everard, B.
Everard, R.
Everson
Ellis
Freshwater
Farside
Flutter
Frisby
Fischer
Garland
Hodges
Halles
Hunt
Hobbard
Holland
Hewitson
Hawkins
Henderson
Hunt
Hart
Handley
Isham
Ingolsby
Ireton, J.
Jones
John
Ingoldsby
Kincome
Knightley
Lemmen
Lawsell
Langley
Moulle
Mewburn
Montague
Montague, H.
Marten
Masham
Larance
Ayscouw

Montague
Norton
Neale
Neve
Nelson
Ord
Poulton
Powell
Pye
Pickerin
Pede
Ayres
Richardson, R.
Rose
Rawlen
Reede
Ricketts
Russell, J.
Ireton
Russell, R.
Russell, F.
Reynolds
Rainsforth
Richardson, J.
Rawlinges
Rich
Ayscogh
Reachlous
Steward
Sprigges
Stebbings
Sidney
Speechley
Squire
Tebbutt
Thornton
Warters
Walls
Wanton, V.
Whally

Whitston	Weston	Warnes
Wright	Walton	White
White	Wanton, J.	Vanderay
Walden	Walden	York
Woolward	Wright	Yewson

"These several Lists are all that I copied; but I think the List 3 [*Scrap* 2 as given here] contains names of the original Captains [*and Subalterns*] of Troops in the Ironsides; but I cannot say for certain. The large List [*Scrap* 4] was too far gone to touch, as it was perfectly red with damp, and rotten; so was burnt. These were in Letters and odd Papers. I have no others copied that I can find in my travelling Writing-desk; so suppose they are all I took." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 7.

"Written on a Letter, and marked *Settled.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Settled.

Collonel O. Cromwell
Cn. [*Captain*] J. Desboro'
Leutenant V. Wanton
Cornet E. Whally
Qr. Mr. R. Everard

Corporals:

Cornelius Vanderay
Zosimus Rose [*the Drill-Corporal: Letter No.* 4]
Thomas Fischer

Trumpets:

Levi Allister [*your Music!*]
Thos. Kincome

Clerk:

Saml. Squire [*Self!*]

Saddeler:

J. Tebbutt

Chirugeon:

Sl. Moule

Farrier:

Rd. Richardson

Scrap 8.

"Memorandums on a Piece of Paper," in Squire's hand, "copied by me *verbatim.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Buried near the Vestrey:

Enoch Soames
John Purfis
Simeon Wildes
John Liffel
Benjamin Waster
Noah Richardson
Seth Richardson
Levi Richardson
Cornelius Van Œst
Caspar Dorflein

Shot to the death at Ganesborow.

——50 horses shot to the death.
40 horses soreley wounded.
30 men wounded soreley, yet can Ride.
10 unabel to Ride.

Lent for the use of the Parlement to pay the Souldiers. Hay and Corn

£160 10 4½

[*turns the leaf*]

£160 10 4½

Note for its due payt. secured by Col. O.C.

	504	19	6
	160	10	4½
	665	9	10½

Lent to	s.		
Hiram Dawson	10		
Capn. Desboro'	60		
Colenl. Cromwell	£10	—	—
A new Cravatt		7	
A new Spurrs		5	
A feather for my Basnet		2	6
	£14	4	6
A new Staffe for ye Coloures		1	4
	14	5	10

Scrap 9.

Squire's Conspectus of the "St. Neot's Troop" is to be seen in *Scrap* 3. Captain Montague obtained Commission to raise a regiment of his own, "on the 20th August, 1643," says Collins[1] — which I think, as "20th August" was a *Sunday*, can hardly have been the exact day! However, raise a regiment he did, and even regiments; and here is Note of the first of them, — in Squire's handwriting: —

Joined Montague's Lanciers.

Walter [*his name illegible*]	Wm. Partrige	Gabriel Womac
John Palmer	Collins Collins	Lemuel Gilbert
Saul Cobbham	John Skipon	Charles Hurst [*or* Harst]
Martin Saul	Walter Reachlous	Wm. Waters
Wolsey Clarke	John Evanson	May 24, 1644.
Stephen Willis	Wm. Ellis	
	Henry Johnson	

Explicit Squirus noster; as all things do end! Some three other Notes, written in abstruse cipher, and two of them bearing what I take to be Oliver's occult signature, and plainly Squire's address, — these I keep back, as too abstruse for any printer or any reader. And herewith let us close the Funeral Urn of the Ironsides, with its burnt bones of heroes, and ashes of mere wood; and, with deathless regrets against my Unknown Correspondent, and for the present some real thankfulness to *Heaven, wash* our hands of this melancholy affair.

T. CARLYLE.

LONDON, 2d Nov. 1847.

[1] *Peerage* (1741), ii. 281.

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